



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

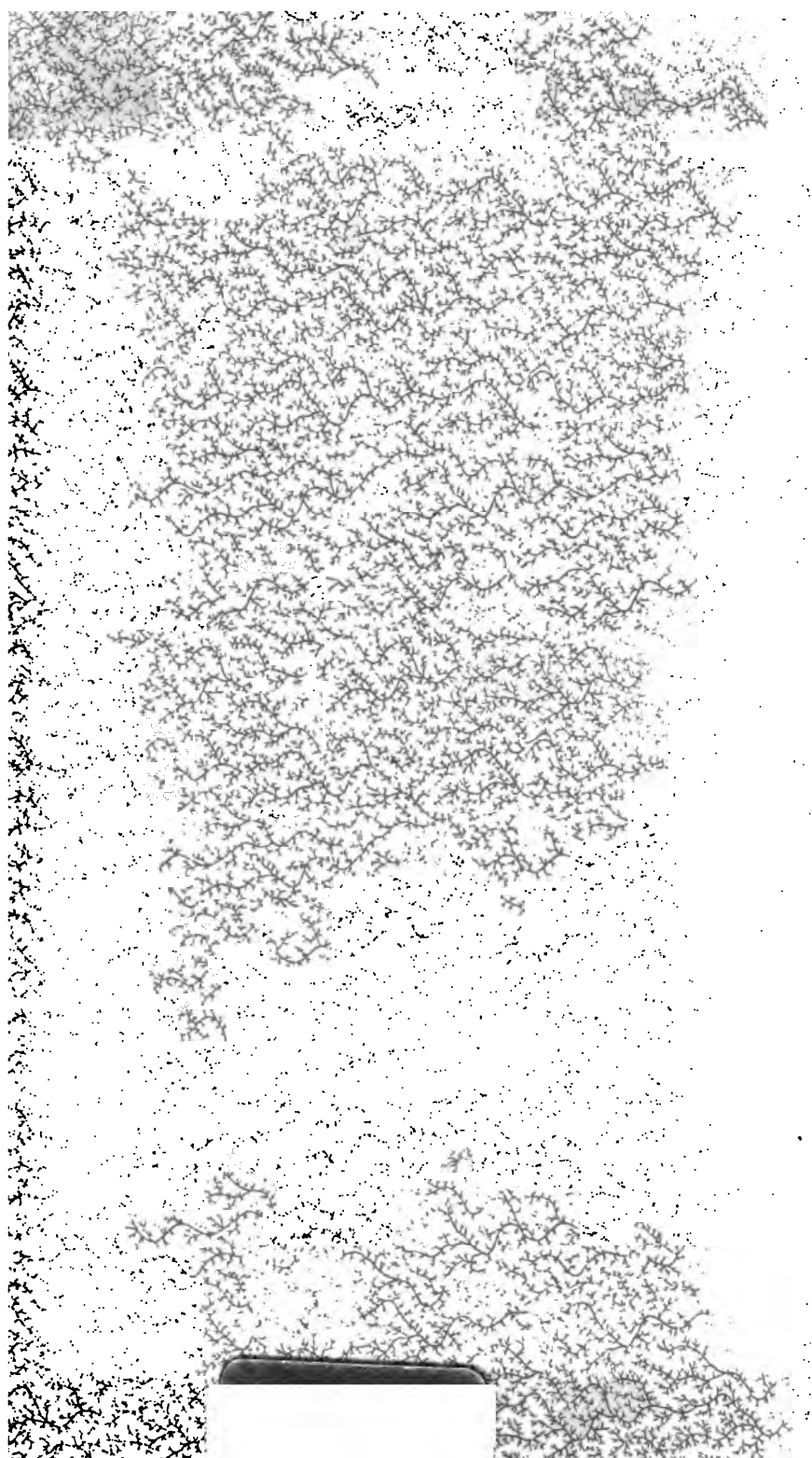
About Google Book Search

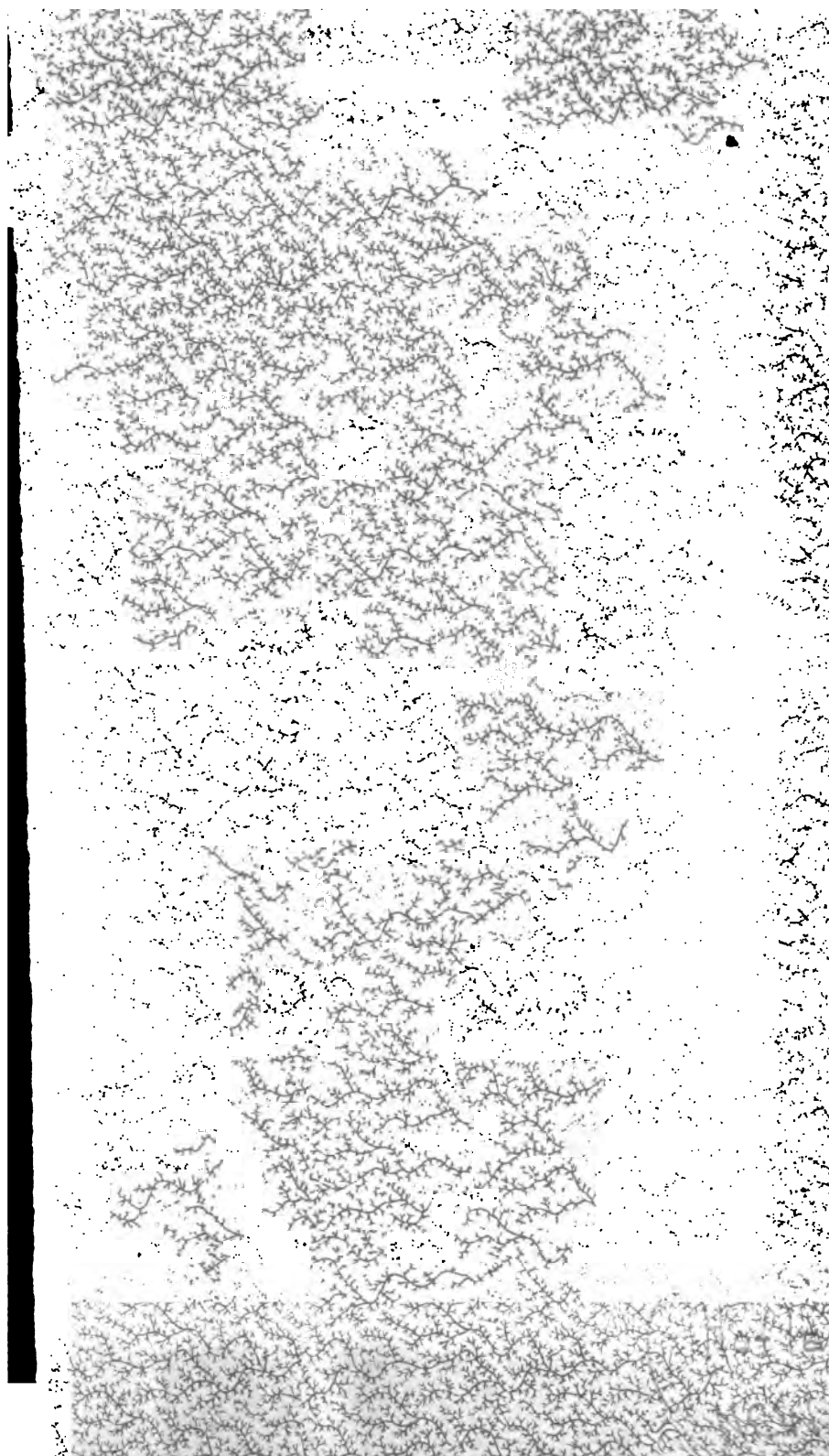
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07486862 5





METROPOLITAN EDITION.

THE
CAPTIVES IN INDIA,

A TALE.

NEW-YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

BY MRS. HOFLAND.



WASHINGTON.

STEREOTYPED AND PUBLISHED BY DUFF GREEN.

.....

1835.

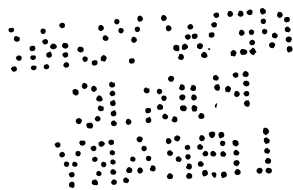
WYOMING
STATE
UNIVERSITY

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE friends and relations of the late Mrs. Fay, will perceive that I have interwoven her first overland journey to India in my story; an account of which has been published in Calcutta, but has never, I believe, reached England. I trust no farther apology for so doing is necessary, than saying that it appeared to me a proof, of the power of female fortitude and calm endurance well worthy of being recorded.

*Newman Street, August 1832.**

* Various circumstances have delayed the publication of these volumes.



THE CAPTIVES IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

GREAT was the curiosity, and manifold were the conjectures expressed by the young family of Mr. Falkland, (a country gentleman inhabiting a paternal mansion in Staffordshire) on the subject of a cousin's arrival from India, one evening in the Spring of 1783.

One "wondered what she could possibly be like?" another concluded, "that she would be disagreeable, because she was an only child, and an heiress, and of course dreadfully spoiled," on which Frank, who was younger than either of the preceding speakers, but of importance, as the first-born son, exclaimed :

"I am very sorry she is not a boy, very sorry indeed ; but I am determined to love her for all that."

"And, pray master rough-enough, what will you love her *for*?" said his eldest sister, with an air of quiet contempt, bespeaking the superiority of fourteen years over ten.

"What for?—Why, because she is a relation,—and, let me see,—she is papa's niece, and she—"

Frank looked instinctively towards another cousin, a boy about two years older than himself, and so much forwarder in his education and habits, as to be frequently the interpreter of *his* thoughts ; it therefore did not surprise any of the young circle, when Percy Luttrell continued *his* answer by saying :

"She is a stranger ; has neither brother nor sister of her own, and is confided by a sorrowing father to a far distant country. These are surely sufficient reasons why we should all pity and love her. Besides, she has lost her mother, you know."

"But she has got no step-mother," said the second daughter, with an air of equal flippancy and malignity.

This short speech roused all the fire in Frank's ardent nature ; and whilst it sent the blood into his glowing cheeks, would probably have animated his tongue or hands to action, if Percy had not at the same time fixed his large dark eyes on the young lady's face, and called into it a blush of the most brilliant hue, which was yet accompanied by an expression of feature which showed determination not to explain or apologise. She laid down the purse she was netting, affected to look for something she had lost, and then left the room.

Olivia was exceedingly handsome, and possessed a complexion so transpa-

rent and brilliant, as to exhibit every change of color, and it might be almost said, "her body thought." Either her confusion or her beauty made her peace with Frank, whose resentments were as short as they were violent, and in another moment his brow was smooth, and he said in a calm voice :

"I do really think Olivia is the prettiest girl in the world ; but she is very ill-tempered. Not that I care for any thing she can say to me ; but when she gives the little ones a slap, or says a word at mamma (and she often does both) I go into such a fury, that I don't know what to do with myself."

"I can't be surprised at that," said Percy, "for I love my aunt dearly myself, and indeed I don't think there is so good a woman breathing, except my own mother, and I am sure, for all she has five children (or I may say seven) she will yet be as kind as possible to this Indian child. But for all that, Frank, you and I must stand by her, or she will have a bad time of it."

"I will stand by her to the last drop of my blood, ay, that I will, and I am sure you will, Percy?"

"I wish to be her friend, certainly," replied the boy with equal sincerity, but less impetuosity.

"I know you will, for all you are so quiet about it, Percy ; but, hush ! hush ! I am sure I hear a carriage. Don't say a word." A carriage did surely stop.

In confirmation of this assertion, a noise was now heard in the hall, and Percy Luttrell agreed with Frank that most probably the stranger had arrived. Miss Falkland arose, and with a commanding air desired the boys to keep quiet, whilst she stepped out to see if that were the case. The mandate was not very implicitly obeyed ; but we will seize the period of her absence to give some insight into the past memoirs of her family.

Walter Falkland, of Falkland Hall, was the possessor of an ancient estate, but one which his ancestors had greatly dilapidated during the civil wars, and which his more immediate predecessors had neither the prudence nor talent effectually to repair, although its situation in the fine coal country of Staffordshire offered the power. Happily, his father had only two sons, who were born within a year of each other, and, either from the proximity of their birth, or the circumstance of the younger being decidedly the stronger minded man, and that both were gifted with excellent tempers, they had ever held towards each other an affection of more than brotherly bonds, and an entire absence of jealousy, servility, overbearing, or any other bad quality, too frequently exhibited in their relative situations. Francis, the younger, was brought up a merchant, and, after a successful voyage to the East Indies, at that period the El Dorado, to which all eyes were turned, he inflicted the first pang his brother's heart had ever known, by professing an intention of settling there for some years. This trouble was, however, alleviated to both brothers, by the circumstance of their having formed at this period the most tender and important connexion of life, a connexion which each brother, though extremely different in character, was well calculated to render a blessing to himself and to the object of his choice. They were both married at the same time, and for two or three months the younger brother found a home at the hall with his wife, whose more permanent abode it was, since her husband was necessarily much in London, arranging his affairs for their intended voyage.

The new mistress of this mansion was very young, and in extremely delicate health ; and the care and kindness manifested by her husband towards her made a strong impression on the mind of his sister-in-law, which never lost its influence on her feelings. The parting between these attached friends and relatives, was agonizing, and prophetic, as it appeared, of their final separation. In the course of the two following years, the wife of the elder became the mother of two girls ; but the tenderness of an idolizing husband could not avert from her the evils of pulmonary disease, which laid her in an early grave soon after the birth of the latter.

Long as this event had been foreseen, Mr. Falkland was completely overwhelmed by it, and, under the persuasion that no human being could console him but his far-distant brother, frequently expressed a determination to set sail for India, which some of his neighbors considered by no means an unwise resolution. Those who knew him better were pretty well aware that such voyage would never take place, for they knew that he was a man singularly devoid of resolution and exertion, and that the weakness of his nature, not less than the strength of his affection, had induced the long and exclusive devotedness of his every hour to the sufferer he had lost. By degrees, they directed his attention to other objects, and the time came (which comes sooner or later to every widower, or nearly every one of his age and situation) when he could, with propriety, be induced to look round and make a second choice.

Mr. Percy Luttrell, of the Holmes Grange, was his nearest neighbor, and had long been his most intimate friend, more in consequence of that gentlemen's being an invalid, and therefore a sympathizer with his wife, when living, and with himself as a mourner for *her*, than on account of any similarity in their own characters : for Luttrell was a man of high literary taste and great mental endowments. He had married one of two orphan sisters, with small fortunes, and offered a home in his house to the other ; and the experience he daily had of the virtues of both, enabled him with perfect sincerity, to recommend her who was single to his neighbor, more especially when he found how entirely the two motherless children, and the household at the Hall, were resigned to the management of vulgar and interested servants.

It is, however, probable, that the indolence which was poor Falkland's besetting sin, would have frustrated any plan for his relief and the improvement of his family, if he had not received a letter from his brother, lamenting the death of two infant boys. Every man desires to leave a son, or, at least, a male heir ; and this motive, added to a decided esteem for Miss Lepingham, and a full persuasion that Mr. Luttrell was the happiest of husbands, turned the scale :—he became, if not an ardent, and estimable, and, in time, a “thriving wooer.” A handsome man, with an unincumbered estate, and a high character, as a most worthy neighbor and unparalleled husband, was not likely to sue long in vain.

The new wife had no idea that she could meet with any inconvenience in the discharge of her duties as a mother-in-law, seeing that she was well skilled in them from residing with her sister ; and her own affections towards all children were easily excited. Alas ! bad seed had been already so sown, so harrowed, we may say, into the soil, that there was already a root of rebellion

against her gentle sway, and of disgust towards her every action, which "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," and rendered too frequently the many blessings with which she was favored in life unavailing for that daily peace and happiness which we all seek most earnestly to ensure. The birth of a boy in the first year of her marriage, and four other children in the following ten years, alleviated the evil to her own feelings, but increased its cause, by awakening the bad propensities of their elder sisters.

Mrs. Francis Falkland for some years enjoyed the advantages given by an excellent constitution: but the loss of three successive children greatly affected her, though, in some degree, consoled by a surviving daughter, who outlived all the diseases of infancy. So tenderly was she attached to her husband, and so sensible that his happiness depended upon her, that she could never be induced to take a voyage to Europe, till too late to avail herself of any beneficial influence it might have had; but when she found all was nearly over, the welfare of her child became paramount to every other care, and she earnestly besought her husband, "after her death, to send the child to England." She relied on the kindness of nature so pre-eminent in Mr. Falkland's character, which, she doubted not, had led him to uncommon care in his second choice; and she had corresponded long enough with his present lady to be certain that she was a woman of excellent principles and sound understanding. She was also aware, that it was only in England that her child, who was then about five years old, could imbibe the instruction they alike desired she should possess.

The afflicted husband promised to fulfill her wishes; and in time he did so, but not during the first year of his widowhood; and, as voyages from the other side of the globe were not made then with the facility they are now, the little stranger was seven years old when, (under the care of her father's particular friend and her oriental nurse,) she really arrived at the place of destination, and occasioned the bustle we have already mentioned.

CHAPTER II.

In a short time, our party were admitted to pay their respects to the newly-arrived strangers, and, *malgre* all the predetermined affection of the boys for their "little cousin," together with their respect for Mr. Orme, as "a very great traveler, and a very learned gentleman;" in truth, their chief regards were fixed on Lalee, the nurse of the new Olivia. Her immense petticoat of chintz, on which shone flowers of all colors, and of shapes unknown: her bodice of muslin, hanging in snowy and abundant folds, over a full, yet not ungraceful figure, and the numerous strings of beads, which fell from her

neck to her knees, together with her dark complexion, white teeth, brilliant eyes, and costly nose-jewel, rendered her, for the present, infinitely the most attractive personage as a matter of curiosity. In the little girl there was nothing particular observed. She was dressed well, but a little behind the fashion; was very fair and decidedly like the handsome Olivia, so far as her features could be seen; but a profusion of light hair, half curled and half matted, hung over them. She appeared very sleepy, but willing to suffer the caresses of her uncle, on whom she fixed her dark blue eyes with a tender examination, in which was somewhat of disappointment, yet nothing of repulse.

Whatever might be the wandering thoughts of his children, those of their father were sufficiently concentrated. All the better feelings of his kind and generous nature, all the remembrances of his early life, and the fraternal affections so fondly cherished there, rushed into his bosom, and, as he clasped the child of his beloved Francis in his arms, he resolved that, "come weal, come woe," she should "be unto him as a daughter." To his wife he left the care of welcoming their respected guest; for he was for the present too much absorbed and agitated to speak, save to the child, whom he called "his little Livy, his beloved brother's darling," and eagerly desired her to "take *him* for her papa."

"But you are *not* papa?" said the child, who was evidently struck by the strong personal resemblance which the brothers had borne to each other; "you are not brown like *him*! you speak with his voice, and seem going to cry like him; but I mustn't love you quite so well neither, 'cause you are *only* uncle, not papa."

"With that excellent distinction, as well as that long yawn, my dear Olivia, on your lip," said Mr. Orme, "I would, with Mrs. Falkland's permission, advise you immediately to retire."

The child obeyed, by placing her arms round the neck of her nurse, like a baby, and departing, to the scandal of all her new cousins, who were shocked to see "so great a girl *carried*." Mr. Falkland reproved them for these observations, and even insisted "that he should never hear any such made upon the peculiarities of the poor little girl;" and as it was very seldom that he took the trouble to "insist" upon any thing, they were all possessed with the idea, that the little girl's presence must be productive of some great change of no very agreeable nature in the family. The young ladies felt piqued, and to a certain degree alarmed; but Frank was certain, the contemplation of Lalee, and the fun of hearing her talk, would pay him for any thing; and the pensive Percy returned home happy in the conviction that, young as his informant was, he should yet gain from her much knowledge on the subject of the sea, and the nature of a long voyage; things which he was the more anxious concerning, because his insular situation precluded him from all hope of obtaining knowledge by inspection.

The following morning showed the traveler, (or, as she was now generally called, "Livia," in contradistinction to her cousin, who henceforward became Olivia at length) in a new point of view. She was dull the evening before, but now sorrowful, being called upon to part with the kind friend whom she had known ever since she could recollect any one, and who had been during her long voyage so truly a paternal friend, that nothing less than his kindly

lessons on the subject, and the striking likeness of her uncle to her father, would have taken her from *his* side a moment. "The little, strong embrace," was not sustained unmoved by him to whom she clung; but, as it was not possible for him to defer his appearance in London, without risk of great loss, and he could not doubt the tenderest attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Falkland would be paid to their charge, and believed that the attractive charm of the young family's society would aid their endeavors, he thought the sooner their parting was over the better.

Ample were the requests made, and the directions given, by the far-distant father, on behalf of his darling, whose bales of clothing and stores of gew-gaws appeared to her country cousins the appointments of a princess, and certainly inspired Maria and Olivia (the two eldest girls) with a sentiment of mingled envy and respect, which produced many risible effects on the laughter-loving Frank. When it was understood that one package, containing also a costly shawl as a present for Mrs. Falkland, was to be disposed of in gifts to her cousins by Livia, and that it consisted of silver muslins and others of the most costly description, the astonishment and contempt displayed towards one who could consign such gifts to such hands, and the fawning attentions at the same time towards the infant donor, were still more ludicrous.

All the world (*i. e.* the world of observation and sensibility) is aware that all children are intuitive physiognomists; that they see even beyond that fair surface which is more attractive at a later period, and, with a kind of inspiration implanted by nature (or rather the God of nature) in consideration of their helplessness and dependency, descry in those around them, the particular qualities most likely to aid, protect, and enlighten them. It was on this principle, that when at length the somewhat violent grief of Livia subsided, and the possibility of attending to the business before her occurred to her mind, she observed, "that as boys in this cold country could not wear muslin, and pretty little children, like Emily, would soon spoil silver-sprigged frocks, she would give all she had to Mrs. Falkland," adding with perfect *naïveté*, "besides, I am sure I shall love *you* very much some time. Lalee says I shall love you soon."

"So you will," said Percy, who had entered a few minutes before; "you will love my aunt dearly."

Mrs. Falkland accepted the gift, and kissed the donor; but she lost not a moment in appropriating to each of her daughters-in-law, a full share of the splendid present, to the evident vexation of the giver, who with the simplicity of childhood said, "she loved the little ones best. Every body said she was like Olivia; but she had rather be like Emily a thousand times, for *she* was a good-tempered little thing."

There was no quarreling with the giver of silver muslins and the possessor of pearls, especially at a moment like this; so without meeting retort or notice, our young heroine departed with Frank to look at his beautiful rabbits, staying only till Percy had thrown round her an ample cachemire, as he said, "you must never forget, my good fellow, that she is a kind of myrtle, unused to the open air, and if you expose her too much, she will fade and die."

"I should break my heart, I am sure," returned Frank, "if she were to

die ; but for the life of me, I never could dress her, and watch her, and be such a kind of a mollicot, as you, Percy."

Whilst these three young, lovely, and endearing creatures were exploring every nook about the premises, which could by possibility enliven the little sufferer, Mr. Falkland was reading the letter of his brother to his wife, and showing her the five hundred pounds which had been placed in his hands for the use of his niece, adding to his information the question, "Shall we send the dear child to school, or keep her at home, and do the best we can for her ? You see we have full power to act as we deem best, and ample means provided."

"I would place her at school, by all means ; but it should be at a very superior school, one, where the governess could afford to be attentive and generous."

Though these words were spoken rapidly, they were the result of much previous thought. With all the inclination in the world, Mrs. Falkland knew that she could not so educate the child in question, as she thought the heiress to much wealth, and of course much responsibility, should be educated. She was well aware, that imitation was, at Livia's age, almost a passion, and she dreaded the child's adopting the indolence of her eldest daughter-in-law, which resembled the physical inertness of her father, or the more irritable and threatening temperament of her namesake : nor did she think the daring and somewhat fiery spirit of her own beloved Frank more to be desired in a companion. Without giving any of these reasons, since all must be painful to a fond and unreasoning parent, she pressed the matter as an opinion, a desire, and a convenience, and was willing to take the charge such conduct involved, as dictated by selfishness, in order that she might effect real benefit for all the parties concerned,—an example rarely given, and yet more rarely estimated.

By degrees, therefore, schools were spoken of, and the necessity of young ladies learning music, dancing, and, more especially, good order : but to no such sage observation, or any other species of indirect admonition, did the young Livia "seriously incline." The warm breezes of May rendered the possibility of running out continually an irresistible charm : and, though the birds of England were all "ugly things," the flowers "poor things," and the peasantry around, "awkward things," yet no creature could be more desirous of being amongst them. Idle, but not in the slightest degree indolent, the charm of liberation from ship-board fetters, and the power now first indulged of using her own limbs to run from place to place, gave to her a kind of existence hitherto unknown. It was impossible not to contemplate so fair and gay a thing, in a state of such joyous and perpetual excitement, with delight, and a fear, lest either word or action should arise to blight a pleasure at once intense and innocent. Yet the perpetual sounds of "Lahee ! I say, Lahee ! bring this ;" "reach that ;" "run with me there ;" or, "come here, this moment ;" together with the reluctant acquiescence, and fond but monotonously drawled remonstrances of the Asiatic, frequently whispered to Mrs. Falkland the necessity of effecting a little change in the habits of the stranger.

It was more, indeed, than whispered by her step-daughter, That "Livia was a spoiled, rude child : that she tore and dirtied more frocks than all the

rest of the house, and required a *dozen* servants to wait on her, instead of that *one* lazy, blackamoor-looking woman, who could hardly open her mouth to say, 'Is, missy; no, missy;' that "She was so ignorant, as to be hardly able to read, though she spoke verses by rote, as well as her prayers, and her catechism; and so vulgar, that she preferred a thousand times going to Jane Godfrey's cottage, and nursing her little, dirty grandchild, to visiting at Sir Robert Eling's, and seeing the grand conservatory."

So decidedly true were these charges, that even Frank, who, from similarity of taste in many points, was generally found the champion of little Livia, could not say one word more in her favor than, "I like her, for all that." It was in vain that his round, ruddy face looked grave, and indicated that his brain was busy in beating about for a reason why the ready companion of his sports should now be exempted from his penalties. Frank's motive for *liking* was to himself as inexplicable as its action was decisive; and he could only repeat it with increased vehemence and the old appeal by look to his wiser cousin.

"I suppose," said Percy, "she has been spoiled by her father, because he had only *her*, and because, in India, every body is spoiled, great and little. Nothing else is wrong about her. She is the *kindest* child I ever saw in my life."

Percy had spoken like an oracle. Every one, whether friend or enemy, felt that the gordian knot was either cut or unloosed, and that, with all her faults of education, circumstance, or what not, poor little Livia was indeed a *kind* child. It was the spirit of kindness that took her to poor old Jane's, in spite of the poverty, and even the repinings she met there; *kindness* which induced her to participate in the rambles of Frank; and *kindness* which taught her to prefer feeding the fowls, and visiting the motherless lambs, to attending the music lessons of her namesake, or desiring visits to wealthy neighbors. The same spirit led her to supply every one's wants by the sacrifice of her toys, time, and pocket-money, and to find her own gratification in their happiness, provided she procured it; but, like many other ardent and generous persons, poor Olivia frequently found it difficult to gratify *any*, whilst she was anxiously trying to benefit *all*.

Fully aware that in early life the best propensities require regulating and guiding, and certain that the little stranger possessed inherent abilities of no ordinary cast, though they now lay dormant, Mrs. Falkland felt it her duty to lose no time in transplanting her young charge, once more, into a more genial soil for their cultivation than her own house afforded. She had the power of carrying this plan into effect sooner than any she had devised hitherto for the benefit of any of her own family, because expense was not an object; therefore it was soon decided, that their charge should be transferred to a small establishment for young ladies of rank and fortune, in the neighborhood of London, where it was certain she would be treated with equal tenderness and wisdom, and could enjoy every advantage paternal solicitude desired to bestow.

As Livy had always been told she was to go to school, and never led to affix any idea of punishment to such a situation, and had not hitherto formed any strong attachment to the inhabitants of Falkland Hall (though she liked her uncle, aunt, and Frank, very much,) she made not the slightest objection

to her journey to Richmond, whither she was taken by Mrs. Falkland and Lalee; and, on finding seven children of her own age in a large garden, chasing butterflies and gathering flowers, she declared herself "delighted and happy." When, however, a necessity for parting with Lalee arrived, consternation and sorrow, so violent, overwhelmed her, as to excite the sincerest sympathy in all who witnessed it. When reminded by her sobbing attendant, that she had prepared her for this parting, even from the time when they left Bombay—

"I know all you said, Lalee," cried the poor child, "but for all that I did not think it could be. I thought nothing but death could take you away from poor little Livy."

Long, long did she weep in the kind arms of the younger of those amiable and judicious sisters to whom she was consigned, and by slow degrees (considering her years) did she recover from a stroke which appeared to have surprised not less than grieved her. When at length it became necessary to bring her into something like the habits of school-hours, as well as play-hours, and to hint "that all little girls learned so and so," she roused all the faculties of her mind to consider her present situation, and addressed the kind comforter of the last three days, thus:

"I think every thing in England is trouble, and I don't like trouble. I like nothing but *love*. My papa loved me dearly when I lived with him, and I know nothing, and I wish for nothing but his love; so what should I learn for? Let me sit at your feet, Miss Emily, and lay my head in your lap, and talk of Lalee, and learn nothing at all."

This oration (unlike many others) showed the true disposition of the speaker, and enabled the governess to see (as Percy had already seen) the way to win her attention, and control her actions. Olivia soon learned all her lessons, and even gave extraordinary attention to them, "because, if she did not it would grieve Miss Emily, who loved her."

Time passed. At the end of two years the child visited Falkland Hall, where she found a new cousin and a warm welcome; but her greatest pleasure, it must be confessed, was still with the boys. When, four years afterwards, this visit was renewed, her manners were a little more reserved, and both Frank and Percy were become so tall, and so busy, and their pursuits were so different from her's, that little of their time was passed together; but a circumstance now arose, of such painful importance as to render her more than ever an object of their sympathy.

CHAPTER III.

Just as our little heroine was again quitting her relatives, Mr. Falkland received from India alarming accounts respecting his brother, with whom he had hitherto enjoyed an uninterrupted correspondence. The writer was his friend Mr. Orme, who informed the distressed brother, "that the unfortunate

merchant, traveling in the Mysore for some especial purpose of commerce, and with but few attendants, lest he should attract the attention of the sovereign, Hyder Ali, had yet been waylaid, and either taken prisoner or killed on the spot. One servant alone had escaped, and he had been so severely wounded, as to be little capable of describing the assault under which he suffered, so that the Company's servants knew not whether the attack proceeded from a private band of marauders or the troops of the sovereign, which were not less likely to be thus nefariously employed. This melancholy affair was the more to be lamented, because Mr. Falkland, previously to his leaving home on so important a journey, had altered the late situation of his property, and the friend to whom he had been accustomed to communicate his designs, being absent from Bombay, was not informed on his plans or conduct in these matters, and remained in a state of great anxiety both as to his life and the future provision of his unfortunate daughter.

This distressing letter produced various effects at Falkland Hall. Its master, whom every year rendered more inert, though not less amiable, was awakened by it to the sincerest grief for the loss of a brother whom he still tenderly loved; his wife, younger and more sanguine than himself, saw only cause for disquiet, but not despair, in the communication: his eldest daughters lamented that their rich uncle should die, and send no more presents, yet were by no means sorry "that the little minx, his daughter, could no longer go to a grand London school, and fancy herself *somebody*." The sorrow of Percy Luttrell and Frank was warm as it was sincere; they felt the sad case of dear Livy as deserving and obtaining the pity of all, "for who could help loving her?" and each adopted that view of it which suited his own habits of mind. Frank wished he were a man that he might seek and rescue his uncle, if he lived, and avenge him if dead. Percy, thoughtful and pensive, adopted Mr. Falkland's view of the case, which was, that all was over; "the unfortunate man had perished, his child was an orphan, to whom it was unlikely any portion of his hard-acquired wealth would ever descend."

This view of the situation of his brother, although the most melancholy, was the most natural to a man whose indolence of mind and habit found his despair on the subject a species of rest, and whose benevolence and affection towards the orphan offered a kind of relief to his reflections on the subject, more consolatory than any effort of hope or imagination could have been. On this principle he wished to check all expectations of better news to the poor child, and reconcile her at once to her inevitable loss, whilst he bestowed all possible consolation; but this plan was found impossible: for those who loved Livy could not forbear to whisper hope, and those who loved her *not* thought it desirable "to keep a quiet house" by seconding their suggestions.

A girl of thirteen, parted for six years from her father, and naturally of the most buoyant and vivacious spirit, and the most yielding and affectionate disposition, might be supposed little likely to experience great affliction for the loss of a parent whose kindness had been so abundantly supplied to her, and whose person she would probably have forgotten, save for recollections excited through the medium of her uncle. Such was by no means the case, for Olivia was a child of vivid imagination, acute sensibility, and capable of ardent attachment. All that memory refused to bestow, had been lavishly granted by fancy, which had gifted her dear, far-distant parent with all those

qualities that love is so apt to bestow on its votaries at a different period of life. Every kind action of a father to his daughter, every proof of high and manly mind—courage, benevolence, or magnanimity, which she heard or read of, and almost every personal grace which by any chance met her eye, was transferred by her busy little mind, to that *ideal* papa, whose image reigned paramount in her heart. This disposition was fostered as a duty by those who had the care of her education; but they did not know the extent to which she had thus devoted herself, or fear of an event but too likely to mar her happiness would have induced them to set bounds even to a virtue. It had been found absolutely necessary to check her bounty and regulate her philanthropy, and her affections were not less likely to require the kind control which too fervid feeling often requires in female life.

Even in the midst of unbounded gaiety, and that utter absence of care which is the especial gift of childhood, Olivia would often withdraw from her companions, and, screening herself from observation between the high espalier of a retired path, or, wedging herself in the split trunk of an old tree, where she was still more secluded, resign herself to meditations, which would affect her even to tears. Her father always formed the principal subject of these wandering day-dreams, in which were built castles in the air, which combined many a poetic phantasy with those workings of the affections, and those aspirings of the soul, which are allied not less to the romance than the nobility of nature. So absorbed would she sometimes become in pursuing the train of thought awakened in her solitude by the beauties of vegetation surrounding her, the work she had been reading, or the particular virtue she had been induced to contemplate, as to appear capricious to her companions, or negligent towards her friends. But a look, or even the shadow of a look, which reproached her with estrangement; or sought her kindness, always restored her instantly to her circle, with undiminished activity of affection, or that deprecating air which ensured the forgiveness it solicited. It rarely happens that the very gay, or the very enterprising, (and Oliva was both,) are also modest, humble, and tractable. Our little Livy united these distinct characteristics in an extraordinary manner. She was timid in manners, but possessed fortitude in endurance, and perseverance in the accomplishment of any purpose excited by her affections. Where these were not brought into play, she soon became careless and negligent. Hitherto she had been most happy in her instructors, and had profited abundantly by their precepts; but now, precisely at the age when their cares were most called for, she was likely to lose all she had acquired for the heart or the understanding.

So Mrs. Falkland thought, at least every day, and spoke her thoughts to her husband, who generally replied with a sigh. It was impossible for the most generous of women to push the matter farther; for she was now the mother of seven children; and the young ladies to whom she was mother-in-law failed not to give her ample notice of their dislike of so large a family, and to comment on every article of expense incurred, nearly or remotely, by her and *her's*, in a manner sufficiently galling; and it was their pleasure, (however ridiculous the assumption,) to deem Livy *her protégée*.

As every parent, more especially every *mother*, is apt to form projects for the future welfare or aggrandizement of her children, we may suppose that Mrs. Falkland had thought it a very possible thing that her eldest son should

become the future husband of his rich cousin : but it is certain that this idea had been banished from her mind before the change of Livy's situation arrived. During the period previous to that painful information, it struck her that Percy had been decidedly the more agreeable companion to the holiday visitant, and, after that period, he was evidently far the best consoler. Partial as she was to her own son, Mrs. Falkland could not be surprised at this preference. There was in her nephew not only an attentive but a constant kindness, calculated to win the esteem and affection of all who held intercourse with him, and which her younger and more volatile son did not possess. Frank could have braved far more, and perhaps at times felt far more, for Livy than the more tranquil Percy did ; but it was not possible for her to rely on his friendship in the same way, since the amusements best loved at his age would always take him from her side, except when she would fearlessly accompany him to view some distant landscape, or attain some forbidden object to which she naturally became now averse. Under these views of her disposition, Mrs. Falkland for some time had abandoned the hope of seeing her son the possessor of countless lacs of rupees, before the vision was torn from her eyes by the late melancholy information, and had accustomed herself to consider that nephew, who was only second to her idolized Frank, as the future husband of Olivia. Changed as the poor girl's circumstances were, she still clung to the expectation of an event, perhaps no longer desirable ; and, in doing so, sought to render the evil attendant upon it as light as the nature of the case admitted.

Percy Luttrell was the eldest of six children, the son of an invalid father, who, reduced in early life by an accident to the sufferings of a valetudinarian, might be removed any time at a short notice, and leave his son to the cares and duties of a father, or might linger many years, and be compelled to assign that son a narrow income, inadequate to taking a portionless bride, during the remainder of his own life.

"But, if they love each other," thought Mrs. Falkland, "they may be very happy, for Percy has not one extravagant habit or inclination, and Livy is so young and so amiable, that any predilection of that kind will be easily subdued in her, and in her accomplishments he will find such daily pleasure that he will not lament deficiency of fortune."

Thus arguing, it followed, "that if mental superiority and acquirements might supersede more palpable enjoyments, Livy ought to receive that finished education which alone could ensure them ;" and, since Mr. Falkland declared "that in some way the money brought by the poor child should be appropriated to her use, and the expenses of past days liquidated by himself," she earnestly recommended again sending her to school.

But to the excellent seminary where she had passed the days of infancy she found it impossible to consign her, so decided was the opposition of the young ladies. The elder had got a suitor, and was thinking of her own portion and her wedding-clothes, therefore held all generosity towards the supposed orphan a deadly sin. The younger had found no little interest and amusement in the residence of the child, for she was unceasing in her anxiety to extract from her whatever she could remember of India on the one hand, and not less solicitous on the other, to harrow up her feelings on the subject of her father's loss, her own future dependence, and, more especially, to

deprive her of the pleasure she derived from Percy Luttrell's society. Under her ingenious exercises, Livy was alternately indignant and afflicted, one hour burning with the natural irritation of an exasperated spirit, the next rendered desponding, sorrowful, and solicitous; her color faded, her buoyancy fled; she ceased to run, and to sing, and frequently, in the absence of the boys, declared an earnest desire to go any where to school, since it was no longer proper for her to return to dear Miss L——'s. No word of complaint passed her lips, and never did she express her wishes without alluding to the affection and respect felt by her for her uncle and aunt; but the latter was fully aware of the cause, and, one day, after adverting to the poor girl's altered situation, observed, "that her loss of fortune gave her stronger claims to delicacy and tenderness than she had ever had before."

"Loss of fortune! loss of a fiddlestick. What could such a child as she do with a fortune, if she had it?" said Olivia.

Though the words were uttered in scornful reply to Mrs. Falkland, yet the brilliant eyes of the speaker were turned on Livy, who felt their cruel glances to her inmost heart, and, stimulated by a rapid and varied sense of acute feelings, instantly replied:—

"Do! oh, Olivia! I could do a thousand things with a fortune, as well as you. I could give a great heap of money to every one of my cousins, and one greater still to dear Percy Luttrell; he should have every thing he wished for; books, and globes, and maps, and ——"

"And *you*, Miss, I suppose?" said Olivia, with a look of more bitter contempt than her beautiful features appeared capable of expressing.

Livy blushed in modesty, not anger; for though she felt the injustice of her cousin's cruel expression of countenance, she had also an idea that her own expressions had been wrong, that "perhaps, since Percy was not her cousin, she ought not to love him quite so well; yet, not to love one who soothed her sorrows, assisted her learning, directed her views, as a moral and religious creature, would, surely, be the worst ingratitude." She could not reply, and she remained silent and puzzled.

The very circumstance which embarrassed Livy's mind enlightened that of her aunt. Percy Luttrell was just of the same age with her second daughter-in-law, and he had, within a year or two, shot up into a fine, handsome youth, and was incomparably the most attractive person in the habit of visiting freely at Falkland Hall: the coldness of Olivia's heart, and the pride which appeared its ruling sentiment, had hitherto prevented her from supposing her likely to yield a moment to those emotions common at her age for any person with whom she was at present conversant, more especially a relation of her own; but she now felt assured that Percy was an object of as much preference as she was capable of bestowing, and that her spleen towards little Livy was a species of rivalry.

Mrs. Falkland did not suffer this discovery to render her uneasy; for she thought justly, that familiarity would deaden the effect of Olivia's charms on her nephew, whilst his knowledge of her disposition would operate still more beneficially for his preservation; and she could hardly doubt that Olivia's wishes (though, perhaps, hardly understood by herself,) must tend to forward her own designs for Livy, whose absence she could not fail to desire. As Mr. Falkland was in fact greatly influenced by his eldest daughters, though

he had not the least idea that he had acted from any motive but his own reason, his wife, by the innocent adroitness of which her sex are generally capable rendered Olivia an instrument in promoting the interest of her niece ; and, within a short time from the above conversation, our unfortunate little heroine was once more made the inhabitant of a respectable establishment, and placed where she might be said to have no enemies, though she had also for the present no friends.

CHAPTER IV.

LIVY'S present abode was in the vicinity of the beautiful city of Worcester ; and, although of inferior pretensions to that "pleasant home" where her first ideas were "taught to shoot," she soon found herself far more at ease than she had lately been at Falkland Hall. Truly hath Solomon asserted, "a man's enemies are those of his own household ;" for it is certain that the petty bickerings, the strife of tongues, contemptuous and discontented upbraidings in those around us, do far more to poison the happiness of life than its heaviest misfortunes. Our poor Livy, unconscious as she was of all offence, and fondly as she was attached to many of her relations, had become sensible that her presence "made an unquiet house," and her very love of the kindly portion of its inhabitants rendered her absence desirable. Besides, Percy and Frank had resumed their studies, which were carried on either with the clergyman who had been hitherto their only tutor, or at the Grange, with Mr. Luttrell ; and the younger children afforded no companionship to her mind, or consolation to her troubles, however she might love them ; and the happiness she had enjoyed in her first regretted school naturally led her to hope for similar effects in a similar institution.

Schools are little worlds ; and our impoverished heiress was not likely to make the same impression on the young circle *here* that she had done at Richmond ; but, had she come with all her original Oriental splendor, it is certain that would have been absorbed in the very first hour by an arrival of infinitely more importance. Scarcely had Mrs. Falkland exchanged the last kiss, and made her parting courtesy to Mrs. Eastwood, when a splendid and well-known carriage entered the sweep, and Lady Ennerdale alighted, with her only daughter, Adelaide Beaufort, the beautiful heiress of an ancient house, whose honors, though somewhat obscured by a fortune inadequate to the support of baronial rank, were yet of great local importance in the neighborhood.

Lady Ennerdale was a woman more endowed by nature than rank ; her understanding was sound, her person faultless, her benevolence unbounded, and her mind highly cultivated. Like many unportioned daughters of great houses in her day, (and perhaps in ours,) she was married, when a mere girl,

to a handsome man of fair character, by a father anxious to secure her rank and protection, without troubling himself either as to her predilections for the chosen, or his powers of conciliating the affections of so superior a creature.

Lady Ennerdale passed the ordeal offered to a young, beautiful, and unattached woman in high life, not only with unblemished name, but with every characteristic virtue that could ensure applause from the *good* and the *observing*; and the *highest* lady in the land—most happily for the young and inexperienced of her court—was both. Her discriminating eye soon saw how little able was the husband to realize “the friendship of marriage” with one so gifted, yet so unappreciated as his wife; and she therefore, as her best guardian, as well as her best solace, taught her to look more especially to the pleasures of maternal love as the source of future happiness. The precepts of a queen (especially when her conduct seconds her words) are generally impressive. Lady Ennerdale received her child as the immediate boon of heaven; the creature that would supply to her affections the object they required, and in due time offer to her active mind and acquired talents that stimulant for which she languished. As her understanding matured, she became the more sensible of the value of this tie to domestic life, and clung to it not less as a comfort than a safeguard; and, in contemplating her husband as the father of her child, she taught herself to consider him with an increasing regard and grateful preference. Applying all the powers of her own mind to supply the inefficiency of his; and by the exercise of her accomplishments seeking to implant a relish for all that was excellent; she so far succeeded as greatly to increase his importance in society and in his home circle, and to procure him credit for virtues he had never been known to possess, and even for acquirements he did not take the trouble to display.

In consequence of this judicious management, Lord Ennerdale found himself much happier in Ennerdale House than he was in the neighborhood of St. James’s, where he was stigmatized by some as the “handsome automaton,” and by others as an “appendage to the pocket peerage.” In consequence, his narrow fortune was so well managed as to become equal to his respectable appearance and the demands of his rank and situation; and, instead of being a needy nobleman, compelled to seek security in his rank from the talons of the law, or a pitiful dependent on a minister for some place the duties of which he had not abilities to perform, he dwelt in his lordly inheritance with the hospitality befitting a lord, took his place on the magisterial bench with an air of ancestral dignity; exhibited the handsomest equipage in the county, and upon all proper occasions, subscribed from five pounds to fifty as freely as a more wealthy or more benevolent man might do.

Unquestionably his lady silently rejoiced in the good work of which she was the sole, though invisible agent. If any thing can supply to the heart that companion so imperiously demanded in early life, more especially by the highly-gifted and the sensitive, it is the occupation offered by charity, and the abstractedness demanded by devotion. These causes alike operated in Lady Ennerdale’s case, and, together with the endearments of her infant, preserved her from returning to the attractions of that society she had

quitted, or sinking into that languor which her monotonous life seemed likely to inflict. It is, however, certain, that when she had been married about twelve years, her health became very indifferent; and, without any nominal disease, she experienced lassitude and weakness so great as to render her pleasantest duties irksome and in many cases impracticable.

Instruction to her Adelaide was now supplied by others; but as all children become imitators of those they love, more especially when imbued with acute sensibility, the fond mother could not disguise from herself the injury which her society, as an invalid, inflicted on her child, who, from very sympathy, became unable to enjoy the pastimes suitable to her age and necessary for her health. This observation was the more afflicting, because she had not sufficient influence over Lord Ennerdale to obtain his aid in remedying the grievance. He had in an eminent degree the fault of weak persons, a fear of appearing attached to females; and, though he now confessed to having forgiven the sex of his heir, in consideration of his intention to marry her to an earldom at least, yet, "a man of his description could not dawdle about with a girl, like one neighbor whom he always met riding with his daughters: or another, who every year took his wife to the sea-side. No; he was not a person of whom such things could or ought to be expected."

After struggling with herself, and with the poor, fond daughter, who idolized her, for three or four years, Lady Ennerdale at length obtained the power of removing Adelaide to a situation, which had become absolutely necessary for her enervated system, and that overweening sensibility which threatened to ruin her happiness and destroy every trait of the firmer virtues. The circumstance of her arrival at the same time with Livia Falkland became a matter of the utmost importance to the latter.

It will be imagined that, although the honorable Adelaide Beauford was almost the oldest pupil, and was only removed a few miles from her paternal home, yet, under the circumstances narrated, she was severely affected by parting with her mother. She had, indeed, sufficient resolution to spare that mother the sight of her pangs; but, when she was gone, all that was fond and weak in a nature which had long indulged emotion too much, flowed unrestrained, and, as it appeared to Livia, unconsoled. In truth, some of the girls considered her as too high for them to approach, and others deemed her affliction insulting to themselves, giving the stranger credit for the same low pride which was inherent in their own bosoms. Livia had no thoughts in common with either; it was enough for her to see a girl weep at parting with a tender mother, and nestling fondly towards her, she looked pityfully in her face, and as the tears sprang to her eyes, said:

"I have no mother, or I should cry as you do." Adelaide pressed her hand and drew her towards her bosom. "And my father is in the East Indies, if he lives; but alas! I fear—I fear—"

The sorrow that accompanied these words became so deep in a few moments, that the elder sufferer felt it her duty to bestow comfort on the kind child who had sought to give it her. From that hour an attachment of the happiest kind for both sprang up between them, and every day, by revealing to each the disposition or the attachment of the other, cemented a friendship, which truly might be said

"To grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength."

The natural vivacity of Livia soon returned (though she remained, of course, subject to severe fits of sorrow on her father's account, of whose sad fate no farther information transpired) and her excellent spirits were soon found to be of astonishing efficacy in dispelling the despondency and awakening the energies of her friend. The cultivation which Adelaide had received, and the pious precepts and religious subjugation of her mind, were still more useful to Livia, who quaffed, as from a pure fountain, those waters of life, poured there by a tender parent, solicitous to provide for a daughter she might shortly leave, those inestimable lessons which alone could prepare for the duties of future life, and bestow upon her the consolations it would require.

It might be truly said that these young creatures took "sweet counsel together," and remembered their Creator in the days of their youth. Each had already experienced enough of sorrow and anxiety to render her sensible of the value of religious hope; and neither of them had yet those worldly cares, or that bias of their young affections, which were likely to draw them aside from devotion, or substitute an earthly for a heavenly worship. It was the pensive yet happy season, when, in its calm loveliness, the heart, as a lake of still waters, reflects all holy images, and imbibes all pure thoughts and sacred combinations; but not, like the lake, to lose them in the first breeze, or dissipate them in the coming shower. No! they will be shaken and overshadowed by the action of passions and circumstances; but the religious impressions of youth grow up into its principles, and become the "savour of life."

The satisfaction which Lady Ennerdale enjoyed in the improved health and spirits of her daughter, could not fail to give her great interest in the lovely orphan, to whom Adelaide insisted "she owed every happy hour she had known since parted from her mother." In consequence, several succeeding vacations were passed by her at Ennerdale House, an ancient castellated building, of an entirely different kind from any she had seen, and which most agreeably exercised that taste for the romantic and poetical, which began, at this period, to develop itself a good deal in her character, and was somewhat too much excited by her friend.

The time came, however, when poor Adelaide was taken home, and Olivia left behind. The long, lingering disorder of Lady Ennerdale had performed its awful mission; and, since, her days were evidently numbered and few, she resolved to share them with that beloved child, for whose sake alone she desired to prolong them upon earth.

In consequence, the following Christmas beheld Livia again at Falkland Hall, where, it appeared to her, great changes had taken place. Percy Luttrell "was *quite* a man, and Frank much too tall for a boy," she observed. And the definition applied very closely; for the latter retained all the characteristics of his former days, even with his advanced height and downy chin. His laugh was as loud, his step as rapid, and his pursuits the same, although he boasted, "that his uncle Luttrell had taught him Arabic, which was a language of which even Percy knew nothing;" and that he had read more works of travels than any body in England. "And, if you choose to talk French, as I understand boarding-school misses generally do, I hope, Livy, to find myself as good at parley-vouing as you."

"I am glad to hear it, Frank. But what could make you study *Arabic*, when you used to be so averse to Latin, and give Mr. Bransby so much uneasiness?"

"Oh! because I didn't like Latin, and I always thought it nonsense to learn dead languages. Now there is some sense in Arabic, my uncle says, knowing it gives a man a great lift in certain cases; and I have something in my head: but mum for that!"

"Surely, Frank, you do not think of going into the army? I remember two officers at our house, in Bombay, learning Arabic of a man with a long beard and a huge turban."

Frank answered by a knowing nod, but was determinately and with difficulty silent.

The eldest Miss Falkland was well married and settled at some distance; but "the beauty" (as Olivia was generally termed) had refused with disdain several advantageous offers, and appeared determined to remain single until some titled and wealthy lover should fulfill the wishes of a heart which from her very cradle had manifested no common share of pride and ambition. In the course of her last year's intercourse with the world, Miss Falkland appeared to have shaken off that predilection for Percy Luttrell which had formerly prevailed, and to have obtained much more suavity of manners and command of temper than she was wont to exhibit, so that Livy (or we may now say Olivia) found her on the whole agreeable and companionable. She was particularly fond of talking and reading of the East, and would frequently wish with apparent sincerity that her uncle were still living, since she would rather have accompanied her cousin to his distant home than be a countess in England. To lie on cushions of embroidered satin, be fanned by slaves, clothed in robes downy as the gossamer's wing, and gazed at by adoring multitudes as a being of more than earthly attributes; had so completely taken possession of her imagination, that the homage received at a race-ball, or the admiration excited in a stage-box, at the county town, was become completely worthless in her eyes, even in these her first days of novelty and attraction. Her wishes for this species of aggrandizement had unquestionably been much stimulated by the conversations between Percy and Frank at which she had been present; but they had been in existence ever since the arrival of our heroine, and cherished secretly with an ardor, which, if directed to more natural objects of affection, would have been termed romantic. She was a girl of considerable abilities, but of few attainments; she was therefore the more likely to waste both time and thought on objects of imaginary value. Her father never urged her to exertion, lest he should awake that temper which he was too indolent to encounter much less eradicate; and her mother-in-law felt herself unequal to contention with the *woman*, seeing she had been foiled by the *child*. She was also now the mother of seven children, for whose future welfare she could not fail to feel extreme anxiety, and whose present situation, as subject to the diseases of infancy in the younger branches, and the cares of education, in the elder, wholly engrossed her.

The latter source of solicitude Olivia now sought earnestly to alleviate, by charging herself with the care of Emily and Anna, the children whom she first knew, and who had lately been placed at a cheap boarding-school in the

neighborhood. Percy Luttrell highly praised her for this exertion, and promised to second her influence and direct her endeavors by every means in his power; and the eulogy of Percy was very dear to the heart of Olivia ever since she knew him. Her endeavor to do the good she meditated, was suspended at its very onset by information of the death of Lady Ennerdale, whom she loved and venerated as a being of a higher order, and whose daughter was beloved by her with more than sisterly attachment, since admiration and respect were added to the affection she bore her.

On every occasion of sorrow, Percy Luttrell was always the friend who sustained her, and on this he was the only one; for Mrs. Falkland was confined to her nursery by the sickness of three young children, and Frank (generous warm-hearted Frank) was gone to visit his brother-in-law. Of late, Percy had visited far less at the Hall than in his boyish days, nor had he pressed the visits of Olivia at the Grange as he was wont in her childhood; but now he came frequently, and lingered long. His mind, evidently pressed with sorrows of its own, yet sought to console and strengthen her's, which was perhaps most effectually done by treating her as a friend, by descanting upon his father's illness; his own situation as the future head of a large family; his mother's implicit reliance on his prudence, and his earnest desire to merit the confidence she placed in him. In adverting to his duties, Percy disclosed the noble impulses of a dignified spirit and the humility of a faithful Christian, conscious of natural weakness but capable of the highest virtue; and often would Olivia feel that he was as worthy of her esteem and pity as the mourning Adelaide, and she knew not to which of them her heart gave the preference.

One day, when she was endeavoring to supply the place of Mrs. Falkland to her uncle, by examining his bills and answering one of his few correspondents, Percy entered with a quick step, to inform them, that a coach and six, with drivers and attendants, in black, were approaching the avenue. No one doubted but it was that of Lord Ennerdale. Mr. Falkland exerted himself to exchange his dressing-gown for a coat, and Olivia to lay, with habitual order, her papers in the *escritoire*, whilst Miss Falkland looked at the state of her hair, adjusted her tucker, and arrayed her face in those smiles which she felt that nobility was entitled to, even from beauty.

In a few minutes, their guests had arrived—the weeping Adelaide was in the arms of her beloved Olivia—and Lord Ennerdale, with assumed suavity and pompous ostentation of sorrow, was accepting the sincere sympathy of honest Falkland, whose attentions were always those of the heart, not less than of the manners. Percy Luttrell, from motives of delicacy, had retired; but Miss Falkland advanced with proper attention to their guests, and immediately attracted the notice of his Lordship, who, having always held personal attractions to be the highest merit, could not forbear to feel the young lady's claims on his regard.

On Mrs. Falkland's arrival, the nobleman revealed the more immediate purport of the visit. After adverting to his loss, he spoke of "its melancholy effects upon his own health, which had been such, that he was advised to remove to a warmer climate, as the only means of restoring him;" and this advice "he felt compelled to follow, for the sake of his poor Adelaide, for whom alone he desired to live."

Of this long speech his Lordship was safely delivered, to the admiration of all who heard him, and who, in the innocence of their hearts, and the warmth of their domestic attachments, could have no doubt that another should feel the same emotions, which, on the same occasion, would have affected their own bosoms: therefore, when he continued to say, that "himself and his daughter were come to petition for the society of her beloved young friend, on their *distant*," but, as he trusted, "*pleasant* journey," however they might be surprised, none were inclined to refuse him, or felt capable of withholding assent to his wishes.

Still less could they do so, when the first burst of sorrow had subsided, and they beheld the pale cheek and attenuated frame of his lovely daughter, and heard her declare, "how valuable and how dear to *her* compliance would be." It was impossible for them not to see, that Adelaide might, in future life, be a far more efficient friend to the orphan than the duties owing to his own children permitted her uncle to be; and, since they had ceased to hope she would either see her father, or receive the fortune he had vainly accumulated, they felt that it would be an act of injustice to deprive her of such a one. Besides, removal to a warm climate would suit her health, which had lately been delicate, and her affections towards them might be trusted:—"Go where she would, she would never forget *them*, and settle how she might, if she had it in her power, she would benefit their children."

Olivia herself uttered no wish; but the deep interest expressed in her regards of Adelaide, spoke for her; and Mr. Falkland, after requesting a little time for consideration on a subject so important, and explaining, in few words, her actual situation, gave a general assent to the proposal, adding, that "he would send Olivia in his own carriage to Worcester, where that of Lord Ennerdale could meet her." He also required an assurance, that all the movements of the traveling party should be communicated to him with the least possible delay, in order that his niece might have the earliest information from India, where she had yet friends anxious for her welfare, though, he feared, "she had no longer a father."

On this point Lord Ennerdale was attentive and important. He spoke of "his own friends in the army now in the East, the power and influence he possessed, and his desire of exerting it in behalf of a young person so interesting to the 'heiress of Ennerdale House.'"

There was something in his Lordship's assumption of patronage not quite agreeable to the gentlemanly feelings or the manly independence of Mr. Falkland's mind; but, just as these sentiments began to pervade it, the nobleman rose, and, with true Chesterfieldian politeness, (the fashion of the times,) took his leave, and, on the whole, left a most favorable impression, more especially on Miss Falkland, who confessed, that "she envied her cousin the possession of such friends and the prospect of such a journey."

When Percy Luttrell learned the result of the visit, his sentiments were far different: yet they were not given in his usual manner, as the result of reasoning, but of feelings he could neither control nor explain. On the contrary, his parents, when informed on the subject, rejoiced in it, and congratulated Olivia on the prospects it opened with a warmth and frankness they had not lately observed towards her; and, although Mr. Luttrell was remarkable for his prudence and the happy control he exerted on subjects of expense over

his brother-in-law, on this occasion he seemed more ready to prompt his generosity than to warn him against its dictates.

Modest as Olivia was, and unskilled either in the ways of the world or the ways of the heart, the increasing gloom on Percy's brow, and the rapid movements of preparation for her departure, told her that he loved her, and that such love was inimical to the wishes of his parents and even feared by his friends. That it was far, *far* differently beheld by them in days past, she was fully assured; and, as all the young are prone to condemn the *care* they have never been led to suffer, and, in her estimation, Percy "was a jewel of more worth than all his tribe," it was no wonder that his value rose in her estimation as their's declined. As the "iron entered into *his* soul," so did it load her's, but with a far lighter weight, for Percy was, indeed, agonized, by seeing the object of a first and ardent passion torn from his gaze for an indefinite period; and Olivia had not for him a more than sisterly attachment at this period; and, if she could have seen him happy, would probably have parted from him with the same feelings she experienced towards her really dear uncle and his worthy wife.

Every day rendered this more impracticable, for every day showed her how intense was the sorrow, how deep the attachment, of poor Percy; and whilst her gratitude was excited and the tenderness of her heart awakened, still more were her admiration and esteem demanded for one who, either from a sense of duty, or in consequence of some extorted promise, "never told his love," but suffered her even to depart without allowing the full heart to relieve itself by that confession which seemed ever on the tongue.

When the terrible moment was past, when the cold lip of Percy had pressed her cheek, and the colder heart of her cousin had prompted that farewell which *his* refused to articulate—Olivia felt as if she had lost her whole world, and almost wondered how she could have torn herself from those whose value she had never felt till now. As she pursued her solitary way to Ennerdale, she perceived how useless to her were the pageants by which she was surrounded, and how entirely her nature required the intercourse of love and friendship as its medium of happiness. Every one she had left behind offered a new subject of regret, and the circumstance of not bidding Frank adieu added to her affliction, for she knew how dearly he loved and how sincerely he would lament her. But what were all compared to Percy! His pale countenance, his faltering voice, the sufferings he had undergone, and would still endure, completely overwhelmed her. "Surely he would not die! But, alas! it was but too probable."

These melancholy thoughts were not likely to be relieved on her arrival, as Lord Ennerdale had become, in his own opinion, much worse in consequence of the very short increase of delay it had been her misfortune to occasion. In truth, his Lordship had been frightened, not hurt, and the real cause of his journey was the state of his daughter's health and spirits, which greatly needed the change that her kind physician, in policy, recommended to *him*. Had Lady Ennerdale still lingered, her Lord would have rode as usual, eaten as usual, and with mechanical propriety, and mental inanity, strutted his hour "on the stage of daily life" as usual; but he had encountered a most awful and unpleasant interruption—death had met him face to face, and the interview was appalling. The monster had arrested one, also,

younger by ten years than himself, *one* whom he had known blooming, alert, and capable of exertion! Besides, on consideration, those persons of whom he was always thinking or speaking, whom indeed he considered the most worthy part of the creation, his *own* ancestors, had all died: neither honorable alliances, courtly favors, nor royal smiles, had preserved them from the plebeian fate! "Was it not therefore *possible* he too might die?"

To guard against an event so prejudicial to mankind, and, as he was "free to confess," really disagreeable to himself, he consulted medical men, read portions of medical books, and talked over various symptoms (to which those books had obligingly helped him) every morning with his valet, in consequence of which he became, in the course of a short time, as desirable a patient as any doctor for undefined or *nervous* complaints could possibly desire. Being a man made up of forms, one who in person and carriage would have cut a good figure in Queen Elizabeth's galliards, whatever he might have done at her council-board, on his becoming a widower he made use of many regular phrases as to his incapability of surviving his loss, which at length induced his servants to say how ill he looked, by way of gratifying him. This completed his alarm, since it threatened not only life but looks; and from that time his lady was forgotten (notwithstanding she was, as he asserted, an excellent person, being the descendant of a viscount, and within three degrees related to a duke,) and the bustle of preparation for removal to a happier climate commenced. In the business and confusion of this affair he had almost forgotten its cause, when the arrival of Olivia, and the air of dejection on her countenance, restored him to a recollection of his proprieties, and he received her with stately welcome and manifold complaints.

Far different was the warm greetings of his daughter, whose deep sorrow for her irreparable loss could only be poured into the bosom of that friend who could comprehend her feelings. In soothing the grief of Adelaide, Olivia, was in a great measure diverted from dwelling on that of Percy, which yet she long remembered with regret.

As however these young travelers, were not only of an age when sorrow yields most readily to time, and were both blessed with minds eager to increase knowledge, and imaginations stimulated by curiosity, in a short time their journey operated most happily upon their spirits, and they were soon charmed with the novelties presented to their observation. Nor did they fail to be duly attentive to the father and friend who had procured their pleasure, and who, however exacting in his expectations of deference and attention demanded no tax which they were not equally ready to pay

CHAPTER V.

THE South of France had been pointed out as the best residence for Lord Ennerdale; but it was likewise urged, that change alone would be beneficial, and that it would be well to consult his own feelings and taste with regard

to his future movements. In consequence of this permission, Paris was the first resting place of the travelers, and at the court of the most unfortunate pair who ever filled a throne our lovely friends made their first *entree* into life. Their beauty, *naïveté*, and supposed wealth, might have attracted admiration at any other period, and the graces of a circle, deemed the most gallant and polite in Europe, have fascinated, in turn, the charmed and dazzled eyes of girls so young and hitherto so secluded. But a fever of a far different kind from that which was its wont revealed in the minds and affected the manners of the court of Versailles. Haughtiness, mingled with anxiety, sate on the brow of many; smiles, which sought to hide fear and hatred, were on many lips; and where conscious rectitude and confidence induced a happier expression in general, still solicitude threw occasional shadows over the countenance. A cloud, like the distant thunder-storm, hung over all; and, without the power to avert any portion of the evil, or the inclination to investigate its cause, Lord Ennerdale wisely resolved to withdraw from a capital, which already offered much to "agitate his nerves."

Passing by slow journeyings in the season of the vintage, the younger part of our travelers found in the novelty, beauty, and even inconveniences which surrounded them daily sources of pleasure; and Olivia saw, with unmixed delight, the rose of health revisit the cheek of her dear Adelaide, and her tall slender form obtain that contour necessary to its perfect beauty. For herself, she was the life of the party; every object was a source of amusement or a subject on which to expatiate; but yet all her powers of conversation, endurance, or contrivance proved vain, long before their journey concluded, as exerted on Lord Ennerdale, whose annoyances were so numerous, that before they arrived at Marseilles, to which they now looked, he had really become almost the invalid he professed to be.

In this ancient city there was so much to see or to retrace—the associations were historically so interesting, the dress and manners of the natives so new, and the influx of strangers so great, as to afford objects of curiosity to the eye continually. But even these were well exchanged for walks and rides on the shore of the Mediterranean, whose blue waters contrasted with the changing verdure on its banks, and the white sails that enameled its surface. Olivia was never weary of gazing on the sea, and watching the sparkling of the sunbeams on its waves—singling one lonely vessel in its distant course, and following it in imagination through the pleasures and perils of its way; but whithersoever it might be bound, she found her heart directing it to some beloved home, which would enable tender lovers to meet, and converse on all they had suffered, in their absence and their silence. Need we add, the images so raised resembled Percy Luttrell and herself.

It was certain, till this place of rest was obtained, Olivia had not found time to be passive, nor, in her own definition of the case, to be grateful. Naturally vivacious to access, and now in the very spring-tide of youth, with a peculiar preception of the ridiculous, and an unquenchable love of novelty, her spirits had been perpetually excited by the grotesque figures, the interesting groups, the inflated bearing of some, and the simplicity of others, whom she had observed on her way: and although on many occasions she had wished that Percy had been present to share her sublime aspirations and her benevolent satisfaction, when a famished mother and naked offspring partook of her

bounty; yet it must be confessed she had not less frequently wished for Frank, that they might have laughed together at a whip-cracking postilion, or a pompous maître d'hôtel.

At Marseilles, in due time, they received letters from England, and with considerable trepidation did Olivia find two addressed to herself; but neither in the hand-writing of Percy. The letters were from Mrs. Falkland and Frank, who justified the conclusions she had drawn, by uttering a severe philippic against her journey, and protesting that neither himself nor Percy Luttrell had been good for any thing since it took place. Mrs. Falkland informed her, "that Mr. Luttrell had of late been much worse than usual, and she so deeply lamented the situation of her sister, whilst she extolled the conduct of her nephew, that Olivia could readily see the reasons which continued to keep that nephew silent.

Since her esteem for Percy Luttrell could not fail to be increased from this view of his conduct, and she could not doubt that he truly loved her,—since every circumstance connected with her recollection of him showed her some proof of attachment, in tender attention or generous defence, if she had "ever told her love," (so far as her preference could be called love,) it is probable that she would at this time have resigned herself to the regrets and uneasiness dependent on an unfortunate and almost hopeless passion. This was not, however, one of the evils of her situation. Adelaide had never beheld any man who made even the slightest impression on her mind; their conversation therefore took no such subjects into consideration, beyond observation on the characters brought forward in the books they read, which were generally biography in French, and poetry in English, literature; but as both were studying Italian, and both willing to forego their pleasures for Lord Ennerdale's amusement or solace, their reading could not be extensive. Adelaide's mind was already highly stored; she was blessed with an excellent understanding, capable of the noblest sentiments, and most magnanimous conduct; and those creatures of the imagination with which the young always people their ideal worlds, whether "of men with whom one might love to live, or for whom one would dare to die," were with her always heroes. Tears would spring to her eyes as she read of the self-denial of the gallant Sir Philip Sydney, or the death of Leonidas, and she would sometimes "wonder if such men existed *now*?" with a questioning gaze which almost confessed that such a one would win even her.

Olivia had not a whit less enthusiasm than her elder and more informed friend, but she was the less romantic of the two, from the consciousness that she *did* know a man who pretty nearly fulfilled all her ideas of the excellent in his sex. She therefore answered with downcast eyes, and half blushing, "I do not think there are any heroes living equal to your ideas, nor certainly any good enough for *you*, dear Adelaide"—"but there are very good men in the world too"—"handsome men, capable of the most painful sacrifices, the most virtuous resolutions."

Alas! in a short time far different subjects engaged their thoughts, and compelled their attention; and Adelaide, in the commotion of the world in which she lived, was induced to believe that heroes existed as high-souled and magnanimous as the recording annalist described, or the inspirations of the poet suggested. Day after day brought details from Paris of the beginning

of a tremendous explosion. That law was now in operation which, by destroying the right of primogeniture, gave a new face to the general character of society, and enabled the *generous*, during the season when deliberations* on its utility took place, to give proof of brotherly affection, of self-abandonment, of patriotic zeal, perhaps unparalleled in the history of man, and which it is the more necessary to remember, because they form the only bright spot, in a tissue of crimes and sufferings, which ought also to be recollected by all nations, as a lesson of awful warning.

The period of excitement which filled two young bosoms with visions of liberty and virtue, bringing a golden age apparently before their own eyes, had a far different effect upon the optics of Lord Ennerdale; for as it was connected in idea with the annihilation of that distinction which he grasped firmly as his great good, no wonder that his alarm was distressing. He was not gifted with the politician's power of vaticinating the evils which followed, nor had he any tyrannical desires to exercise aristocratical power; he was too weak to be proud, and his vanity precisely of that nature, to be "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw;" but greatly did he dread losing prerogatives so valuable in his sight as titles, and bitterly did he reprehend his daughter for daring to approve of any measures likely to change "the existing order of things," his favorite phrase on the most distinct occasions.

Adelaide was by no means devoid of natural partiality (we will not call it prejudice) in favor of rank—it was allied to her very virtues, and had a part in her conception of all her duties and obligations; but at a period when all the stronger energies and nobler passions were so stimulated, no wonder a young woman, far higher in the peerage of nature than the peerage of Great Britain, in the ardor of the moment forgot the less title in the greater, and, in the glowing enthusiasm of benevolence and liberality, uttered the sublime wishes of a philanthropist, in language offensive to the narrow views of a father, who did not merely differ in opinion, but was incapable alike of sympathizing in her feelings and of comprehending them, and had been accustomed all his life to meet with the silence of a convenient obedience.

The bickerings which took place between the father and daughter, though distressing to Olivia, had a good effect upon her mind, which was borne away by the inflated language of popular orators, and indisposed for any attention to the usual pursuits of her sex. Looking upon Adelaide as the first of women, (since the death of her mother,) she was but too much inclined to follow her lead in all things, and to second by her own vivid imagination the lofty conceptions and fervid desires of her high-spirited friend; but, happily, the deep impressions made even in her infancy of the sacredness of the paternal character remained in force, and every word which, in the heat of argument or the inspirations of enthusiasm, escaped from Adelaide, unworthy of her as a daughter, filled Olivia with the deepest sorrow, and led her even to suspect the merits of a cause, which, whilst it excited the purest emanations of "good will towards men," involved also unfeminine opposition to a widowed parent. She became silent and thoughtful—the spirit-stirring news of the day failed to interest her, and her late wandering heart returned to the

* See Helen William's letters.

contemplation of Percy Luttrell, and those virtues which distinguished him as the best of sons.

"I envy you your happy composure, Olivia," said Adelaide one day, when, after a smart contest with the "baron bold," she entered the room to which Olivia had retired; "you have no father to thwart you; your living spirit is not chained to a dead one, which, cold, inanimate, and loathsome, drags you from heaven to earth and renders you unfit for either."

"Say rather, my dear, I am not *blessed* with a father. Oh! Adelaide, if I could be so happy as to find my own restored to me, were he as imbecile as palsy might render him, as wayward as idiocy might induce, or as tyrannical as eastern despotism might teach, I think I could endure all, soothe all, and be, not only in name but in heart, indeed his daughter."

"It is very possible that your pity might operate in the first case, and your principles, aided by your natural timidity, in the second; but there is a case different from either—to physical evil we all bend; to mental superiority, even when leagued with vice, we all submit—but by what process can the human mind be led to forego the dictates of its own inherent intellect, or acquired knowledge, and accept the dictum of ignorance and weakness? the thing is utterly impossible! Hypocrisy may veil our sentiments, falsehood and servility deny them; but the heart which abhors a lie must utter the truth. I maintain that there is no possibility of conceding consistently with integrity."

"Dear Adelaide, I cannot argue with you; but since to you I was indebted for my first intimate and happy acquaintance with the best earthly guide as well as solace, I may remind you, not only that the *law* said, 'Honor thy father,' but the *gospel*, and that our great Master, whose powers of mind it would be sinful to compare with our's, for many years set us an example of positive submission to earthly parents; though we know, that in his twelfth year he had evinced that strength which compelled them to feel his infinite superiority. Does not this peculiar trait in the divine history teach *us* a positive and important lesson?"

"I grant it; but, by the same rule, parents are called upon by the apostle not to 'provoke their children;' and you cannot deny that I am provoked daily, and in a manner so harassing—I had nearly said so despicable, that——"

"That, every hour you are called upon to remember that departed angel, who committed to your care (young as you were) the awful duty of being a *daughter* to your father in love, and a *mother* to him in judgment. The trust is painful; it interferes with many a noble design, with many a generous inclination; but surely you will not resign it? Indeed, you have made a solemn promise to perform it."

Adelaide sat long and thoughtfully ere she replied in a broken and tremulous voice,

"I did promise, Olivia, to do all this, and more; for I promised to be to him, '*until he should again marry*,' the friend and companion *she* had been; and I will not disguise from you that I cannot as yet desire my trammels to be removed. But I also received from my mother her full permission to marry from my *own choice alone*, provided it was not made till I was five-

and-twenty—a provision unquestionably given in consequence of her own union in a state of nearly childhood; and this part of her wishes I am little likely to violate; for never yet have I seen a man whom I could select as a friend, much less endure as a husband.”

“It is probable, Adelaide, you will never marry. I am sure I have never seen a man worthy of you but one, and he must not look so high! but surely, surely, if you must therefore continue to live with your father, common sense, as well as religion, points out the wisdom of living at peace.”

“Dear Olivia, it shocks me to hear you join in one sentence two motives of action so widely different from each other. In the way you place common sense, it is another word for prudence, that despicable substitute for virtue, against which all the higher faculties of our nature enter their protest, whatever may be urged by a narrow and selfish world. But to the dictates of Christianity, to the will of my blessed Redeemer, I bow, with that humility which becomes me, as a short-sighted, erring creature; and deeply do I deplore my past forgetfulness of that solemn promise I made to the departing spirit of the mother whose will it ought to be my pride and pleasure to obey. Dear Olivia, help me! my task is no light one; and it is certain my mind has been of late estranged from its duties in no slight degree.

The tenderest tears, the warmest promises, on Olivia’s part succeeded this interesting conversation; and since the sincerity of Adelaide’s intentions really equalled her abilities, and she now wisely prescribed herself bounds which she would not pass, Lord Ennerdale found himself in a short time much happier than he had been of late. The looks which passed between the young friends, upon occasions when opinions did not coalesce, informed him that the opposition formerly made to his decision “on existing circumstances,” by his daughter had some way ceased through the intervention of Olivia; and he therefore felt, to a certain degree, grateful to her on this account, and accorded to her much more friendly regards than he had previously honored her with.

By degrees, (however slow in its operations,) the mind of Lord Ennerdale became engaged in considering the “why and the wherefore” of that interference which, it was certain, added materially to his comfort. He came at length to a conclusion which gave him more trouble than even the disputes of his daughter and the progress of democracy in France:—he concluded that Olivia was in love with him.

In arriving at this position, Lord Ennerdale did complete justice to “the poor girl’s feelings.” He knew that she had no ambition on the subject of rank; for he had heard very mortifying expressions from her on this topic:—“No! she was struck with his person and manners. It was certain the air of Marseilles had surprisingly revived the former: all the world knew that the latter admitted no improvement. She was a young person of great discernment, and, considering her plebeian origin, herself quite *comme il faut*. Not that it was plebeian either; the Falklands were an old family, yet not a family to match so high. He pitied the poor girl sincerely. Alas! he could do no more.”

Whilst Lord Ennerdale was in this state of amiable anxiety for her whom he thus believed capable of loving

“Not wisely, but too well,”

distressing news arrived from the capital, of the imprisonment of the royal family, the cruel massacre of various persons connected with the household, and that proscription of all persons of rank, which, either directly or indirectly, pervaded society in France, even to the verge of the empire, at this portentous period.

It was evidently desirable that our travelers should immediately quit a country which could no longer be pleasant or even safe, since Lord Ennerdale's title alone rendered him an object of ill-will to those by whom he was surrounded; for, although the French reformers at this time conceived, (and justly) that they had many friends in England, they did not suppose there were any amongst the more ancient nobility; and the frequent disputes held with his daughter had, at least, proved to their attendant Marsellois, that his Lordship was not one. Unfortunately, either from anxiety, or some external cause combining with it, he became really unwell at this period, to a degree alarming to his daughter, who, it will be readily believed, was truly thankful that she had previously displayed a disposition to obey his wishes and conciliate his affections. It was now the peculiar object of both Adelaide and Olivia to keep him in happy ignorance of whatever could excite his fears or awaken his indignation; and, by every possible attention, to restore him to such a state of convalescence as might enable him to remove into a more happy situation.

In this pursuit Olivia saw, with equal satisfaction and surprise, that her friend evinced not only the attention which might spring from duty, but that with pity she had imbibed affection also. She knew not how nearly allied are sometimes the most opposite feelings in the human bosom, and how willingly the pride of intellect can stoop to the humblest demands of duty, in a heart capable of affection and subjugated by the influence of Christian humility.

For the purpose of keeping their patient out of the reach of alarming reports, they had taken a house at some distance from the city; but this subjected them to new troubles, or rather the fear of them, which is itself one of no little magnitude. They had only two English servants, and these never failed to distress them with a thousand stories of suspicion, mystery, and alarm, as soon as the invalid had retired: so that rest was rendered impossible; and, without any definite object of dread, and with the perfect consciousness of deserving no harm from their fellow-creatures, they yet felt themselves in a continually threatened state. The opinions which so lately excited them to rejoice in the expected triumphs of liberty, and which made them glow with all the ardor of benevolence and the energies of moral courage, sunk beneath the blow now given to their hopes; and the forlornness of their situation assumed, to their imaginative minds, a most distressing aspect, whilst it drew their affections still closer. No friendship could be more perfect than that now shared by either bosom; and, whilst it was pitiable that two creatures so lovely and so young should be checked in that innocent gaiety now returning to their bosoms, it was yet evident that a stability of character, a power of self-investigation and self-control, and, above all, increased piety, were the fruits of their painful situation.

As, under the present circumstances, every stranger was an object of suspicion, the indisposition of Lord Ennerdale was offered as a reason for the

ladies declining to see any of the very few acquaintance in Marseilles to whom their letters from Paris had introduced them, and all intercourse had for some time ceased. One morning, however, at a very early hour, they were informed that a gentleman was below, who inquired for Miss Falkland, and would not take a denial, saying "his business was of importance."

The very words were alarming, and seemed to open a prison-door for the whole party. Nevertheless, seeing the stranger would be admitted, Miss Beaufort ordered the servant to conduct him to them. In another moment all fear had vanished, and joy beyond bounds succeeded:—the stranger was no other than Frank Falkland; and the frightened Olivia exclaiming, "'Tis my cousin, my *dear* cousin Frank!" threw herself for a moment into his welcome arms. But if it were indeed Frank, surely never was a human being so much improved! He used to be a ruddy, tall youth, sportsman-like in his dress, and a mere school-boy in his manners. He was now a very handsome man, in deep mourning, yet decidedly well-dressed, and uniting with the peculiar ingenuousness of his former manners the deportment of a gentleman who has mixed in society. "Even Lord Ennerdale must approve of him; and of how much value would he be to them all at such a period!"

The sentiments of Lord Ennerdale and his daughter were so much in unison with this opinion; they both conceived that he had come for the express purpose of relieving them from some unknown, but positive danger, and fully accorded him their thanks for his interference long before he had said a word on the subject of his mission. They alike saw in him the active and courageous agent three helpless persons needed, and could not fail to observe and recollect that, with the natural advantages called for in such a case, he had those which belong to education and family. "Surely, heaven itself had interposed in their behalf, and sent them the very friend they wanted."

Frank was not slow to see the impression he had made; and sincerely did he rejoice to find himself valuable, from the natural urbanity of his disposition; but he could not forbear apprehending that, in the very kindness of his reception, there lurked some circumstance which might act in opposition to his views. For the first time in his life, he was full of business; and he had the same anxiety for its promotion, and the same hurry of action in its accomplishment, which generally accompany the very young, or the habitually idle, when once aroused. In consequence of this novelty of situation and sensation, he seized the first possible moment to request a private interview with Olivia.

As Olivia descended with Frank to the breakfast parlor, her heart smote her. She had been, indeed, told, in general terms, all were well at Falkland Hall; but then, "for whom was Frank in mourning? and why, in requesting a private interview, had he assumed a countenance, if not of sorrow, yet decidedly serious?"

The cause was soon explained; poor Mr. Luttrell had at length died, but only a few days before Francis left home. He was the bearer of a letter from Percy, and one also from his father.

"But," said Frank, "before I give you the letters, I must inform you respecting my errand to you, and your very deep interest in it. In fact, the

letters themselves are mere explanations of my mission and advice, as to your conduct in it."

"You remember, I dare say, that when I spoke of learning Arabic some three years ago, I looked knowing, and affected a secret?"

"I remember it perfectly, and feared you were going into the army, which I know your mother greatly dreaded."

"In that you were mistaken. Much as I really should prefer the army to any other profession, for the sake of my mother and the dear children, I long ago (at Percy's suggestion, I confess,) abandoned all thoughts of it; but when I found it possible that my godfather, Mr. Abbott, could procure me a civil situation in the East India company's service, I bent my mind to the attainment of it, and was encouraged by my uncle Luttrell to do so, and I need not tell you, Livy, he had the brains of the whole family. I said nothing about it till it was necessary: for why should I grieve my poor father, who never recollects the difference between bringing up one child and seven, or yet my mother, who always fancied her eldest son privileged to do nothing? Well, it so happened at last, that I got a writership, which being a noble appointment, enabled me to break the matter with every advantage."

"But my dear uncle and aunt were sadly grieved?"

"So was I, as far as the parting went, you may be sure. However, the matter was bettered to us all, by the extraordinary circumstance of letters from India (touching your concerns) following immediately after my appointment."

"My concerns! My father! My dear father! Have you heard of him?"

"Don't look so wild, and so pale, and I will tell you. Mr. Orme writes, that although no information whatever has been gained as to his mysterious disappearance, he has now proved, that at the time when he was seized he was not killed; and as it is believed that many persons are in prison by the command or connivance of several native princes, it is still possible your father may be living. This is, however, matter of doubt, and I fear we have little to hope; but it appears that this truly indefatigable friend has ascertained the situation of much of your father's property, and considers it decidedly a duty you owe yourself to go over and claim it in person when you come of age. Of course, we all think it right that you should take this advice; and your present situation considered, it would be desirable that you should go over-land. This scheme appears the more feasible, because we have become acquainted with a very respectable party, whom I have arranged to join at Alexandria or Cairo."

The whole of this news was so surprising, and her share of it so startling, that (her late spirits considered) we cannot wonder Olivia remained silent and troubled, incapable of arranging her thoughts, and unequal to meeting the changes and dangers which were presented to her contemplation.

"Surely," continued Frank, "you do not think much of the journey? 'tis a mere nothing. I call you, in a manner, half way there already: besides, 'tis altogether the pleasantest thing in the world. We shall just cross the water (your beautiful blue Mediterranean) to Leghorn, whisk through Italy, (classic Italy,) as Percy would call it, and be away again past the islands of Greece, and land in Egypt, the most ancient and attractive place in the

world, the very country you persuaded me to read about ;—don't you remember being angry with me, dear Livia, for abusing Cleopatra ? I know a good deal more about women now than I did then :—by the way, what a very fine young woman Miss Beaufort is ! worth a hundred Cleopatras to my mind ; and her father, too, seems a very endurable sort of personage.”

“ You have got letters, Frank ; I must read them before I can possibly make up my mind to this long, long journey.”

“ Here are the letters,—one from my father, (an effort of no little importance, you must acknowledge ;) another from my mother, who has more fears for you, by the bye, than you can have for yourself ; and this, Olivia, *this* is from Percy Luttrell, and is, perhaps, the most important letter you ever received in your life—not that I am in your secrets ; a girl of your age and person must have many admirers, particularly among the French, who are devoted to your sex, and—”

“ Frank, how little do you know my situation, or the people amongst whom we are residing from constraint, in daily fear of injury. This is no time for jesting ; your presence may be the greatest blessing to us, and whilst I read my letters, I wish you to return to the drawing-room, and consult our friends on the possibility of immediate removal. I can have no secrets with them, so inform them how I am circumstanced. In fact, Adelaide's advice in this singular case must determine me. If I had a hope, even a glimmering of rational *hope*, that I should see my father, I should say instantly, ‘ I would fly with you to the end of the world ;’ but to venture so far for the sake of money *only* appears to me an unwise counting of the cost ; health, and ease, and life, are in one scale, and the mere probability of obtaining wealth, for which I have no desire, in the other.”

“ You may have no great desire for that of which you feel no want ; but yet I have known few girls with a more independent spirit than you used to have, Livy ; and never have I known one who could give so freely. If you knew, too, how fondly you are beloved by one (who, in my opinion, has never seen a woman good enough for him) to whom it would be alike pleasant to give a fortune or a heart, you would not think it quite right to scorn that which had the power of blessing another.”

“ I should not indeed, dear Frank ; but leave me : I must see what my uncle says—my dear uncle, who has indeed been to me a father.”

Mr. Percy's letter was as follows.

CHAPTER VI.

“ MY DEAR LIVIA.

“ I HAVE repented sending you away a thousand times, therefore it is very hard upon me to be called upon to prolong your banishment ; nevertheless, I must tell you that after a long and painful examination of the case, as it now

lies before us, it appears to me decidedly a duty you owe yourself, to adopt the advice of your excellent friend Mr. Orme, by appearing in person to enforce your claims. It strikes me that you are enabled to do this in the happiest manner, by the destination of my son Francis to the same place. I am sure he will be to you in all respects a brother; and I advise you to adopt that name in traveling with him. I trust you will be able to procure, either in France or Italy, a respectable female servant, who shall be of a steady age. Frank has my orders to seek such a one and not to allow money to stand in the way of arrangement.

"I dare not touch on the subject of my dear brother being yet in life, of which my correspondent, his old friend, entertains hopes, if such a word can appertain to a supposed prisoner. I will not, therefore, tell you to go forth with any such expectation before you, lest disappointment should follow; but I do earnestly urge you to go, for the purpose of fulfilling his will, which was unquestionably that you, his only child, the sacred relict of an idolized wife, should inherit the fortune he earned so hardly and lost so early.

"But, my dear girl, if you are disappointed, do not, therefore, be cast down; preserve your happy spirits, and cultivate pious resignation: return to us as speedily as possible, assured that my brother's child shall be my child, not only in life but in death."

This letter concluded abruptly; the usual signature was written with a trembling hand, and a tear or two evidently had warped the paper. Olivia's dropped too ere she had reached the place where they had fallen; and as she exclaimed, "dear, kind, noble-hearted uncle," she inwardly resolved that no sacrifice on her part should be wanting to secure property which might enable her to benefit his children, and prove a sense of his goodness and her own gratitude.

The letter of Mrs. Falkland was not less kind; but taking it for granted that her husband had said all that was needful, it sought to inform and interest Olivia on the subjects most upon the writer's mind. It described the closing scene of Mr. Luttrell's life, the great fatigue experience by his wife, (her sister) whose very life had nearly been the sacrifice of her long cares, and dwelt particularly on the merit of Percy, as the best of sons and brothers.

Whether Olivia, like some provident children, reserved her sweetest morsel to the last, or whether she held it a duty to read her uncle's letter the first, we cannot say; but it is certain that she despatched these before she allowed herself to take up that letter which Frank had given her to understand was one of great interest, and which, as she broke the seal, caused her heart to throb with a sensation of anxiety she had never felt before. "Would Percy at length declare his love, and entreat her to remain in Europe? or, would he unite with her friends in advising a journey, which might separate them for ever?"

We dare not offer a long love-letter to our readers, otherwise we might venture to assert that the one over which Olivia's eyes were now cast, would prove as excellent a specimen as ever youthful lover dictated, or gentle maiden read. Percy wrote under the pressure of peculiar circumstances: for his father (a deeply venerated, and beloved father) was then a corpse in the house—a sick mother and many dear children looked to him as their sole comfort and future support, as son and brother. But the term of his enforced silence had ex-

pired; he was at liberty to throw his peculiar situation, his ardent wishes, his long-cherished passion, before the chosen of his heart; and whilst love and sorrow alternated in every line, no eye could pursue their mingled dictates without a decided conviction of the writer's worth, a sentiment of pity for his situation, esteem for his virtues, and yet a most painful doubt on the subject of his future happiness, should he secure the object of his wishes, and in doing so, defeat the purposes of his heart as a son and a brother. So far as regarded Olivia, sincerely, fondly as he appeared devoted to her, (notwithstanding he had lost sight of her personal attractions so long,) his mind induced him to argue justly. Whatever might be the promptings of his passions, he advised her to proceed to India, in order by personal exertion to ascertain the real fate of her father, since all uncertainty on a subject so deeply interesting could not fail to throw a cloud upon her future happiness, and assured her, that such was his confidence not only in the good feelings, but the good conduct of Frank, that he could commit her to his guidance with the most decisive reliance on his friendship, courage, and discretion. In the fearful state of his mother's health, it was impossible for him without the most cruel dereliction of duty, to leave her at this time; but, in the event of Olivia's permission, he would, after her important business was finished, either meet her at the Cape, or come forward to Bombay, for the purpose of escorting to that home she alone could render valuable one whose future happiness it would be the great object of his existence to secure.

There was evidently in Percy's mind neither desire nor expectation of future fortune, in consequence of her projected journey; he merely recommended that which his own high sense of filial duty led him to consider feasible and therefore obligatory. This was the more natural in his case, because he had always been the depositary of her wishes, affections, and opinions as respected her father. In every line he wrote, she read far more than met the eye. All her recollections of Percy's words and actions, the tenderness of his heart, the piety and virtue of his conduct, and the constancy of his nature, rose to her memory with a vividness which long absence had begun to impair, and the esteem and admiration thus awakened rendered her impatient to relieve his heart by assuring him of "her unswerving regard, her deep interest in the present causes of his affliction, her determination to pursue his advice, and her satisfaction in the prospect of a union with him, distant as it yet appeared."

Had Olivia been near her lover, had *his* declaration or *her* reply been committed to words instead of writing, no one who knew either the modesty, or the playfulness of her natural disposition, would doubt that Percy would have found a full share of the difficulties which belong to lovers who sue those fair ones, "who will not unsought be won," together with the fond delays, the arch teasings, by which female sprightliness sometimes enhances, at others, embitters the days of courtship: under their peculiar circumstances, no opportunity for "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles," occurred to Olivia and Percy. They were separated, and had long been so; life opened on their young days with grief and solicitude, and the promise offered to the future was rather that of peace than joy—the comforts of competence, not the gauds of fortune. To the lover such prospects were sufficient for happiness; for he had been early trained to self-renunciation, and taught to find his

pleasures in mental recreation and tranquil pursuits; but the buoyancy of Olivia's nature, her early initiation into expensive habits, and her present situation, combined to render her somewhat unfit for the severe exercise of prudence or content under circumstances of privation. It was yet certain that she could endure any thing for those whom she loved; and that the benevolence of her nature would teach her to rejoice in any sacrifice which tended to make another happy—a disposition of singular utility in a married woman.

Whilst Olivia carefully re-read her letters, and with a fluttered, yet pious, heart, sought for heavenly guidance and support in the trial of parting from her beloved young friends, and of seeking in a far distant land for a parent she could entertain no rational hope of regaining; and wealth, which it was little likely would be relinquished by the nefarious possessor—Frank was employed in breaking his mission to Olivia to her friends. Each of them heard it with a kind of horror, for her active kindness, her playful conversation, and her excellent understanding, had been so perpetually felt as valuable and endearing, during their protracted (and of late most painful) sojourn at Marseilles, that to part with Olivia seemed signing a death-warrant to their own happiness. Adelaide protested against the whole scheme, and with that generosity inherent in her nature, and which at her age, we trust, will not be considered extraordinary, declared that it had been her intention, on the closing of her minority, which would now be very soon, to settle such a portion of her fortune on her young friend as would free her from all cares on the subject of poverty. Lord Ennerdale heard this with a grave countenance, yet he united with his daughter in speaking of Olivia in the highest terms, and in objecting to her removal, at the same time hinting that a single word from *him* would at any time induce her, whom he termed “the amiable young creature,” to decide agreeably to his wishes, but he “owned that a man of his description could not immediately bring his mind to submit to a mode of conduct inconsistent with his situation and derogatory to his rank, though he was free to confess the personal merits of the lady.”

“What can this old fellow mean by talking in conundrums?” said Frank to himself, not a little vexed to find that obstacles he had not previously considered would be thrown in the way respecting Olivia's projected journey, which appeared to his mind so decidedly her duty and her interest; he had no patience to think of any possible opposition to it—in fact, patience was not at this period among the virtues of Frank Falkland.

He was beginning a warm, and it would probably have proved an intemperate, remonstrance, when a loud shouting was heard, which seemed to proceed from the road which ran at the back of the garden. It is perhaps known to most of our readers that the neighborhood of the ancient city of Marseilles, especially that side of it termed the new town, is spotted with innumerable villas built by its wealthy merchants, in one of which our family of travelers had of late resided. The magistrates and principal citizens had residences near them, and it was not impossible that the noisy mob from whom the sound seemed to proceed were about to visit some of these, in order to demand some *right* which had been long unrighteously denied to them; or to commit some *wrong*, to which in the present state of popular excitement they were only too much inclined. As the sounds advanced, Lord Ennerdale became

exceedingly agitated, and the promise of convalescence which had cheered his daughter within the last few days, seemed to sink from her eyes even whilst she strove to reassure him. When the voice of "the people" again was heard and apparently at the very gate of his garden, he sank down pale as ashes on the sofa in some kind of fit which, without suspending life, yet appeared completely to paralyze its powers.

At this very moment, when all the energies and affections of his daughter were exerted to soothe and restore him, and when Olivia had entered to inquire "whence those horrid sounds proceeded?" the English man-servant who had accompanied them, and the French maid who attended the young ladies, rushed into the apartment in all the agony of terror, declaring that they were beset as aristocrats and would be torn to pieces, or hanged in five minutes, as "the people" were proceeding to destroy the dwelling of a rich Commissaire, and would take that of the English Milord in their way back, the French servants, with the exception of Louise, having encouraged them to do so, by speaking of the stories in the mansion.

As no doubt could be entertained of the truth of the assertion, seeing such scenes were but too common on every side, the very prospect of instant death was before them all, and even Adelaide's cheek was blanched by that terror, which rendered the less composed nerves of Olivia tremulous as the aspen—in another moment the besiegers had passed on to the dwelling which was their first object, and the hearts which had stood still from terror and surprise, again beat or rather throbbed tumultuously, with that blended sensation of fear and hope which proved their relief to be still partial.

At this moment, Olivia's eye was drawn to the couch where poor Lord Ennerdale had sunk, and she saw with astonishment, that Frank Falkland was, with great composure and yet equal sensibility, endeavoring to bleed him. In a few moments he had succeeded, and the invalid recovered so far as to speak and inquire "what had happened, and where he was?"

"You are," replied Frank, "now in your own house, my dear Sir, and surrounded by friends; but in a single hour or less, you may be in the hands of enemies: if it be possible, exert yourself; give your daughter all the money and valuables you have in possession, for she will be less liable to search than you, and let us leave this place immediately: we must not lose a single moment."

Lord Ennerdale was unequal to consent or reply, but the mind of his daughter recovered sufficient self-possession to comply instantly with the requisition, so far as she was able; and Olivia, following her example with great rapidity, began to gather the clothes and other effects in portable bundles. Louise on going down, found that every other servant had joined the mob, and heard from afar that shout of "Vive la Nation!" and that song of "Ca ira," which thrilled through her ears like the Indian war-whoop to the American settler. With the quickness of her sex, she instantly saw the advantage of taking portions of the servants' clothing as disguises, and in a few moments every person was so equipped in them, as to render the baskets or bundles each carried, more suitable to their appearance; and, as the sun was descending, they trusted that, in abandoning their dwelling, and escaping apparently in a scattered manner, their safety might be effected.

Mr. Francis Falkland had pistols about him at the time of his call, and he

now added others; and Benson (Lord Ennerdale's valet) was well armed. This person, as a strong man, and accustomed to his master's wants, undertook to convey him to a particular place on the sea-shore, where it would be easy to procure a boat, and Olivia and Louise, who had made up the largest portion of luggage, agreed to follow them at a distance, trusting that their appearance as peasant-girls might enable them to escape examination. Adelaide and Frank were less properly equipped; and as he had considerable property at the hotel, it was necessary he should return thither, and he therefore entreated her to accept his escort, and proceed as his friend, without farther precaution than a common veil.

During this scene of confusion and distress, the presence of mind evinced by this young man was so decided, his voice and manner so encouraging, his mind so quick to discern the wisest plan, and so equal to act upon that discernment, that he appeared to all around the very angel of hope, and they obeyed his wishes and commands as by instinct. When, from the orders she had received, Olivia followed Benson, and lost sight of him and her friend, her very heart seemed to sink in her bosom, and it was with the utmost difficulty she pursued her way, the burden on her arms, much as she shrank beneath it, being less sensibly felt than that on her spirits, which seemed to sink the more from having been recently elevated. She had been (from the arrival of her always beloved cousin) one hour ago restored to her family, and now felt the utter desolation of being deprived of all she loved, as in a moment.

To the great relief of all, the evening soon closed around them, yet did not prevent the females from discerning the distant figure of Benson, who with great difficulty supported the steps of his lord, as, whenever a distant shout was heard on the breeze, or any nearer sound from the voice of a passenger, he seemed on the point of relapsing into the awful state in which the first shock had placed him. In time, however, the faithful servant guided him to the shelter proposed, and there also Olivia and her humble companion arrived in due time.

As Frank had many things to adjust, and in all probability, difficulties, and even dangers to encounter, it was evident that in this secluded corner our present party must be content to pass many hours, thankful for the escape they had made, and confident in the zeal of him to whom they must be indebted for their liberation. But weakness and patience are rarely united; and the mind that has no reliance on Providence, and no strength in itself, will seldom experience the comfort of hope, or the power of resignation. From the moment that Lord Ennerdale had been placed on a tolerably comfortable seat, and refreshed by the restorative medicine his servant had secured, he was not five minutes without exclaiming,

"What can this young man be about? Why does he not bring a boat to take us to some vessel in the harbor, that we may leave this confounded country for ever? I say, Benson, why does he not come with a boat? Do you see any thing of a boat, Benson?"

Again and again were these questions put to every one of the party, and as negatives had been given in every possible form, without in the least assuaging the querulous irritability of the inquirer, Olivia at length observed in reply, "that it was possible her cousin was seeking for them in vain, since

it was certain he could not find a place like that, where he was a complete stranger, and must entirely depend for information on Miss Beaufort, who, in her late agitation had too probably forgot the precise spot."

For the first time, Lord Ennerdale now recollected that he had a daughter; but her memory was not apparently consolatory, since he now changed his monotonous tone of complaint and inquiry for bitter invective against both the absentees, whom he accused of being the sole cause of his troubles. Adelaide in particular was blamable; she had forgotten not only her father but her birth; she was associating with a *low* person, utterly unworthy of her society, and whom that very morning she had not known;—a man—"

The sentence was unfinished, when the splash of a light oar was heard. Every eye was turned towards the place whence the sound proceeded; and Benson, stepping forward, cried, "Hist! hist! is it you, sir?"

"C'est vous, Maillard?" answered a rough voice, which seemed to bear in its very breath the threat of an enemy.

Benson speedily drew back within the cavernous opening which sheltered them, and his companions shrouded themselves not less quickly. But the voice of the railer was not heard. The first sound had again stretched him without motion on the earth; and, long after the danger had gone by, he remained so entirely motionless, and apparently breathless, that all around him were plunged into extreme distress. In vain they listened for the symptoms of returning life; the sounds of the breaking waves alone varied the death-like stillness of all around them until midnight, when again promise of relief appeared, by the approach of a boat.

They were now, however, perfectly silent, save that the heart of Olivia beat almost audibly: They were aware that two men were in the vessel moving past them, and heard distinctly the same voice relate some murder performed, or intended to be performed, in the house of the English aristocrat. Louise uttered a faint scream, and the sound of the oars instantly ceased. It was a moment of indescribable horror which succeeded; but, in a short time, the speaker in the boat observed, "he had been twice deceived that night in sounds from the shore," and hastily resumed his employment, which bore him speedily away.

The sun had begun to streak the horizon, and a faint light played on the dark wave, when a vessel was perceived in the distance, from which, to their infinite joy, it was soon discernible that a boat was despatching. The cold air, which even in warm countries preludes the return of day, had restored a degree of painful life to Lord Ennerdale, whom they now sought to animate and raise. He did not, however, make any reply to the questions or entreaties of those around him, or appear capable of accepting the consolations they offered, until he heard the voice of Frank, whom he eagerly hailed as his "friend and preserver," and with whose assistance he was soon placed in the boat. In a short time, all found themselves in safety on board a tolerably commodious merchant vessel, bound for Malta, being the only one which young Falkland had found, to which he could with any safety convey his luggage, and ensure the reception of his anxious and suffering friends.

The meeting of Adelaide and Olivia, after this short separation, was such as to prove how painful a long one must unavoidably be. But from this time the former never spoke a single word against the projected journey of the

latter. On the contrary, all the enthusiasm of her nature seemed awakened by the contemplation of it, and, with a spirit of heroic ardor and romantic daring, she would dwell on every circumstance likely to awaken the same feelings in Olivia, whose desire to gratify curiosity by travel had been a little damped by the late adventure.

As nothing can be more infectious in early life than the spirit of enterprise, especially in ardent and generous natures, it was by no means surprising that Olivia became reconciled to her destined journey, and even capable of indulging a thousand happy day-dreams, all tending to replace her in the arms of an indulgent father, whom she should be the means of rescuing from captivity, and whose evening of life her duteous cares should render happy. In such contemplations, of course, all difficulties vanished, or rather were heroically conquered, and improbabilities, when touched by the wand of that enchantress, Imagination, became realized in every circumstance which could render the future promising and the present happy.

Never had vessel sailed over more halcyon seas, and never were the boundaries allotted to the billows more desired than by our little party; for, whatever might have been their late danger, it is, at least, certain that their fears had been excessive; and truly did the Apostle assert that "fear hath torment." The sense of pleasure they experienced in their liberation, the balmy breeze rippling the blue bosom of the Mediterranean, and the golden sky above them, rendered every bosom placid; and in thankfulness to Heaven, confidence in each other, and the constant intercourse of affection, all subjects of past contention appeared banished alike from the mind and memory of each.

This state of intercourse was the more grateful to Olivia, because she soon became aware that her cousin had adopted that party in politics which he held to be the loyal and noble. He referred occasionally to the conduct of his ancestors with an air of proud approbation, when he spoke of their dying for the cause of their martyred sovereign, and condemned, in no measured terms, the conduct of the French people towards a King whom he termed "too good for them," and whom he ardently desired to see at the head of a loyal army, to punish the aggressors against his person and his power. Such sentiments from her father, (though expressed, it must be owned in far different language, indicating merely selfish pride and narrow-mindedness,) Adelaide resented so strongly, from a loathing of "the enormous faith of many made for one," that even after she had conquered her habit of recrimination, her sentiments might be read in every lineament of her ingenuous countenance and traced in every movement of her lofty mien. Now, however, she not only permitted such ebullitions to pass unproved, but would offer apologies to Olivia for them: consider them "the errors of a noble nature;" and, instead of parrying by argument the opinions of a young man, who was comparatively unable to cope with her, and who admired her evidently so much as to offer her the power of making an easy proselyte, she seemed to abandon her own strength that she might acknowledge his.

This conduct was puzzling to Olivia, who had long accustomed herself to consider Adelaide unapproachable as to her reason or her rectitude, and could not conceive it possible that even the services of Francis (great as they had been) could call for a gratitude so overwhelming as that which must influence

her friend in order to produce such effects. She could not forbear perceiving that along with the wonderful improvement Frank evinced in manners, information, and decision of character, he had also gained no slight idea of his own personal advantages and acquired graces. He appeared to think that a winter's residence in London, where he had mixed with the most fashionable society, preceded by a summer of close study, had rendered him so clever a man and so fine a gentleman, "that his word, though absurd, must be law." As Adelaide had repeatedly spurned men as "presuming coxcombs, who had less apparent *amour propre* than Frank, and even when she most extolled the French nation for their talents and generosity, had mourned over the mixture of conceit which tinged with disgusting hues the color of their actions and their oratory, how could Olivia help fearing for a relative who, whatever might be his foibles, was to her not only very dear, but very important? Never did poor Frank show off without Olivia saying something relative to Percy Luttrell's good sense and unaffected manners, or lamenting the great distance which every hour increased between them, in the hope of recalling Frank to his wonted admiration of his friend, and of course to beholding his present exhibition in contrast, and she would then cast a deprecating glance at the expression in Adelaide's countenance.

She was soon, however, set at ease: not one spark of satire illumined the features of her friend: *her* smile was always the reward of his joke; *her* approbation always followed the conduct he pursued; and his denouncement of her long-cherished political views, received no other check than a playful shake of the head or the threat of an uplifted finger. Well might they be happy, for all were good-humored, all forgetful of self, and attached to each other. Even Lord Ennerdale, in the fulness of joy for his escape from what he termed "plebeian death," and his satisfaction at reaching a "really ancient island," forgot his troubles and his ailments; but there were times when his young friends saw with sincere pity that the latter were confirmed, and that in fact he now had the complaints which, in the first instance, he only fancied. The hours passed in his melancholy hiding place had made an entire change in his complexion, and even upon the expression of his features; but of this he was rendered insensible by that happy vanity which, in many cases, seems granted to declining life as its compensation for departing charms. In fact, from that period Lord Ennerdale, in his own mind, dated the decisive development of the passion he had previously believed to be advancing in the breast of Olivia; and, however puzzling the discovery might be to his dignity, however embarrassing to his intentions, it must yet be imagined that it offered a solace to his soul. Where is the man conscious of having created first love in the unsuspecting heart of a fair creature thirty years his own junior, that would not be willing in some yielding moments to play "All for Love?"

CHAPTER VII.

As our last chapter ended with the most important word in youth's vocabulary, though applied to age, so we must open this with mentioning a word generally deemed peculiar to age, though now adopted by youth—namely, Prudence. It had been thought unnecessary, and therefore unwise, both by Frank and Olivia, to say any thing on the subject of Percy's offer to the latter, seeing that it would involve many explanations, and might perhaps lead to blame of one whom they knew to be not only blameless, but highly praiseworthy in his conduct, though to persons of fortune, and without family, it might be deemed cold and frigid, unworthy a high-spirited and ardent lover. So very rapidly had events followed the information of Frank relative to Olivia, which precluded all further inquiry, that until their own affairs had been discussed, neither father nor daughter were likely to attend to those of their young friend. When they *were* recurred to, that part which most attracted attention necessarily was the painful parting between the friends, which the approach to Malta threatened. Without intending to have any reserves from one so entirely beloved, and with an extraordinary share of that modesty which generally affects the mind of a girl so situated, (provided it is well regulated,) it was no wonder that Olivia did not obtrude the "story of her loves" on Adelaide; and they landed at Malta, alike ignorant of the feelings of each other on that delicate point, which too frequently forms the sole subject of conversation between female friends at their period of life.

In proceeding towards Malta, Olivia had often cast a look of regret towards Italy, which she had so long desired to visit, that the hopes of going thither had in the first instance greatly influenced her in consenting to the longer journey. Her regret vanished (at least for a season) on landing at Valetta, where the entire novelty, and in many respects beauty, of the scenery, together with the variety of inhabitants or visitants seen in their national habits, at once riveted her attention, gratified her curiosity, and, from their orderly appearance, gave a sense of safety even in strangers contributing to her comfort.

If any of the party had been dead to the sense of pleasure, usually derived from the very liberty which treading the ground inspires after the confinement of a ship, they could hardly have remained so in company with Francis Falkland; all those feelings by which nature designated him for a soldier, and which education might suppress, but could not extinguish, sprang to his mind and animated his tongue, as he gazed eagerly from fort to fort, and recalled with precision the particulars of a siege endured by the Knights, which has perhaps no parallel. Quick to discern, eager to describe, as his eye glanced from St. Elmo to St. Angelo, he remembered the pressure of Turkish troops under Hascem in that quarter, and the son of Barbarossa in this; —the unshaken firmness of the Knights of Malta in one situation, their sufferings in another, and their invincible courage in all. As he spoke, the simple eloquence of nature inspired his tongue, and the fire of that spirit on which he descanted dwelt in his eye; and, as Olivia listened to details which

had not hitherto excited her attention, she felt proud of the narrator. As her countenance became animated, that of Adelaide sunk into reserve, sorrow, and almost unkindness; she urged their immediate departure for the hotel, which was already within their view.

At this period, the eyes of all Europe were directed to France and her movements; and the Catholic brotherhood so long established here, (eight of whom were descendants from her highest families,) more especially sought to learn the passing events, therefore every vessel from France was visited with interest, and every circumstance extracted with solicitude. The master of the vessel which brought our travelers spoke of them as being English persons of high rank, who had in consequence of that distinction been subject to danger, from which he had rescued them; and report, combined with the appearance of the strangers, induced the Grand Master, and the Knights, then resident, to pay them the most prompt and flattering attention. The transition experienced by the females, from the anxiety which had long oppressed them, and the fears which had latterly arisen to terror, to the kindness, respect, and urbanity, by which they were received by this distinguished body, had the most exhilarating effect on their spirits, and united with the beauty and novelty of the scenes around them to render their present situation as delightful as their late one had been distressing.

Lying on the verge of Europe, and connected intimately with Africa and Asia, Malta offered to the eyes of Olivia, inhabitants of those countries through which she must shortly pass, and recalled remembrances of forms familiar in infancy and dear from association. Frank found in the Knights, the fortifications, the vestiges of their past history, their valor, their super-stition, and the fading splendor of their present state, unfailing sources of interest; but in a short time, Adelaide evidently lost her interests in the localities of the island. Her abstraction on these points drew Frank also away from them, notwithstanding his passion for all military affairs, and his increasing intimacy with those gentlemen who could satisfy his curiosity or increase his knowledge.

As it might be concluded that Miss Beaufort dreaded the arrival of that hour, which would not only divide her from a friend she had so long held dear, but a gentleman whose services had proved so valuable, the fluctuation in her spirits was natural, and could only excite the sympathy of those around her; but Olivia, who considered her own situation the more trying, found herself frequently called upon for more unexpected proofs of attachment. There was not only fretfulness, but caprice evinced by Adelaide's manners, which Olivia thought it hard to bear, at a time when their mutual affection could alone soften the pain of parting, and at times this disposition amounted to a cutting coldness and indifference, which was to her as unaccountable as it was painful. Forgetting her former declaration, that it was Olivia's positive duty to proceed to India, and that she had taken great pains to prevail on Louise to accompany her to Egypt, (with her usual generous abandonment of self) she now spoke of the journey as an impropriety, or magnified its dangers as insurmountable.

When, however, these innuendos had so far succeeded as to awaken the apprehensions, or wound the delicacy of Olivia, and more especially after she had been engaged in conversation with Frank, she would suddenly retract

her assertions, turn the objects of past terror to a jest, and not only seriously endeavor to fortify the mind of Olivia, but, lavish upon her all the endearments of childhood; she would even try to prevail on Lord Ennerdale to proceed up the Mediterranean, and when that failed, appear solicitous to set out instantly for Italy, as if the loss of a single day was of the last importance. In this unsatisfied state of mind, Olivia saw more to pity than to blame, since she imputed it to the terror and anxiety she had formerly suffered; but yet she could not forbear to believe that the friendship of Adelaide towards her was diminished, and the idea could not fail to be now more especially painful and depressive.

The general run of vessels trading in the Levant, which touched at Malta, were so ill provided with even the most common accommodations, that Falkland found it a far more difficult thing to proceed than he had conceived it to be, accompanied as he was. Olivia had now so made up her mind to the task before her, that she repeatedly pressed upon him her willingness to encounter all the disagreeables spoken of; but he was truly anxious to preserve her as far as possible from every inconvenience, and not less, perhaps, to protract his stay with one so likely to captivate a young man of his description, and who never met him but with a countenance of kindness.

How long he might have been delayed by those "rosy fetters," which are so frequently found binding as iron, we know not, had his conduct been under his own government. Circumstances speedily decided for him, and relieved Olivia from great anxiety on the subject.

One morning, as the party were at breakfast in the garden, under an awning, which protected them from the sun, yet admitted the sea-breeze, and presented a wide expanse of view, Benson suddenly appeared before them with an expression of great alarm depicted on his features, and, with little circumlocution of speech, informed his Lord, that he had ascertained the existence of plague at a house in the suburbs.

"Plague! plague! do you say?"

"Yes, my lord, the plague is here at Valetta, brought from Turkey, as it has often been before."

"But it is in a mean house, I suppose—quite amongst low people?"

"Certainly, my Lord, it is so today; but it may be in the palace of the Grand Master tomorrow. I believe his eminence and the Grand Conservator are gone into the country two hours ago."

Lord Ennerdale started up in the greatest alarm. He became instantly aware that the plague was a disease as indiscriminate in his choice of subjects as the king of terrors himself could be, to whom he was indeed prime minister. His fears were naturally shared by all the party, but in so inferior a degree, that every person around was impressed with the idea that the shock given to his nerves would operate exceedingly to his disadvantage; and Olivia used every argument in her power to soothe his spirits, and divert his mind from so painful a subject of contemplation.

There was not, however, a moment lost by him in despatching Benson to the harbor, in order to secure the means of instantly sailing for Sicily; and, since the same, or, indeed, a greater necessity, called on Frank to close his negotiation with a Cyprus trader, homeward bound, he proposed accompanying him for that purpose; but, with an impressive air, in which his cowed

spirit struggled with his recollected importance. Lord Ennerdale requested private audience with him on the subject "of the most pressing nature."

As the young ladies had, of course, many things to do and to think of, and Adelaide was evidently in great agitation, they instantly left the place where they were sitting; and Frank followed his lordship into the house with an air of courteous gravity befitting the occasion, as he had no doubt it was the wish of his noble friend to employ him in drawing some document, or executing some business connected with his will or his property in England.

This idea was confirmed by the great difficulty which Lord Ennerdale evidently found in coming to the point, or, indeed, speaking at all; and it was not until he had taken several turns in the room, stroked down his ruffles, adjusted his stock, and raised his courage, or rather, subdued his pride, "to the sticking point," that he thus began to speak:—

"Mr. Francis Falkland, you are a young man,—a *very* young man, I may say, for a person of my rank, and my years, (but I have no occasion to use that term,) my standing in life, to choose as a confidant in the present crisis."

"I have been accustomed for several years, my lord, to transact many matters of business for my father, and I trust, that if it is in my power to serve you, my abilities will not be found unequal to my desire."

"With either, my good sir, I have, on the present occasion, little concern, since I cannot doubt your joyful concurrence in all that must benefit the amiable young person, your cousin."

"He is going to make a codicil, and leave poor Livy a legacy," said Frank internally; but, before he had time to add, "he is a generous old fellow," his astonishment was excited to the highest degree, and his heart throbbed as it had never done before, as his lordship continued to say, "I am a man of rank, Mr. Francis Falkland, and fully sensible of the value of my situation, privileges, and immunities, as the representative of an ancient house, and a peer of Great Britain; nevertheless, sir, I am free to confess, I have the feelings of a man. I know what love is; I am aware of its incipient, imperceptible, and most delicate movements, especially in the female breast: and where the parties concerned are persons of loyalty, honor, and, moreover, *ancient* family, I can waive my demand for rank, even in that most important of all points—marriage union."

"How could I think this glorious old man a fool?" was now Frank's inward exclamation, followed by a desire to throw himself at his feet; "for, surely, he was going to offer him his daughter!" Gratitude, wonder, and love, alike kept him silent: he could only rise, and bow, as he had never bowed before to mortal man.

"You are struck, my dear Mr. Francis Falkland, I perceive, as well you may. You are aware, that the world will be astonished; and I am free to confess, it will have some right to comment: but why should Lord Ennerdale care for the world, whilst conscious that he is rewarding virtue, ensuring the happiness of an amiable young—"

"Of more than *one*, my lord," cried Frank, impetuously; "for, if ever human being was devoted to another's happiness—"

"Allow me to proceed, Mr. Francis Falkland. I was going to observe, that the merits of Miss Olivia Falkland are such as to justify me in placing

her in the situation to which her tenderness, not her ambition, aspires :—in short, she shall be Lady Ennerdale within an hour, and to you I leave the means of procuring our immediate union here, or of accompanying us for that purpose to Sicily.”

Had the earth yawned beneath his feet, poor Frank could hardly have gazed with more alarm and horror. But for his own share in the disappointment, at a moment when expectation had been raised to its utmost, and previous sorrow rendered the promised good ten times dearer, he would undoubtedly have burst into most unseemly laughter ; as it was, after a short preamble of stammering, he begged to know “if his cousin had consented to the intended honor, for if she had, he must say her conduct was unworthy of her name.”

The suitor was at all times a little deaf, and being wholly unable to comprehend these words, yet able to see the striking change exhibited in Frank’s countenance, it struck him that the young man was his rival in heart, though not in expectation, and he began very ingenuously to relate his reasons for believing Olivia to be attached to him, particularly noticing her great attention that very morning, when he must say Miss Beaufort had offered him no consolation, and, in omitting to do so, had put the seal upon his intentions. It was evidently the more necessary to speak, since the moment of union or of separation had decidedly arrived, and it was time that he should interpose to snatch the amiable young creature from a fate it was impossible she could desire.

During this long speech, Frank recovered some degree of mental composure, and in turn expressed all due gratitude for the honor intended ; but, at the same time, congratulated his lordship on being saved the mortification of a refusal from his cousin, whom he affirmed to be positively engaged to his own most valued friend. He was interrupted by the return of Benson, whose very countenance so renewed the fears of the morning in his lord, that Frank judged it a favorable moment for escape, the turmoil of his own feelings rendered retirement absolutely necessary.

Olivia, with trembling hands and streaming eyes, was adjusting the little wardrobe, which was all that circumstances allowed her to take from Marseilles, and wondering how Adelaide could leave her in these their last moments, when that young lady entered the room with a countenance so full of deep anguish, yet not kindly expression, that her heart sank within her as she met the view of it.

“Have you seen your cousin ?” said she, eagerly.

“Not since I left him with Lord Ennerdale.”

“Then you do not know, and I really think you cannot suspect, that *that* very sapient Lord has been proposing to make you my mother-in-law ?”

“Impossible ! Do not jest with me, Adelaide !”

“No one can be less inclined to mirth than I am ; for I have had, within the last five minutes, enough of vexation to cure me of it for life. I cannot exist thus, I *must* have relief ! tell me, I beseech you, tell me the *truth* ?”

“Truth ! I can tell you only *truth*, Miss Beaufort ; but I know not of what you speak ; I was as ignorant of such intentions on his Lordship’s part, as the child unborn.”

“In that, I believe you ; but—he tells me that Frank was dreadfully

agitated, that he assured him you were engaged to a person now in England ; but *he* thinks, and *I* think—”

“ I *have* promised to marry Percy Luttrell, if ever I marry at all.”

“ And do you love him, Olivia ? ”

“ Love him ! to be sure I do ; a more excellent, agreeable—I may say handsome—”

“ Oh, thank you, *thank you*, dear Olivia ! you have saved me from madness, from misery ! ”

As Adelaide uttered these words she flung her arms round Olivia’s neck, and burst into such a passion of tears as almost to terrify her sympathizing friend, who began to think she had been extremely blamable in not sooner acquainting her with a circumstance evidently so important to her happiness ; and she marvelled not a little at her own shortsightedness ; but so soon as Adelaide was able to speak, she prevented Olivia’s comments, or inquiries, by saying,

“ It would now be in vain to conceal from *you* (and yet it has been only known a very short time to myself) that I love your cousin Frank most fondly, most devotedly ; but, dear Olivia, never, I beseech you, reveal the state of my feelings for him. I conjure you, by all our former friendship, by your own womanly feelings, guard my secret ! Yet, if it be possible, preserve him for me ! Surely, surely he is not indifferent ! I am confident he is *not* ; for he is the very soul of honor, and his eyes have told me a thousand times what his lips have, from the noblest feelings, suppressed.”

“ I have no doubt, *can* have no doubt of poor Frank’s admiration of you. I have trembled for *his* happiness since the very day you met ; but that *you*, dear Adelaide, should have entertained such sentiments I could never imagine.”

“ You are little read in the heart’s vocabulary, Olivia, nor in the peculiar weaknesses of mine, or you would have seen it from the entire change that has passed over me. Have not my sentiments, tastes, feelings, all been moulded by him, as if the wand of enchantment had passed over me ? ”

“ You have said little about *liberty* lately, I know ; and you have kindly accorded with Frank in many points where he was greatly your inferior ; but still I could not suppose it possible that your exalted mind, your refined taste—”

“ *My* mind ! *my* taste ! how you talk ! Is not your cousin the very being whom I worshiped in imagination, when I had no hope, could have none, that ‘ Heaven had made me such a man ! ’ Has he not the courage, the kindness, the knowledge, and the simplicity of a hero ? and can you suppose me so trammelled by the prejudices of rank, or the love of wealth, that I could be blind to his lofty qualities, or refuse him a hand which I owe him even from gratitude ? No ! you know me better, Olivia.”

“ I know you to be all that is generous and noble, Adelaide ; and if your father would consent—”

“ But he never, *never* will ! Besides, Frank does not love *me* as I love *him*, of that I am aware ; but he does love me certainly, far, *far* better than any other of the ladies of whom he speaks ; and I can fear no rival in the ‘ brow of Egypt,’ or many in Hindoostan. It is, therefore, very possible that you, dear Olivia, may nurse his infant passion into maturity for *me*, and to that

end, I so far retract my first charge, that when you are far away, he may be told of that which I greatly fear he has but little doubt of already."

"How strange it is that a subject so important to the happiness of all should be left to the very hour when we are parting, perhaps for ever! May I not speak to Frank? Will you not receive those vows which, even in absence, it might console you both to breathe?"

"Oh! no, no! let me nourish in my heart's core the romantic image of perfection which I have dwelt on with so much virtuous approbation. I am convinced that it is from a high sense of his own duties, not any fear of my displeasure, that he has forbore to urge a suit to which I have been but too willing to listen. Every proof of this excellence in him has endeared his character far more to my heart than his person and manners have charmed my eyes, and will continue to be the points on which my memory can dwell with satisfaction. How could I 'unsought be won,' save by the virtues and high qualities of him whom I selected!"

Louise appeared for the third time to require the presence of Miss Beaufort, his Lordship being ready to depart and very impatient. She had also a message of compliments to Miss Falkland, and an assurance of good wishes; but that he preferred not bidding her personally farewell. In neither respect was Lord Ennerdale at this moment obeyed. Olivia had resided with him too long, had at some times pitied him too much, and, even in his late mistake, felt a sense of gratitude excited too strongly, to suffer a departure she doubted not would prove final to take place in coldness and estrangement. Escaping even from the arms of Adelaide, she hastened to give and receive an affectionate adieu; and, although she found him stately and reserved, yet suffering more from fear than anger, (since he expected plague to pounce upon him every instant *in propria persona*,) she had yet the satisfaction to receive from him a fatherly farewell.

"I cannot part from you, my beloved Olivia," cried Adelaide, on her return to the chamber where these agitating moments were passing, "without again entreating you, nay, compelling you to promise that you will not reveal my love (my violent, alas! my foolish love) to your cousin, until, at least, you have reached Africa, nor *then*, save to preserve me in his memory: to excite him to *hope*, which may then, perhaps, be necessary to his comfort, to his *virtue*, which may be endangered. Would that I could, like you, share his dangers, soften his toils, excite his energies—"

"Oh! if your heart is so deeply engaged, why not—"

"Hush! hush! say not a word; am I not as proud as I am weak? But I have no time to repeat my feeling; *one* thing I must say, for life, ay! more than life hangs on it. Olivia, will you, *can* you preserve your faith to this Percy, whom you honor, you esteem, but whom you do not love as I love—fondly, and passionately?"

"But whom I love *entirely* and *sincerely*, and am likely to love constantly."

Olivia answered with a little of wounded dignity in her air, and a something that said, the strong terms used by her friend had banished that sense of her own inferiority which had always existed, though her love for her whom she had esteemed so highly was strong as ever, and was aided by her deepest pity.

"Then you promise me *faithfully, solemnly* promise me, never to—I will not say *seek*, but to *accept* his love? nay, turn not from me in anger, Olivia. I have thrown my poor heart in all its bleeding weakness before you, which must ensure your compassion; yet I have proved to you that I can endure the severest sorrow rather than compromise my true dignity, and that must demand your respect. Pardon me, but grant also my request; we must soon be parted—how far, we both grieve to know—how long, God only knows!"

These words were uttered in a tone of such thrilling anguish, such intensely bitter grief, that they appeared to pierce the heart of Olivia, and concentrate the love and gratitude of years for the very purpose of rendering the sorrow of this parting hour still more severe. She could not be offended with any suspicion however groundless, any request however unnecessary, from one immeasurably dear to herself, and become far more interesting from her devotion to her cousin; and the few words her agitation permitted, consisted of promises that it should be her unceasing care to guard him from a levity she thought him not unlikely to indulge, and assurances that she would preserve his allegiance to one who honored him so highly, and whom he already admired so much.

"And on no account whatever will you marry him yourself?" cried the persevering Adelaide.

"Certainly not, Adelaide. How do I wish you knew Percy Luttrell. His worth, his elegance of mind and even person, would be my guarantee. Recollect how much I have spoken of him at different times, and you will be aware of the value of my engagement to myself."

"True; but still you have been long parted. It is also true that your attachment has been long. Well, well, I *can rely* on you, Olivia, and you well know my nature; but, farewell!"

One long, *long* and last embrace, and the friends were parted. A wave of the hand forbade Olivia to think of accompanying them to the harbor, and she was, indeed, little equal to such an exertion. So great had been her surprise, so rapid and various the emotion of her mind on this eventful day, that the sensations and business of a whole life seemed crowded into it, and for some time after Adelaide and Lord Ennerdale were gone, she sank into a state of exhaustion which almost resembled a swoon of the mind.

By degrees her perceptions returned, and most sensibly did she mourn the loss she had sustained in one who had now been for several years a constant companion, and of late an invaluable friend. Grief again affected her, yet it was in a considerable degree arrested by astonishment, which increased rather than diminished, as she pursued, point by point, the declarations of her friend. How the woman to whose high mind her own had always succumbed, from whom she had indeed received her most valuable information, and by whom she had modeled her principles, could conceive for Frank an admiration so profound, an attachment so ardent, was wonderful. "True! he was amiable in many points; his integrity, courage, and generosity, were undoubted, and he was really very handsome now; but he was impetuous in his temper, and betrayed occasionally no little vanity. She loved him much as a relative, and was truly grateful to him for the regard he had ever manifested towards her; but she could not fail to see that in

all things he was secondary to Percy Luttrell, and even *he* was scarcely equal to Adelaide."

Thus reasoned Olivia, and thus we are all apt to reason, when the person in question (however beloved) has been known to us in the season of school-boy broils, and been exhibited a thousand times with his "imperfections on his head," although such imperfections were blended with the thousand good qualities which have endeared him to us. Adelaide had always exhibited such sublime conceptions of character, such lofty aspirations, and, in her political sentiments, such self-abandonment to generous and heroic impulses, that Olivia had never believed any man short of a perfect hero could win her heart, or that it was possible a being so refined, as well as exalted, would ever fall into the common conduct, or experience the common predilections of her sex; and that she should do this for Frank—dear, noisy, good-natured, Frank—seemed inexplicable; but still more strange was it that she should be moved so *greatly*, that, with so much wisdom and philosophy, her sensibility should be so painfully acute.

"Oh! that you may conquer this love, my dear, *dear* Adelaide, shall be my constant prayer; for how else can you sustain the agonies of parting and the surmises of absence. I now see why you were so changed, so cold to me, and freely, fully can I forgive you; and oh! how happy shall I be if the time should indeed come when you dare avow your affection, and receive your father's sanction, and——"

Louise burst into the room overwhelmed with afflictions, each of which seemed to call for that sympathy from her future mistress, which was at once a duty towards her neighbor and a palliative to her own sorrow. She wept at parting "with her beautiful, her *adored* lady." She mourned also the necessity of leaving the charming island where she had found a multitude of admirers, from the noble who had vowed celibacy, to the humble retainer, who envied not his lord since freed from his trammels. She was nevertheless horrified with dread of the plague; and, as a patriot, which (to their praise be it spoken) every French woman is, she lamented that in her attachment to "*chère mademoiselle*," she must leave still farther that "*dear France*," where liberty was beginning to flourish, and happiness could alone be found.

Olivia could not witness the sorrows of any human being without seeking to allay them, and of course those of one destined to be her companion in difficulties, and the present sharer of her dangers, called for every consolation she could bestow, however heterogeneous or even ridiculous her troubles might be. Before she had time to efface impressions of pain from Louise, she was however called upon to soothe those of Frank, who had necessarily performed for the departed travelers all the offices of friendship, at a time when his own feelings rendered them extremely difficult, and he now looked to Olivia for the consolation she was little able though truly desirous to bestow.

No young man could have combated his own inclinations more resolutely than Francis Falkland had done, in not professing the passion for Miss Beaufort which she had naturally inspired in him, and which, in spite of her propriety of manners, and consciousness of rank, it was certain she encouraged. There were in fact two desires struggling in his breast, and mutually weak-

ening each other. He had a proper portion of ambition, and a more than ordinary attachment to his family, urging him to pursue the course he had adopted, and so far damping the ardor of his passion as to enable him to see all the difficulties that must attend a declaration, which if rejected would give as much mortification as sorrow, and if accepted, (which he could hardly hope,) would frustrate his plans, and subject him to a species of dependence which he felt himself too proud to endure. Besides! if he changed his plans for future life, what was to become of Olivia, and those claims of her's which he had determined to vindicate? His friendship was engaged to her and Percy Luttrell in such a manner as to render it impossible for him to withdraw with honor from a cause he had voluntarily espoused: it was therefore impossible that he could, with the same principles in force, engage the affections of a lovely woman, his superior in rank and fortune, especially when by trifling services her gratitude was excited, and in some measure her powers of judgment clouded.

Excellent as this reasoning was, and firmly as he acted upon it, no one can wonder that when the idea was suggested by her father's dubious words, that Adelaide—the beautiful Adelaide—the noble and virtuous heiress, was on the point of being offered to him, a revulsion of every opinion took place instantly in his bosom, and his enraptured spirit sprang towards the offered blessing with unbounded gratitude. The chill that followed—the crushing, vexing, agonizing disappointment, affected him so severely as to awaken every angry as well as sorrowful emotion, not only towards Lord Ennerdale, but Olivia, as the innocent cause; and the perturbation he experienced was such as to render him averse even to behold Adelaide again, lest she should read his anguish, and be found capable of adding to it by a glance of indifference or a word of coldness.

In this frame of mind he had affected to bustle about for the means of that departure which he felt to be necessary for all parties; and when he was compelled to lead Adelaide to the boat, which conveyed her to the ship, (which had her sails set and canvass spread) the rebellion of various passions prevented that which was indeed the most potent from evincing its power. Though the touch of his hand was felt in every nerve, as that which might never more offer her support, or might (so whispered hope) be the solace of her future life, she was yet so exhausted by the emotions of her late conversation with Olivia as to be hardly capable of feeling at all. She gathered her veil carefully round her face, perhaps, to avoid showing her red and swollen eyes, or afraid of suffering her guide to read how much of her sorrow he had inspired; but still, in her silence, the suppression of her sighs, and the pressure (the somewhat more than necessary pressure) of her trembling arm, at once told him the extent of her grief, and inspired him with the same unmingled passion. In a few hurried and almost inarticulate words, he spoke of the misery of parting with friends so inexpressibly dear, and the peculiar affliction of remaining so long in ignorance of their safety, “even in ignorance of their continued esteem.”

“That *you* can never, *never* doubt,” said Adelaide with emphasis; “and mark me, dear Mr. Falkland, you shall hear of me at *Cairo*. Tell Olivia I *promised* that you should.”

They were surrounded by a crowd; there was no person to inquire into

mysterious promises ; Adelaide's dark eyes for a single moment beamed full on his, and her white fingers were pressed to his lips. The next, there was a rush, a soft, a tremulous, and shrill farewell, tingling in his ears, and the very world (the world of hopes and wishes so dear to young hearts) seemed vanished from his view.

To run from the crowd, to hide himself in those cell-like caverns which constitute so much of the fortifications in the rock, was the first movement of Frank ; and here by indulging emotion he obtained comparative tranquillity ; but as he was always from very infancy, one who alike in joy or trouble, found it "not good to be alone," it was not long before he sought for her who had been in many a less evil his kind consoler, and, with little apparent consideration for the tears she was still shedding, he bespoke her condolence, and entreated her pity.

In detailing his own past struggles, Frank not only obtained the sincerest sympathy from Olivia, but the highest praise ; and as he respected her judgment, and could not doubt her sincerity, this honest eulogy really encouraged him to rely on himself, and, to believe that he could continue to do well. He confessed that he had been on the point of hiring a corvette, in which to follow Adelaide to Sicily, and receive from her own lips the sentence which must determine his future fate ; but he was now convinced that it was better to write, and he promised to submit his letter to the inspection of Olivia.

Even this was denied to him. The hourly reports gathered or invented by Louise of the progress of the plague, together with a shifting of the wind, which rendered it probable that the ill-provided vessel with whose master he was negotiating, would soon start for Cyprus, induced him to hurry all on board the following day, though, in the contrary direction he was taking, he truly felt, "in each remove a lengthening chain."

Whatever might be his sensations, it is certain that those of Olivia were equally acute and oppressive. She had not only loved but leaned on Adelaide for so long a period, that she was as much afraid of being left to her own management as the infant essaying its first step. The surprise she had felt at the development of her friend's passion, in the first moment, had now subsided into anxiety for her happiness, and a somewhat burdensome fear of the charge she had undertaken as respected her cousin ; and to this was added a sense of embarrassment, from the peculiarity of her situation, and the consciousness that every league she passed parted her from those who tenderly loved her, and led her to those who loved her not.

As the wants and inconveniences of the body will make themselves felt, (though such troubles always are decreased by mental uneasiness,) in the course of the following day Olivia became sufficiently a sufferer to change the nature of her regrets ; but her cousin was surprised to see with how much patience and suavity she endured the inevitable pains and penalties she had to encounter. Abstracted as he had hitherto been, wrapped in deep thought, and preserving what he termed an unnatural silence, he was yet sensible of her fortitude, and praised her for its exertion, observing "that it was a great relief to his mind, at a period when he was little equal to affording even a slight assistance to another."

"We must support one another, dear Frank : to you I must look for safe conduct in what may probably prove a perilous undertaking ; and it will not

become me to increase the burden by useless complaint or querulous nicety ; besides, Louise finds fault enough for us all, and laments her destiny as much as half-a-dozen English girls could do."

"That she certainly does ; she is an epitome of her countrywomen, a flirting coquette on shore, a croaking sybil at sea, with that eternal pretension to sentiment, which would sicken one in a countess, and is loathsome in a soubrette ; what with her, and this confounded fog, which falls about the ship like an ill omen, together with one's own miserable thoughts, I am really plunged into such a state of mind as I never experienced before. I feel sometimes as if I should lose my senses."

"I hope not, dear Frank, for both our sakes : with all the disagreeables of our present situation, it is so far preferable to our jeopardy and our solicitude, during the four memorable hours when we were hiding under the rocks at Marseilles, that I am possessed of a sufficient stock of patience to bear it quietly some days, or even weeks, to come."

"Ah ! you were badly off that night sure enough, for you had that silly piece of stately cowardice to support,—the last of his everlasting ancestors, with all the lead of the race in his brains—whilst I—oh ! Olivia, what did I not feel capable of encountering when Adelaide hung on my arm, confided to my care, and whilst her own excellent understanding and eloquent lip suggested the best plans to be pursued in every thing, yet generally imputed all our success to me, and thanked me for it with such fervor, such delicacy—Ah ! that night was an æra in my existence ; it not only inspired new wishes, but created new energies ; and, should I prove a happy and successful conductor to you, it will be her whom you may thank for it."

"I may thank her for every thing, certainly," said Olivia, truly happy to find that Frank's tongue had been touched by the talisman which could renew its powers. From this time, indeed, he bade adieu to that sombre melancholy which was foreign to his character ; and, though he often complained of his hard fate, he did not meditate upon it, and found relief in exerting himself to attend to Olivia, who now suffered much from the motion of the vessel, which began to experience the usual difficulties of the Levant. Whether from this cause, or that increasing *mal du pays* which affected Louise, we know not, but her troubles increased with every succeeding day, to such a degree as to awaken either painful sympathy or vexation scarcely less painful ; and bitterly did Olivia regret accepting the offer of Adelaide, which, at the time it was made, she held to be invaluable. Distressing as would have been her situation without a female on board, it was rendered still worse by one who was now helpless as a child, looked really very ill, and spoke of herself as a "martyr to her affection ;" and, in her earnest entreaties for Christian burial at the first land where they should touch, really conveyed to Olivia the distressing idea that she had been the cause of her death, and that, if ever the crazy vessel did reach her destination, such would be her afflictive duty.

At length the weather cleared, they approached the beautiful island of Cyprus, and were reminded by the brilliant atmosphere of their former voyage to Malta ; but ah ! how different had been the sensations of Frank, who then was experiencing those dawns of passion which sweeten the simplest incidents of life, blend with the most common intercourse a tender interest, and expand every perception of beauty and every source of delight. He was also

fed daily, hourly, with that "voice of praise," which one of our fair poets* has so truly called "delightful to every ear," and which Frank was well calculated to quaff to intoxication at that period, his late *debut* in London having been dazlingly successful.

Happily, Adelaide had ever rendered her panegyric on his exertions, her thanks for each act of courtesy or energy, subservient to the cause of virtue. To good intention and personal courage she had, in her own partiality, super-added lofty conceptions and the power of heroic endurance, and thereby inspired the qualities she praised. Frank saw he might be something more than he was, and endeavored to become that something; thus his coxcombry was subdued whilst his self-love was gratified, and the original simplicity and integrity of his character recalled.

When the weather brightened, and enabled them in this clear atmosphere to see the shores of Candia, now left far behind them, and various islands long famed in history and song, it will be readily conceived that their interest was warmly excited, not only by that which they saw, but that which they desired to see. Frank's impatience to proceed, in order to get rid of his own thoughts, had induced him to engage a ship bound to Cyprus, in preference to waiting for one to Candia direct, in consequence of which they made a longer voyage than was absolutely necessary. Such, however, is the general inconvenience (to use a homely term) experienced in these seas, that they now rejoiced in the consideration of the shorter passage from Cyprus, and the pleasure they should have in visiting an island to which so peculiar a portion of interest was attached, and to which nature had been so much more liberal than to the birth-place of Jove.

On landing at Nicosia, Olivia was much struck with the sense of being indeed in a new world, and inhabited, or at least governed by the followers of Mahomet. New, and therefore amusing, as every thing was around her, she experienced a certain shrinking of the heart, a sense of desolation that was extremely painful. The tie that bound her to her fellow-creatures, and which the kindliness of her own feelings rendered in her case almost tangible, seemed dissolved; and as she cast her eyes towards Frank, who was assisting the languid Louise, she felt as if she stood alone amid a host of passive enemies, whom it might be difficult to conciliate and impossible to oppose.

As she had seen many Turks in Malta, she was prepared for the change by expectation, but not by feeling. Frank had always warmly admired them, as the finest race of men he had ever beheld; but our heroine unconsciously nourished the prejudices which at that time prevailed, the countries subject to their sway being then comparatively unknown. It was every where understood that the Turk held the Christian as a dog; that he was a barbarous master, a tyrannical husband, an unenlightened bigot, and not unfrequently an unrelenting murderer. The sad stories of Algerine pirates, of Pacha extortion, and of private domestic vengeance, which had been told her from authentic sources at Malta, confirmed these ideas; and on landing, her only wish was, that she might speedily leave the country groaning under such a malediction as Turkish government. The observations she was enabled to make, as to the condition of the Greek inhabitants, confirmed these sentiments;

* Miss Mitford.

but the variety and appearance of all around her soon dissipated the melancholy she was inclined to indulge, and the rapid improvement of Louise greatly relieved her spirits.

The peculiar dress and the antique *coiffure* of the Greek women, their graceful movements and flowing drapery, excited Olivia's admiration; but Frank saw nothing in them to please, save their eyes, which resembled those of Adelaide, of whom he now talked perpetually, though he would sometimes interrupt himself to speak of Percy, as if to give Livy an opportunity of the same species of indulgence in which *he* found so much gratification. As Louise expressed the strongest desire to return, and more especially by a vessel which should touch at Malta, in which place they had reason to believe the poor girl had left as large portion of her heart as could be spared from "la belle France," they agreed with the master of their late conveyance for her return by him; and being extremely anxious to overtake their expected companions, or to be ready to receive them at Alexandria, they determined to lose no time in prosecuting their voyage.

This, alas! proved (as it so frequently does) one of great length, difficulty, and danger. For three long weeks they were in a manner beaten from the shores of Egypt back into the Mediterranean, as if it were a forbidden land, and to the toil and sickness frequently endured were added all the miseries which result from a vagabond crew, an ignorant captain, and a vessel unfit for the service. A thousand times did Frank gaze on Olivia with tearful eyes, as deeming her the victim of a rash experiment, and as often did she assume a composure she could not feel, and assure him "that she did not repent her undertaking;" bade him remember "that their lives were in the hands of Him who knew what was best for them, and might, even within the hour, so rebuke the winds and the waves, that there should be a great calm."

Frank generally received her consolations in silence, for his spirit rose in rebellion against her "pleaded reasons." "Why had he not gone to Italy, where perhaps the highest happiness awaited him? Why had he ventured on this unfrequented route? Why had he brought the friend of his youth, and the betrothed of one who was dearer to him than a brother, thus in the dawn of her youth and her happiness, to perish so miserably?" were questions perpetually arising to his mind and rending his heart.

At length the tempest so far subsided as to give them a chance of effecting a landing on some part of the coast, provided the frail fabric in which they had suffered so long should prove sufficiently seaworthy for the purpose. It was evident to Falkland that it must be differently managed from what it had hitherto been by the master, who now, worn out by misapplied exertion, and conscious that the leak below was seconding the breeze above, resigned his task in despair, even when a cause for hope had first arisen.

Frank seized the authority which would else have been placed in the hands of still more inefficient conductors, and at once quelled the aspirations of bold bad spirits around him, and with equal energy and promptitude took upon himself not only the responsibility but labor demanded by the object. He was naturally curious and attentive to all mechanical operations, and inherited from his cradle that attachment to the sea known to exist in many persons who have no connection with nautical pursuits, and whose eyes may perhaps never have rested upon it. Such men have a secret, inexplicable union with

the ocean, which is to them as a mother, and draws them to her bosom in order to share the perils or exult in the glories she offers; and in the humblest stations they soon become good practical sailors; but if they are persons of education, far higher are the benefits to be reaped from their exertions. Frank was in this sense born a sailor, and as he had taken lessons from observation for a considerable time, and was roused to every possible capability of his nature by the pressure of circumstances, it was perhaps not wonderful that he now successfully conducted the shattered vessel safely into the bay of Aboukir. To those around him, however, the circumstance appeared little short of a miracle, and they were for the present full of gratitude and praise for the safety he had ensured to them.

Could Falkland have foreseen the proud victory this ancient land beheld from her shores, achieved by British heroism in this memorable bay, within a short period after his visit, he would undoubtedly have longed to linger there, that he might have witnessed the triumph, or partaken the dangers of his countrymen; but as he could not vaticinate circumstances so improbable, it was no wonder that his only object after landing was to seek the means of leaving a place where indeed there was little to invite and much to disgust.

Olivia had been so "tempest-tossed," she was (however patiently she had suffered) so completely worn out and abhorrent of the sea, that she earnestly desired a few days' rest, and mentioned, as an inducement, the great antiquity of the place, and the many interesting associations connected with it.

"If saying to ourselves" that we are in the ancient Canopus, and at length have the satisfaction of seeing one of the many mouths of the Nile, would procure us, or rather you, Olivia, any thing fit to be eaten; if there was a house to lodge you, a creature worthy to wait upon you, I would not think of leaving the place; but since the contrary is very evident, and a new, clean caïque is just leaving for Alexandria, in very pleasant weather, and with a fair wind, I cannot help thinking we had better set out. At Alexandria we shall find, in its proofs of former greatness, and (I fear) present decline, the power, as somebody says, of 'meditating e'en to madness,' if we are so inclined."

"Well, let us go then," said Olivia; but the assent was followed by a sigh.

They were soon on board, together with the small portion of the luggage which their last voyage had left them; for all the heavier part of poor Frank's stowage had been thrown overboard. This had caused him a sigh likewise as he arranged their present removal; but he was not of a temperament to regard misfortunes of that kind deeply. The languid step and sunken eye of his fellow-traveler affected him much more, but the conviction that he was urging her to exertion for her own good, consoled him.

He was not mistaken. The swift and easy motion of their present conveyance, the pure atmosphere, the brilliant verdure on the banks of the Canopic canal, which they soon entered, communicated a consciousness of safety to which she had been many days a stranger, and inspired at once a sense of gratitude to Heaven, and that returning hilarity of spirits, and interest in the scenes around her, which happily are so natural to youth. By degrees the wind failed, and a tranquil motion succeeded as the evening advanced, which was the more acceptable as there were fewer objects on the banks to contemplate, whilst the moon rose in such pure ether, and with so effulgent a light, as to

under the absence of day almost a blessing. As, beneath its consoling rays, they entered the ancient Alexandria, on their route to its once flourishing but far inferior successor, and passed beneath those mighty arches, or skimmed by those unrivaled cisterns, which for more than two thousand years have withstood the assaults of war and the encroachments of time, a sense of awe and wonder, and gratified curiosity rested sweetly on their minds, which although profoundly occupied, and suggesting rapidly succeeding thoughts, yet for the present precluded words. Egypt was then an unsealed book, comparatively, to English travelers, and little did our young ones foresee that the hand of war would so soon open its stores, and reveal the mysterious splendor which its sternly departed glories have still left on its desolated plains. They felt and enjoyed a sense of being first explorers in an old and hollowed world; and, imagination aiding memory, even the darkening forms and shadowy masses which checked the power of extended vision, enabled them successively to people the gloomy fortress and the dim vista with the magnificent evels of Cleopatra, or the proud triumphs of its unrivaled founder. In later times the dreadful sieges, the horrible massacres, the terrific devastations this ated city had endured; its burning library, flying citizens, crushed palaces, night also awaken a sight; but all passed rapidly through the mind, and impressed little beyond satisfaction in their arrival, and gratitude that it had been effected under circumstances so full of danger.

Whatever of the grand or wonderful had occupied the minds of Frank and Olivia during their short and pleasant voyage from Aboukir to Alexandria, in which memories of the *past* obliterated anxieties for the *present*, it is certain that on their arrival the inconveniences of the latter completely vanished the former. As they arrived in the middle of the night, they were obliged to have recourse to the caravanserai for a lodging, and all the plagues of Egypt seemed at once to meet their view, in the dirt and wretchedness around them. After their long suffering on shipboard, which had included not only fear and fatigue, but famine, they had naturally expected the comforts of safety, rest, and plenty, on land; and to find none of them was a trial of temper for which Frank was by no means prepared; and when he found it impossible to procure any tolerable accommodation for Olivia, and utter disregard in those around him either to fair promises or angry gesticulations, his passion became such as to alarm her exceedingly for his safety, in addition to the vexation and disgust it could not fail to inspire. Her evident distress recalled him to reason, when he blamed his own impetuosity with his usual ingenuousness, and, after pitying her, not only for the sufferings entailed upon her by the journey, but by a conductor of his temper, he consoled her by praising Percy Luttrell, of whose excellent disposition and faultless conduct he spoke with all the ardor of a generous friendship.

"Were I loved by a woman," he added, "as you are loved by Percy, I think I could become almost as good as he for her sake: do not you think it would have a happy effect on me, Olivia?"

As Olivia had fully forgiven the ebullition which had so lately distressed her, she had some difficulty in withholding the information which would at this moment have given him the stimulant he desired; and her wishes to this effect were still stronger when he said,

"If I were loved by such a woman as Adelaide—let me say Adelaide

herself—what could I not endure and accomplish, even in warfare against myself!”

Olivia remembered the message he had brought her from Adelaide, by which she was permitted to speak on that most delicate of all subjects at Cairo, and, although she determined to keep the secret till then, she thought there could be nothing wrong in saying, “Adelaide will, I am certain, choose a man for his virtues and qualities, not for his titles or the mere pretensions of fashionable life. She has the power of marrying at twenty-five, and giving a handsome fortune to the object of her choice.”

“It is almost five years till then, by which time I might have fulfilled what I deem the most important part of my mission by securing your fortune: but I must not dare to hope—no, no! so lovely a woman as she is will be married long before then, to a man who can wait for the fortune or do without it.”

“I have never seen a man half good enough for her; and I think it probable that she will never marry; not if she waits for *perfection* certainly, but I call that arrant nonsense; a woman, however much of an angel she may be, must be content with an earthly companion; what he wants in excellence he may make up in love and devotedness to her.”

“I do believe I should make her happy, if—But this is folly; surely in time I shall conquer it!”

“Do not try, dear Frank; for a virtuous passion, I have been told, is a preservative from many dangers: but let us retire and forget even our beloved Adelaide for to-night.”

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM a sleepless night, in which one at least of the country's inflictions had successfully warred against the repose craved by nature, and the consciousness of safety promised, Olivia arose, eager to learn from Frank whether he had ascertained the arrival of their fellow-voyagers, or to accompany him to the British Consul's for the purpose of inquiring after them.

He had been more fortunate than she, and slept in spite of all inconveniences, and was therefore in as good spirits (or perhaps better) than a lover ought to be, so decidedly separated from her to whom he had devoted himself with chivalric ardor and intended constancy. His temperament was naturally so gay, his expectations so sanguine, that, however deeply he might be impressed with the merit of his “lady-love,” however conscious of his own misfortune in being absent from her, yet he could not yield to sorrow. Every way by which hope could be caught, in which trouble could be allayed, and annoyances despised or laughed at, was the habitual exercise of his lively and enterprising spirit, which rose after every unavoidable depression with

an elasticity that generally inspired sympathy, though it sometimes subjected him to blame. The naturally saturnine and taciturn, the aged and the broken-spirited, are too apt to condemn as frivolous, and shrink from, as overpowering, that ebullition of spirits in youth, which is by no means incompatible with great sensibility and considerable mental power. Before we suffer ourselves to be annoyed by the light-hearted sallies of a rattling young fellow, or a playful girl, we should consider that, "He who in *wisdom* made us all," may have given such buoyancy as an equivalent for the trials impending over them; and, at all events, the day of exhilaration is short, as well as sweet. We are only young for a brief term in our existence, even with all the "appliances and means" conducive to its continuance, and therefore, so long as gaiety is innocent, and the flow of the spirits combined with the affections of the heart, let the sober-minded rather seek to share than depress it. It is something for the worn bosom to catch a reflected beam of sunshine, and sympathise with the happy in their delights.

After hearing Olivia's troubles, and making more light of them in word than in thought, Frank set out on his necessary inquiries. He was received by Mr. G——, the then consul, with the most friendly attention, ascertained that he was beforehand with his friends, to his great satisfaction; but at the same time informed "that it was very possible they might have landed at Damietta, and from thence proceeded to Cairo." Several vessels had been seen beating about like themselves in these untoward seas of late; and as the party in question would on their arrival be desirous of proceeding to the first town, which they meant to make a residence for a few weeks, it appeared advisable to proceed thither as quickly as possible.

In the mean time the consul's lady offered every accommodation in her power to Olivia,—a kindness thankfully accepted on her behalf by Frank, who determined to proceed as soon as he had explored the ruins of the old Alexandria, and obtained such requisites for their traveling comforts as were furnished by its successor.

When these arrangements were proposed to Olivia, she gladly coincided in all, was very thankful to find herself in the company of a countrywoman, and perfectly willing to accept her advice and assistance in providing for her future accommodation. The first thing proposed for her was an entire change of dress, which was the more necessary, because the French fashions of that period were as decidedly inconvenient as they were in fact unnecessary and unbecoming. As, however, habitual clothing is a kind of second nature, and Olivia had always in Frank's eyes looked very well in that which she wore, he was a good deal surprised, and certainly much pleased, when she expressed her willingness to make any change whatever, that her new friend thought desirable.

"What an excellent creature you are, Olivia!" exclaimed Frank. "What a fine thing it is to have both good sense and good temper like yours. I know hundreds of women, who if you showed them ever so clearly the necessity of complying with the customs of the country in which they sojourn, as demanded by climate, convenience, and what not, would still say, 'Oh! but I must have a little powder. What an object I shall be without a cushion! how shocking it will be to want this! what a fright I shall be without that! Even with their consent, they would blend a thousand dissents.'"

"You are severe, sir," said Mrs. G——; "but I will not condemn your assertions, for in fact it is pleasant to me to be reminded that there is a country where women dare to be a little captious and unreasonable, where they share with men the right and wrong of our common nature, where the demands of their weakness is occasionally complied with, in consideration not of their inferiority, but their general merit."

"Oh! my dear madam, your sex have the privilege of being whimsical and capricious every where. I rather think an English gentleman's house and a wealthy Turk's harem are more alike than one would suppose from the outside of each."

"All I wish for you, my good sir, is, that the outside may content you, therefore I am willing that you should retain your opinion. As the wife of a husband whom no country can vitiate, I am content to remain satisfied with my own insulated good fortune; but my feelings must be allowed now and then to sympathise in the fate of my sex as it is situated in this country. I have suffered too much from that sympathy to have any desire to dwell upon the circumstances which have awakened it."

"Well, then, we will change the subject. You have promised to provide Miss Falkland with proper dresses for travel, and also for her presentation at Grand Cairo, and I am going, Olivia, with Mr. G—— to purchase a female slave to wait on you; it has grieved me sadly that you have been so long without an attendant, and I find there is no other means of supplying that want but by this medium."

"I would not purchase a slave, nor be the possessor of a slave, for the wide, wide world," cried Olivia.

"But you must do it here, or be without the attendance which your habits, your situation in life, and even your sense of propriety, as a young woman traveling with a young man (a relation but not a brother), render indispensable to your happiness, nay more, to your respectability."

"No situation, no circumstance, could for a moment reconcile me to an expedient I hold to be a sin. I could no more purchase a slave, than I could commit a robbery, or murder."

"Well then I shall do it for you. The thing is I grant disagreeable enough, but we must bend to the necessity of our situation. You are willing (wisely willing) to assume the habits of the country in some things, and by the same rule you must accede to others."

"Never, Frank, *never!* Surely the resignation of a principle is a very distinct thing from that of a custom or a convenience?"

"You know, Olivia, you may render the slave in question as happy as possible. You may save her from being the purchase of a cruel master. You may make her servitude not less a blessing to herself than us?"

"Very true, Frank; but if she should prove as great a torment as Louise was, which she certainly would if she complained as much, and appeared as discontented, what could I do with her? allowing that, in considering my own wants of companionship and the custom of the country, I were induced to offer money for a servant, who might (under a new name) be thus procured, you must be aware that no modification of name or situation could justify me in afterwards disposing of such an unhappy creature by *sale*. When one cannot help one's self, I can think it possible (though barely so)

to purchase a menial; but I hold it utterly impossible for any human being, gifted with the feelings of humanity, (to say nothing of his obligations as a Christian) to sell another human being, to barter an immortal soul for money."

"So do I, so do I," said Frank eagerly; "but if the worst come to pass, if she was as great a plague as Louisa herself, and, instead of being the servant you required, proved the burden you could not bear, at all events one could *give* her the liberty she wanted. If we are forced to *buy*, we are not forced to *sell*."

Olivia looked puzzled and distressed. She naturally desired an attendant, and the shrinking delicacy of her nature (which was in her a decided trait) led her eagerly to embrace the possibility of procuring a female fellow-traveler, whilst her feelings and principles alike induced her to hesitate as to the mode in which she obtained the object of her wishes. She looked anxiously and wistfully in the face of her, who was not only a woman, but an English woman, imbued as she believed with similar views of the subject, and assisted by an experience to which she was inevitably a stranger.

"If," said Mrs. G——, in answer to her silent appeal, "you purchase a slave, you must either abide by the obedience and intelligence she displays, or dispose of her to one willing to take her at your recommendation. To give her liberty in a country where all servants are such by purchase, would only subject her to the suspicion of being worthless, and in short condemn her to the most degrading vice in youth, the most abject misery in age. The character of a slave in this country is of the same importance as that of a servant in England, and experience enables me to say, that however revolting the idea of purchasing our fellow-creatures may be, the actual condition of the party so purchased is by no means lamentable. No persons living are so exempt from the common cares of life as slaves, seeing that their comforts and subsistence must be provided by others, and the very circumstance of their being *property* is a safeguard to them with the mean, whilst to the generous their dependence is a still stronger plea. No person could have more violent prejudices than myself against the degrading system of slavery; but my observations on the conduct of those who hold them convince me that I was wrong in supposing that cruelty and caprice were amongst the evils it created."

"I am certain," said Frank, "that any young woman in the world would be happy with Olivia, whatever might be the name she bore, for she was always kind and considerate to every one even when a child, and, coming from a country remarkable for inculcating contrary qualities."

As Falkland ceased speaking he left the apartment, which Mrs. G—— probably expected him to do, as from the universal usage of the land in which she had now resided several years, it rarely happened that a male visitant remained long in her apartment. It was, however, evident to her that his absence was a source of great anxiety to her guest, for whom she felt the truest interest, and who was certainly incapable of attending either to her anecdotes, her advice, or any thing by which she sought to amuse or inform her.

In fact, Olivia felt assured that Frank had gone out to make that purchase against which not only her feelings but her religious principles protested, and

which, being for two or three previous years a subject continually canvassed in England as connected with West India slavery, had occupied her mind, and called forth all the generous philanthropy and tenderness of her heart. She therefore could not forbear considering this the most momentous occurrence in her life; as the one in which she had been called upon to act the part of a consistent Christian, and where she ought to prove her capability of enduring even a species of domestic martyrdom, by differing from her companion, and sustaining all the miseries which his displeasure or even his dissection might subject her to. She had been already many times conscious that Frank assumed more control over her than he had a right to exercise, for a short season; but he so soon made *l'amende honorable* by protesting against himself, and in a thousand ways evincing the sweetness of his temper (notwithstanding its occasional impetuosity) and the delicacy of his perceptions as to her peculiar situation, that she held it foolish and ungracious to dissent from his opinion in trifles, or where her own personal comfort was the case in point. "But this, *this* was a far different affair."

Olivia's nature was essentially feminine; with an extraordinary capacity, much quickness and discrimination of mind, and considerably more cultivation of intellect than her conductor, she had yet such a disposition to be ductile and yielding to him as being a man, and therefore in some sort her superior, that, with so good a disposition on his side, it could rarely happen any dispute should arise between them. It was yet, however, certain, that Olivia's mind was capable on a question of conscience to maintain her right of thinking and acting for herself. She had dwelt with the strong-minded Adelaide long enough to attain strength, while she discarded pertinacity; and the only question which at present puzzled her mind was, whether she should resolutely deny the services of a purchased slave, or, in admitting them prove to Frank the affliction they imposed upon her. The first position called for a resolution to which she felt herself inadequate, as she conceived that Mrs. G——, for whom she felt esteem and almost affection, would not assist her. The second entailed upon her a systematic line of conduct, in which she was greatly afraid of falling; for she knew herself incapable of sustaining the gravity and melancholy, which in the first instance a situation so repulsive to her feelings would inspire. What would she not have given for the counsel and support of her affianced husband? how eagerly did her mind revert to Percy Luttrell, whose very look, would have upheld her in the conflict to which she was subjecting herself, and to which she found herself entirely unequal!

All our readers have been themselves in situations, when the fear of impending trouble has been in itself a source of suffering as great as the evil could possibly be. In the late dangerous state in which Olivia had been placed, with the prospect, day after day, before her eyes, of being swallowed by the roaring waves; and in the mean time losing all the comforts of existence cooped in a filthy cabin, fed on scanty and even loathsome food, she had endured with the patience of woman and the fortitude of man; but now she shrank from the very fear of contention; she sorrowed over the distress she deemed herself called on to inflict in one sense, or endure in another: her mind was involved in the misery of suspense and solicitude. She sank under the difficulties which all experience who have been accustomed to

lean upon another, and are yet sensible that God has given them the power to prove themselves decisive, and of course requires them to act up to the dictates of their judgment and their conscience.

Hour after hour passed away. Mrs. G——tried to introduce various topics of conversation; but, finding that slavery with all its sorrows and its sins, continued to press its incubus weight on the spirits of her guest, and not doubting, from the air of Frank, and necessity of the case, that he would in the course of the day make the purchase of which he spoke, and which was evidently a subject of such painful contemplation, she thought it better to enter on this subject, and meet that which she could not elude. For this purpose she cordially admitted the evils of the system, the horrible cruelty it involved, by tearing asunder the dearest bonds of existence, and arming man with a power he was but too liable to abuse; but she again insisted, that slaves in Africa were by no means worse circumstanced than servants in Europe during youth and infinitely better in age. She maintained the startling doctrine that they were far more seldom punished for great crimes than the inhabitants of Christian countries, being protected by masters who had more regard for articles of property than to render them examples to others; and, though prodigal in general of human life, yet careful of that which it would cost them money to replace or trouble to procure. In every country monsters would be found, to whom bloody revenge or protracted cruelty was a diabolical source of pleasure; generous England and polished France furnished some such examples as well as the states of Africa!

"Oh! no, no!" cried Olivia; "it is quite a different affair: we have sometimes cruel actions, but never cruel principles of action, and—"

Olivia was interrupted by the arrival of various articles, which had been purchased for her dress, and were critically examined by her new friend, who had scarcely dismissed the bearers, when, with a most English rapidity of action and forgetfulness of form, Frank rushed into the room, and flung himself in evident agitation on the nearest divan.

"You must do as you can, Livia; I will wait on you, curl your hair, tie your strings, do anything, every thing for you—but I cannot, no, by heavens! I cannot purchase a girl for you! I cannot tear a weeping, fond creature, from her own sister, the only friend she has on the wide earth; I cannot upon my soul."

"Thank God you have not attempted to do it."

Frank heard not the reply, save the word "attempt," to which he replied vehemently,

"I have attempted it; but I confess my heart did misgive me a little, so I went about with Mr. G——'s factotum to purchase our things, and in the first place to look at the gates of Rosetta, Cleopatra's needle, &c. However, at length he took me to the bazaar, that is the shop, the market, (curse the place!) where my bargain, (how could I be such a brute!) my *bargain* was to be made."

"And what did you see, dear Frank?" said Olivia, with eager solicitude.

"See! I will tell you—that is, if I *can*; but you have no idea how strangely I felt. My business was, I suppose, not perfectly explained to the black-bearded Turk, who presided in this den of misery; for in the first place, he called from an inner room a man, a young, (and, barring his color,)

a handsome man, about my own age and height, whom in a moment the wretch caused to stand before me naked, defenceless—yes, there he stood! athletic, noble-looking, of open countenance, and vigorous limb, at once a brother and a slave. Oh! Olivia, I never blushed in my life as I did before that man, whom I should certainly have bought on the instant, to have given him liberty the next, if the entrance of another purchaser and the introduction of two young boys, whom I pitied still more, had not shown me my own utter inability to aid them. I never did, I never *can* again feel so strongly.”

Gushing tears bespoke the truth of the assertion; the same effect took place with Olivia, but in her case they were tears of joy, not unmingled with those of admiration. She interrupted and relieved the flow of his feeling, by inquiring if he had seen any women.

“Two girls (very lovely sisters) were brought forward, but I had had quite enough with my first trial. I stood aloof, with a kind of fearful curiosity, in consequence of which my heart was cut to the quick; the old Turk instantly purchased the elder, and the brutal seller recommended the younger to me, with less feeling than I could have divided my poor Dido’s whelps. I compelled myself to seem attentive, to appear as if I would purchase, that the scowling Turk might be induced to thwart me; he did so; and as, overpowered with horror and disgust at his cruel examination, I broke from the place, the clerk tells me, he consented to purchase them together, to their infinite joy.”

“Thank God! thank God!” ejaculated Olivia; “not only for the poor things, but for yourself, dear Frank. Had your heart been so momentarily hardened as to fulfill your intentions, you would never have forgiven yourself; and for *me*—I should certainly have hated you.”

Frank started suddenly upon his feet; the late expression of his fine countenance vanished in a moment, and his angry eyes flashed fire, as he exclaimed,

“You would have *hated* me! *you*! Pray for whose sake was I about to do violence to my own nature, to lay sin on my soul, but your’s? Could you hate me for serving you?

“I could not have helped it; it would have been my misfortune that I did so; a terrible *misfortune*, surely, to have been in constant intercourse, and under constant obligation to one who had forfeited my esteem, burdened my conscience, and made me a party in that I abhorred—but why talk of what I *should* have felt? I am very happy *now*—Oh! very happy!”

“I am glad you are; I am by no means so. If an error in my conception of your wants and wishes is to render me an object of your hatred you ought to be very explicit, nay, peremptory, in dictating rules for my conduct: your opposition was given faintly at first; and after Mrs. G—— had spoken, (who certainly understood the matter better than either of us,) you suffered me to depart, as I conceived, in acquiescence.”

“It is true, Frank, I did not use outrageous words, nor perhaps give strong reasons; I am not in the habit of one, nor perhaps gifted with the other; but according to my own ideas of the matter, when I preferred being *alone* to having a purchased slave, I gave the strongest proof I could of my aversion to the measure, and of—”

“Of your reliance on *me*. Pardon my warmth, dear Olivia, I am a

strange fellow ; nay, do not turn away your head, I beseech you do not punish me by those tears ; I should be a wretch worse than all the Turks in Egypt, if I could grieve *you* ! besides, I should grieve another ; one still *dearer*, but certainly not better."

" You must remember for me, Frank, that *that* dear one has been not only my guide, but so far my monitor, that her judgment has sufficed for me ; and although there have been cases when her superior mind yielded to my humbler reasons, because they were seconded by her own feelings ; yet on the whole, I so decidedly followed her lead, that I cannot as yet act for myself : that I may suffer much where I say little, and that my submission to an authority exerted in a hasty temper cannot be exempted from discontent, which, in its turn, may wound a nature so generous as your's : in that case, I shall become petulant, fidgetty, and unkind, making you rue the day——"

" Never ! *never* ! 'tis not in *your* nature, whatever it may be in *mine* ; but dear Olivia, I shall be better, I know I shall in time ; and you will not tell tales of me to Adelaide ; you know she said at Cairo we should hear from her, and by the same rule you will write from thence ?"

Olivia again found it a task to keep the secret of her friend, when her heart was so moved by various emotions. A summons to the evening meal was a relief to both, and peculiarly necessary to Frank, who had literally forgotten the wants of the body, in the curiosity first raised in his mind, and the horror, pity, indignation, and sorrow, which succeeded, to his heart. In the course of the evening, both travelers had the satisfaction of being informed by Mrs. G——, that one of her own domestics, who spoke a little English, should attend Olivia to Cairo, where she had no doubt the arrival of her friends, with suitable servants, would obviate all inconvenience for the remainder of her journey.

Several successive days were spent in traversing the unsightly ruins of old Alexandria, discovering, or supposing they discovered, vestiges of those peculiar places which were associated with its proudest glories, or most remarkable degradation, and in retracing historic records ; but the poverty and filth disgusted them, and the rapid cruelty of legal punishments, as effected by severe blows for trifling faults, whilst those of the greatest enormity were overlooked, rendered the place on the whole, alike contemptible and disagreeable.

This was more particularly the case with our female traveler, who, however highly she respected the services of the consul, and estimated his virtues, could not feel easy in a place where she believed (and justly) that, but for his protection, they should be exposed continually to insult or injury, and where, as objects of curiosity, they were perpetually subjected to attention. She considered herself in an enemy's land, and after experiencing the same sensation, combined with personal danger, at Marseilles, it was no wonder that she earnestly desired to proceed as soon as possible towards Bombay, and was also extremely solicitous to join her future fellow-travelers.

Frank's perceptions were very different. When he had once overcome the remembrance of the slave-bazaar, he renewed his admiration of the Turkish person and costume, (which had struck him at Malta) and even became fastidiously anxious to prepare his own future habiliments in

the purest style and of the richest materials. Native taste (for he had never enjoyed any opportunity of studying the arts) had by this time led him to see that European dress had no recommendation beyond convenience, and to conclude of course that all grace, dignity, and ease, were to be found in the eastern costume, and he was impatient to adopt it.

Like all other English gentlemen, Frank, on leaving his country, wore a profusion of fine hair, dressed in the height of the mode, the Prince of Wales being at that time "the glass of fashion," whom every one sought to imitate. On arriving at Marseilles, the convenience of a crop, and the admiration expressed by Adelaide for "its manly character," induced him immediately to adopt a fashion which unquestionably suited his face not less than his circumstances; but now he was called on to shave with unrelenting hand those dark brown "hyacinthine curls" which "hung clustering" on his brow. He began to doubt whether a turban could make amends for their loss, and inquired of Olivia "if it were not on the whole a somewhat unmanly, and almost irreligious thing for a man to abandon the dress of his country?" the Turks never did it, and he admired their firmness.

"In them it is a matter of duty, for I am told their religion enjoins it; and when they visit a Christian country no one insults them in consequence of it. Now I understand we shall be exposed to much opprobrium if we do not change ours, therefore common sense urges it as an act of expediency, and our faith does not deny us the power of adopting it. I think not at least?"

"Certainly not: I was wrong to place it in such a point of view. The fact is, I don't like to cut off my hair. What an object I must be if this mountain of a turban fall off, Olivia?"

Never had Olivia in her days of childish mirth felt a greater inclination to laugh at Frank's perplexity than she did at this moment. She was herself less prone to personal vanity than perhaps it is altogether good for any woman to be, since nothing less than being brought up in school habits of personal neatness would have preserved her, under the effects of such a disposition, from deficient attention to dress. She had also always lived with persons whose decided beauty impressed her with a sense of inferiority on that point, so that she had no sympathy with Frank, whose little taint of coxcombry was so contrasted with his early carelessness as to be obvious to her eyes, though unseen by others, as well as himself, and never failed to appear ludicrous in the extreme. She, however, laudably repressed her risibility. She recollected Madame de Genlis' "Palace of Truth," which was the last thing she had read at Marseilles, and thought it would never do for two persons in such hourly intercourse to look too closely into each other's faults, or at least to show they had the faculty of descrying them. Nor did she, in sobering down her spirits, run into the opposite error of making it a matter of serious reproof, to which some ladies are subject. No! she entered into the trouble in a feminine and friendly way; advised Frank to have his hair cut round the forehead, and retain it on the crown, by which means he would save himself from being heated in Egypt and being a fright when they arrived in India."

Satisfied that her advice was good, Frank departed to expedite their removal, being persuaded that they should either find their friends in Cairo, or be agreeably employed till their arrival there, in exploring its more extended

boundaries, more especially in visiting the pyramids for which he had lately experienced an almost feverish curiosity.

Towards the close of this day (in which Mrs. G—— had to her great satisfaction succeeded in making every arrangement for Olivia's comfort in her power) to her astonishment she suddenly introduced a young Turk, no such person having hitherto entered her dwelling (the very quarter in which Franks resided, being forbidden ground to the haughty Mussulmans). Olivia was hastily adjusting her veil, when Frank, delighted with her surprise and confusion, intreated her admiration of every part of his accoutrements, particularly his pistols, of which two pair were stuck in his girdle, one of which were splendidly inlaid, the gift of a Knight of Malta.

"They are indeed very beautiful, and so ornamented as to make them look like a lady's toy."

"I remember the time when you were an excellent shot with a bow and arrow, Olivia."

"I was at least the best in our circle at Falkland Hall, when archery was all the fashion among us. Indeed I was a much better than Adelaide, when I afterwards practised with her. I believe my eye is good; it could not be my skill."

"I remember taking some pains with you too in pistol firing; but my mother was frightened, or angry, or something."

"To be sure she was. We both got into great disgrace on the occasion. My dear aunt was terrified, and Olivia's sense of decorum shocked beyond every thing, and even Percy took against us, and said it was a very unfeminine pursuit."

"Well, Olivia, don't blush so (not but you look the better for it). I was certainly the lad to make a downright romp of you; but circumstances alter cases. You lived in the country among sportsmen; and though, as the poem says, "you sought no harm to any living thing," yet you were too well accustomed to powder to fear a flash, and you never had a notion of shrieking and yelling, and fainting, as my sisters used to do. Do you think you could pull a trigger now?"

"Oh! dear no."

"But you understand a pistol? You—"

"Certainly, I have not forgot what you showed me."

"Then, as you may be trusted, I would have you take these. There will be no harm in our guides seeing such things in your girdle."

"None at all," said Mrs. G——. "Either those, or a dagger, complete a lady's costume on a journey very properly."

"I will take them," said Olivia; "but, beyond completing my dress, they will be quite useless, for it is certain I am not heroine enough to employ them. If a tiger would lie still I might aim aright; but if he sprang, it would be all over with me."

"We shall meet no tigers but two-legged ones, my dear coz, and I have no fear of defending you from *them*; nevertheless, take the pistols: they are very safe ones, and exactly the thing for a lady."

When Frank bade her adieu for the night, it struck Olivia that he was (take him altogether) the finest looking man she had ever seen, and she heartily wished that Adelaide could behold him, as he would not fail to ap-

pear in her eyes the hero on which her imagination was wont to expatiate, and she closed her own, conjecturing how Percy Luttrell would look if dressed in the same manner, and concluding, as a matter of course, that Frank must hide his diminished head beside him.

CHAPTER IX.

AT a very early hour Olivia bade a grateful adieu to her kind country-woman; and after looking with surprise at the extensive preparations made for so short a journey as that to Rosetta, allowed herself to be placed in a kind of pannier on one side of a camel, whilst her temporary attendant took the other, their accommodations being precisely those in which geese are carried to market in England. The motion was very disagreeable to her; but the extreme anxiety of Frank for her accommodation induced her to put the best face on the matter, and even insist that habit would render it pleasant. He did not appear dressed as on the preceding evening, but in a traveling costume, which was so far incomplete, as to partake much of the country he had left, a circumstance that caused her to fear that he had spent more money than it had been convenient for him to spare, and that of course he had less left than their future wants might require; a conjecture which afterwards proved true. It was not less true that he had presented a sum of money to the Turk who bought the sisters, in order to induce him to a purchase that he considered the only medium of their future comfort; but of this he had said nothing.

For some time the receding forms of the minarets, domes, and pillars of Alexandria presented pleasing objects, but very soon the increasing heat and the uninteresting flatness of the country disposed them rather to languor than observation, and conversation was impossible. To Frank the monotony of the camel's measured pace was annoying in the extreme, and he never ceased increasing the unpleasantness of his situation by repenting that he had not gone the whole way by water, and determining, at whatever loss, to drop his present mode of travel on arriving at Rosetta.

Although traveling was not conducted in England, at the time when our young friends left it, on the scale it is now, yet, compared with their present procedure, it might be called rapid in the extreme; and to a mind so ardent and habits so active as young Falkland's, it will be readily believed that the lengthening of so short a journey into a second day was no little trial. When, however, he saw the miserable caravanserai where they were destined to stop, and found it already filled with a company of ferocious-looking Arabs, all trifling inconveniences and vexations banished from his mind, and that courage and acuteness, self-possession and humanity, which were its most striking characteristics, might be said to "possess it wholly."

Olivia trembled excessively as she entered the place, and her fears were

doubled by the conduct of Aisheh, her attendant, who, seizing on her forcibly, cried, "Cum ava! cum ava!" and retreated, bearing her almost in her arms to the entrance of the building, where alone they could find a resting-place.

Alarmed as he really was, yet Frank could not forbear to express his vexation at this appearance of pusillanimity, which he thought likely to excite the attention, and thereby awaken the cupidity of those within, whom he considered, and justly, little different from a horde of banditti. The woman who had induced the retreat, lost not a moment in explaining, partly in Arabic and partly in the broken English she had gained from her mistress, the wisdom of the measure.

"Let not the lady be seen," said she, "and all will be well; but if these men apprehend that a female, young and beautiful, is here, they will unite to seize her, and either carry her off by force for the purpose of traffic, or compel you to pay a prodigious sum for her ransom. Our own guides may be easily bought over to second their outrage."

"But where can we go? What can we do?"

"Say your *mother* is faint; she prefers to have a tent in the open air. Your camel-drivers are provided with the materials proper for this alternative, and my mistress has given all things necessary for food to me."

"But I cannot leave Olivia?"

"Certainly not! You will guard your *aged* parent. Every man does that, be he Christian or Moslem."

It was a sensible comfort to Frank to find that he understood the language of Aisheh tolerably well, and he determined not only to exercise himself diligently in acquiring it further, but in prevailing on Olivia to do so likewise. Reassuring both the females, he re-entered the barn-like receptacle, bade his men raise the tent "for his mother, who was in a fever and required air," and at the same time examined the state of his arms, and proved their readiness for service. The eyes of all the party were directed towards these treasures with no slight expression of admiration and envy; for of all other possessions, the weapons of warfare (more especially fire-arms) are most valuable in the eyes of an Arab.

In a short time Olivia found herself seated on a Turkish carpet spread on the ground, and a light tent interposing between her and the thousand *thousand* sparkling orbs of light which, in their glorious beauty, had withdrawn her from all sense of danger. She was loth to occasion trouble, but concluding such was the customary mode of accommodating a female and her attendant, was soon enabled to obtain repose, (refreshments being provided by her late considerate hostess,) little aware that poor Frank had mounted guard over her insecure couch, and began to experience that solicitude which he was fated never afterwards to lose during their eventful wanderings.

The abundant and evidently well-conditioned arms, and the not less determined looks of Frank, probably saved him from injury; and it is certain he was better without than within the walls of the filthy abode destined for his lodging, since there were not at that period any night-dews likely to be injurious. In the dawn the camels were roused, the jolting recommenced, and Falkland promised himself that at Rosetta he should lie down in peace and safety.

We need not say that, fair as this garden of the East appeared as they

approached it, their hopes of pleasure and ease were disappointed, since every one is now aware that Savary's descriptions are never realized to an English traveler's conceptions of the agreeable. Of either Rosetta or any other place it is not, however, the writer's intention to venture a word of comment or description beyond what her narrative may necessarily demand; her business is with the feelings and circumstances of two young persons into whose imaginary history she has introduced real incidents and situations,* that excited in her own mind a deep interest, which she desires to impart to those who consider young hearts as pages in the book of nature, that can be read with advantage.

Determined to pursue their route by water, the guides and camels were dismissed immediately, but not until the eternally-demanded backshish had been paid, though not a third of the expected duty had been performed. This mode of extorting money from travelers was a new source of disgust to Olivia, but the whole of the expense appeared so trifling to her fellow-traveler, that, although impatient to reach Cairo (where he had letters of credit) in consequence of the low state of his purse, he did not suffer such circumstances to affect him in the slightest degree. The pure climate inspired him with a joyousness of spirit which, aided by his own fearless and buoyant mind, threw all troubles (save those connected with Olivia's personal safety) at a distance, and he repelled with warmth any attempt she made in conversation towards establishing her own opinion. He even admired the Arabs, whom he had feared the preceding night, and protested that "the freedom they enjoyed from the restraints of civilized life, their patriarchal simplicity, their undaunted courage, and, above all, their love for their horses, and the manner in which they rode them, had won his unqualified admiration."

As Olivia could not fail to be sensible that his view of the bright side was certainly the wisest, since it inclined him to banish all that was unpleasant from his mind, and thereby held it open to all agreeable impressions, she determined never to give him pain by any complaints, unless her perceptions of the case were connected with a remedy for the evil that oppressed them, or likely to avert any danger that might threaten them. Finding much good sense and local knowledge in Aisheh, she endeavored to gain from her information which might be hereafter useful, and particularly exercised herself in the pronunciation and connection of a little Arabic, which, during her voyage in the Levant, had been communicated verbally by her cousin, who himself exercised his powers in the same way with advantage.

A caique (the light vessel generally used on the Nile) was engaged to convey them to Cairo, but could not be obtained at so early an hour as was desirable, in consequence of which they reached the place of embarkation in a state of great heat and fatigue. The view of the far-famed Nile, slowly rolling its turbid waters between flat banks, destitute of trees or buildings, (since they were now nearly two miles from Rosetta,) might have furnished Olivia with a little exultation over her enthusiastic companion; and perhaps she might have been tempted to it, notwithstanding her resolution, if her own attention, as well as Frank's, had not been suddenly arrested by the most striking spectacle they had hitherto beheld as characteristic of the country.

* The journey in question was performed by a lady who related its incidents to the author, and who set out precisely at the period here mentioned.

A horseman, splendidly accoutred, and mounted on a beautiful Arab horse, was advancing on the banks of the river, at the full speed of the evidently-distressed animal, and followed by two others in the peculiar dress of the Mamlukes, who were likewise admirably mounted, and appeared in pursuit of the first. Soldiers of the latter class had not yet been seen by either of our travellers, but they had been so well described, that they had no doubt the persons before them were a portion of that body who might be termed the rulers of the land; and although Frank was in the act of leading Olivia to the boat where Aisheh had arranged their luggage, and was waiting for them, they alike felt eager to satisfy curiosity by gazing on objects so entirely new to their sight, and so strikingly indicative of the chivalrous courage and personal graces attractive to the young and high-spirited mind.

So rapid was the motion of the first person, that, before it appeared possible, his breathless steed had reached and passed the spot where they stood, for the sands thrown up by his horse's feet had pattered on Olivia's veil—in another instant, one of the pursuers not only passed but intercepted him—the sudden flash of a pistol succeeded, and the wounded, wearied animal on which he rode, staggered back, floundered and fell just as the second Mamluke arrived to assist his companion in securing the fugitive.

Olivia, shocked and frightened by the groans of the expiring animal retreated towards the boat where Aisheh received her, cautiously replacing her veil, whilst Falkland, with instinctive courage and humanity, strained his eyes in gazing on the party before him. The pursued adroitly disengaged himself from his falling steed, but was instantly hemmed in by his pursuers, and was so near our travelers that the agitation (which from his late exertions, and probably his inward conflict) shook his manly form, and animated his fine features, was distinctly seen by them. He gasped for breath, he appeared incapable of speaking, and the action of his hand seemed to imply that he was dying with thirst.

Frank had, the very moment before he saw this alarming group, taken a long draught of the purified waters of the Nile from a leathern bottle, which was one of a number procured for their journey; on a motion of his hand another was instantly passed from the boat, and as rapidly given by him to the sufferer who instantly seized it, and drank with that fearful eagerness which proved his terrible necessity.

At length he returned the bottle saying, in tolerable French, "Christian, I thank thee." At the same moment he eagerly divested himself of a rich pelisse which was his outward garment, and, giving it a roll, threw it towards Falkland, adding, "Take this; it is the only reward I can give thee for enabling me to curse my—"

His words were arrested; there was a sudden flash—a stroke as of lightning, from a gleaming scymetar, and his head fell on the ground even while the lips were murmuring.

In another moment the head was fastened in a sash taken from the waist, the horses were remounted, the sands were reploughed, and the assassins were far, far away. The whole appeared a terrific dream to Falkland, who involuntarily covered his eyes with his hands, and tried to inquire, "whether he had indeed beheld a fact so horrible, a murder so unaccountable?"

But Olivia had fainted, and the shrieks of Aisheh called him to himself.

The bleeding body of a man, young, spirited, and handsome, lay ten yards from his feet, close by his dying steed, and the *pelisse*, that wretched being's gift, hung on his arm, "What was to be done? to whom was he to apply for justice? or how secure the rites of sepulture?"

But surely his first care was to restore Olivia, who, pale as the sculptured marble, for the first time in her life had yielded to that temporary death so alarming to those around. The moment her veil was thrown back, and her pale features caught his view, Frank sprang into the boat, and forgot all other things in the wide world but her. He raised her eagerly, sprinkled her face with water, called her by the most endearing terms, caught the fan from Aishah's hand, and labored to restore her through that medium. His cares were not in vain, though exercised some time before they succeeded. At length Olivia became capable of speaking and sensible of his presence; she caught his hand, exclaiming, "You are with me, dear Frank," burst into salutary tears.

Thankful for the relief he experienced, and deeply moved as he was by her situation, yet the consciousness that he had other duties to perform roused him to action; he placed Olivia in the arms of her attendant, and rose to step on the shore. To his surprise he was now at a considerable distance from the scene of the late outrage, and the wind which filled their sails was taking him rapidly from a spot which he not the less felt was eternally graven on his memory. It was plain that the master of the little vessel and his slave had made use of the season of his confusion and distress to take advantage of the breeze in their favor.

To his lamentations for the murder they had alike witnessed, and his inquiries of what ought to be done, they replied only, "*Allah il Allah!*" and Aishah endeavored to pacify him by an assurance that the Mamlukes knew what was best to be done. She observed in a low voice, "that the stranger appeared to be rich; his costly pelisse was a proof of it. Rich people must die—the Pacha had occasion for money. Besides, he had struck her, in the little she could see of him, to be *rather* handsome.

"Handsome!" cried Frank. "why he was absolutely beautiful; every feature of his face was exquisite, and his moustaches—(I will let mine grow, I am determined,)—his moustaches were perfection—his eye, oh! what an eye it was!"

"It has cost him his life, depend upon it!"

"You are right," said the taciturn conductor; "be wise and be silent."

A task more herculean to the excited mind of our *dear* Frank, (for whatever were his faults we must call him dear,) could not be conceived; nevertheless the mandate fell on his ear as that of authority, humble in life as was the utterer. He felt the terrible conviction burst upon his mind, that he was no longer the inhabitant of a country where justice could be obtained, where law of any kind had force, and where personal regard could in any manner protect him. So far indeed from being likely to obtain redress for injury, were it offered, he was convinced that by complaint he should only obtain insult and derision, in case he appealed to the high, although they were never known to redress the low. As he looked upon the pale face and still trembling form of Olivia, he saw the value of his own life and liberty, as regarded her, tenfold, and in a low voice, indicative of the self-control he was practising, apologized for the floods of nonsense he had lately poured out in praise

of a country where such bad deeds appeared so common as to excite in the inhabitants neither pity nor indignation.

Aisheh could not understand his rapidly uttered words, which were indeed not intended for her ear ; but she manifested a great desire to make her own mixed language understood, and the utmost attention was paid to her. She entreated "that no circumstance whatever would induce Mr. Falkland to wear the garment so singularly bequeathed ;" and whilst she spoke of its value as treble what they had conceived, and rejoiced that it had not become the property of the Mamlukes, she yet maintained that it was a dangerous gift. She said it was evident that the late wearer had become obnoxious to certain enemies, who had taken a horrible revenge ; but who knew that he had not others, also, looking out for the opportunity enjoyed only by two, and that a person of the same height, dressed in a pelisse of gay and singular color, lined with ermine so costly as to be easily recognized, might be mistaken for him, and thus become the victim !

This advice was evidently so good that Olivia hoped her companion would adopt it ; but Frank was not likely to follow such prudent counsel, though he for the present accepted it courteously. By degrees his mind recovered its tone, and shook off the oppressive sense of gloom which this horrible and affecting transaction had thrown over it ; and when Aisheh pointed out the pyramids in the distance, he gazed towards them with great eagerness, and appeared determined to admire objects on which from his very boyhood he had been wont to dilate with all the enthusiasm of curiosity. After gazing again and again, with a determination to look the mountains of human labor into sublimity, and finding himself incapable of doing it, he disputed the truth of the information ; but as the taciturn Turk confirmed the assurance, he could neither conceal his disappointment nor surprise, and with all his characteristic frankness exclaimed,

"These *things* the mighty pyramids that I would have circled the globe to behold ! why, they look neither bigger nor better than sugarloaves on the store-room table !"

Aisheh did not understand the allusion, but she read the mortified countenance with which the words were uttered, and hastened to assure him that the grandeur of those imperishable monuments could not be estimated by a distant survey. "When you are close to them," said she, "they become hills that ascend to heaven, and in their mighty masses show that they are the works of giants. Oh ! you must see them near, and enter them, to comprehend the power of those magicians who constructed them."

As every thing in Egypt is done by sorcery, Falkland gave a smile to Aisheh's assurance, yet felt relieved by it from the mortification he had experienced, justly taking into recollection the circumstances attendant on these extraordinary structures, as standing on a plain which permitted no great object in nature to offer a comparative medium. To his observations, as to his emotions, Olivia offered no comment ; she appeared incapable of resuming the powers of recollection and the faculties which give interest to novelty, even after she had raised her eyes to the wonderful subjects of his attention.

"You have but little of the heroic in you, Olivia," said Falkland ; "Adelaide would be a thousand times a better traveler through such a country as

this, in which every person is called upon to balance that which may offend his prejudices with that which must elevate his mind and reward his labors."

"Yet Adelaide, as you know, Frank, shrank from scenes of rapine and bloodshed."

"I like her the better for it a thousand times, for though she had the sensibility to feel, she had the fortitude to subdue her feelings."

"If I cannot do that, Frank, in moments when I am *greatly* moved, you have my full leave to impute my deficiency to the inferiority of my nature; yet I hope with such conception of the fact you will join the confidence of my friendship, since, whilst I sink into myself, I also lean upon you. I had rather, oh! *much* rather, that you should rejoice in Adelaide's superiority than admit us to equality, since I am persuaded that it is happy for you to yield her admiration not less than love."

"You are a generous creature, Olivia, whether you are a strong one or not. Indeed I have wronged you in classing you for a moment with the weak; for surely no heroine, no martyr at the stake, ever behaved more firmly, more nobly than you, during our long miserable voyage. Nor is it a light trial to any one's nerves to see the head of a fellow-creature severed in an instant from his body, without apparent reason or the most distant expectation of such an event—at the very moment, too, when his situation called for pity, and his manly form compelled you to look on him with admiration. No! to use your own word, (a word I have perhaps hardly yet forgiven,) I should have *hated* you, had you felt less for him than you did. Adelaide I am sure would not have done so: but of her, I had better neither talk nor think."

"Oh, fie!" exclaimed Olivia, forcing on her countenance a smile which her still trembling heart could not second; "I thought you had been more of a preux chevalier than to talk thus early of resigning hope; the heroes of olden times could, you know, live whole ages on a smile."

"They might, but I was not born to be a moping, sighing swain; I am not of that race who boast,

'Lead en eyes that love the ground,
And tongues chained up without a sound.'

In fact, Olivia, long absence to our sex is an infinitely greater trial than dangers, hardships, and misfortunes; and, much as I really love Adelaide, I am by no means certain that without hope I shall be able to sustain my passion."

"But your case is not without hope; you *know*, or at least you *believe* it is not."

"Why, so far I will say.—no, I will not say any thing on the subject that may profane so adorable a creature as Miss Beaufort; but there have been women who, I am certain, thought favorably of me, and it is certain she did sometimes exhibit symptoms resembling theirs."

"Well, you will soon know, for at Cairo we are to hear from her; that is, *you* are to hear from, or of her."

"And surely we are now entering Bulak? what a suburb for ushering an expecting traveler to the city of the mighty Saladin!"

Here, however, they were compelled to stop for the next two days, and therefore, when opportunity permitted her, Olivia ventured to unfold as much of the conversation and sentiments of her friend, as would put her companion

in possession of the truth, and which fell like oil on a flame, inciting all its energies, and eliciting all its powers. The joy and rapture, the gratitude and admiration of the lover, were consistent with the ardor of his sanguine temper and unbounded devotion of purpose; and, however lately doubts of his constancy had been expressed, he now hesitated not to maintain his power of allegiance, or rather his incapability of change, to the latest moment of his existence.

CHAPTER X.

IN communicating the state of Adelaide's heart to Falkland, Olivia was duly anxious not to compromise in the slightest degree the dignity and delicacy of her sex, and more especially that of her beloved Adelaide, whose situation she justly held to be very peculiar. One truth she endeavored to impress more deeply on his mind than any other, because she held it herself to be incontrovertible; this was the immutability of that love which had been only avowed to herself with so much pain and hitherto concealed from its object with extreme solicitude.

She was of course induced by her anxious and delighted listener to relate every particular over and over, to describe every shade in the varying complexion, every intonation of voice, with which the soft confession had been accompanied. Undoubtedly the lover still felt himself robbed of much that was endearing in such a tender and gratifying admission even while he was gratified and honored; for who, that has loved ardently and successfully, knows not the value of a blush, the sweetness of a sigh! and how impossible is it for even the most kind and intelligent friend to convey all that the features of the beloved beauty could communicate in such an agitating and interesting moment!

When the mind of our lover dared to believe the transporting truth that Adelaide loved him and him alone—when his heart could repose on the happiness presented to him by one incapable of deceit, and all the blessings combined in the lively affection, deep tenderness, and clinging constancy of a woman so lovely and admirable, were brought home to his heart as an actual possession—his joy and exultation were expressed with all the ardor of his nature. So anxious was he now to pour the language of love and grateful adoration at the feet of Adelaide, that Olivia was convinced, had the good news met his ear, even at Alexandria, he would have retraced his voyage, and rendered nugatory all their dangers, and her just expectations from their journey.

During the time they remained at Bulak, Olivia heard not a word escape the lips of Frank, but praises of Adelaide, protestations of eternal fidelity, anxiety for the fate of the letter he had written, (and which by Aisheh's advice he committed to the returning owner of the caique,) and frequent

assertions, "that love could not live without hope," uttered in such a way, as to prove that his own passion had waned considerably before this happy renovation. Olivia gave Frank credit for the ingenuousness of his mind on these occasions, but did not therefore examine into the nature of her own feelings. She knew that she had never possessed the same impetuosity, or enthusiastic admiration, which seemed to influence the love of both Adelaide and Frank, and therefore concluded, that she had the more constancy, and consistency, and, what she considered, more *womanly* attachment. "I can never find," she would say to herself, "one more worthy of my love than Percy Luttrell; the more I contemplate his character, the more I see in it to esteem, and every recollection I have endears him; how then can I fail to love him and look forward to our future union as the source of happiness! O that I may be able to repay his goodness!"

Yet Olivia was aware, not only that feminine delicacy prevented her from talking continually of Percy in the same way Frank talked of Adelaide, but that her mind did not itself dwell so incessantly upon him. She knew she was affectionate, but not therefore absorbed, and whilst she considered it due to the merits of her affianced lover to give him ardent admiration, not less than steady regard, she yet considered herself as having gone past the time when the heart throbs at a name, and the face is suffused by a recollection. She had been long parted, and must still remain so; her situation was one of extreme solicitude, and, without desiring fortune on the score of either avarice or ambition, she had been led to consider it as an object well worthy her desire as the medium of proving gratitude, generosity, independence, and love itself. "Was it not right (nay, an absolute duty,) that she should preserve herself from any degree of that impassioned fervor, which at this time rendered Frank unable to control his feelings, to take even necessary interest in the things around him, or in any way to conduct himself with the discretion so imperatively called for in their situation?"

Whilst Frank was surrendering himself with such unrestrained devotion to his far-distant fair, there were yet moments when Olivia could scarcely forbear thinking that he was urging himself to a kind of excess, instead of exerting that control which he always owned to be necessary in all things to his temperament, and which he had frequently practised of late. There was, however, something indefinable to herself, which induced her to sanction the most hyperbolical expressions of his admiration, and assist him in nursing passion even to extravagance. She felt inwardly assured, that a noble and virtuous love would be the best preservative of his heart from various possible temptations in the great city they were about to enter, and its most certain consoler in trials he might probably encounter. Besides, it gave a kind of sanction to her own friendship for him, and hourly intercourse with him, which she felt likely to be still more called for, now she was about to part from Aisheh, especially as he had uniformly refused to adopt the name of her brother, agreeably to his father's recommendation.

Whilst Falkland wrote and rewrote more letters, Olivia added to the dress she had purchased at Alexandria those more decided articles of Egyptian costume, which she understood to be necessary for her introduction to the Pacha, as an Englishwoman of sufficient rank to demand his countenance and protection. Her present clothing had been, she now found, rather the

Arab than the Egyptian, and so much more becoming of the two, that, like most girls of her age, she regretted the change. The first had consisted of full trowsers, over which was worn a rich gauze *chemise*, beautifully ornamented with needle-work round the bosom which it modestly shaded. Over this was placed a purple velvet bodice, called the kaftan, which was made to fit the shape admirably, and embroidered with silver, the sleeves fitting closely to the arms, and closed at the wrists by costly bracelets. To the young and slightly-formed, like Olivia, this dress was singularly becoming, when finished by the delicate morocco slipper which merely covered the toes, and the golden anklet, that gave the same advantage to the foot which was derived at the wrist. At this time the kaftan was exchanged for a species of jacket of the same name, which descended a little below the knees, and, though more matronly, was by no means ungraceful, being formed of rich stuff, with flowers of satin, and a pair of long sleeves superadded that fell nearly to the ground. Over this was thrown a mantle of rich crimson silk, and over that, (to use Betsy Blackberry's description) a large bornouse (or cloak) of white lutestring, which together rendered even the most slender girl a person of considerable dimensions.

To this, (which though large and cumbrous, was yet a magnificent style of dress) was added by all ranks and degrees, and on all occasions, a piece of strong calico put over the head, and falling to the feet, effectually preventing the smallest portion of the face from being seen, and sufficiently long to render walking extremely inconvenient, so that no grace of motion, no elegance of form, no power of distinguishing between youth and age could be discovered by the most practised eye. Two large eyelet holes are indeed worked in this detestable calico veil; but it is thrown over so large a portion of folds in the crimson mantle and its white successor, as to render the color or form of the eyes utterly unknown by the party to whom the enclosed female may be speaking. She moves in fact as in a tent, and utters the few words necessity induces, or custom permits, from within one.

When Falkland first saw, or rather heard, Olivia in this new disguise, in spite of his pains or pleasures as a lover, he laughed till he was unable to stand; and, although Olivia could well comprehend his motives for risibility, and was willing in the first instance to join in it, yet (like all other persons) the time came when she felt insulted by appearing in a ludicrous light, and she told him, that "since he had been the means of compelling her to become such an object, it was not kind to go such lengths in deeming her ridiculous."

"Lengths!" cried Frank, holding his sides. "Why, child, you are one mass of *breadths*. How you, a really pretty girl, could be brought to make yourself an object such as this, I cannot conceive. Aisheh and the custom-house fellows may have told you there was a necessity for it, I grant; but no human being will make me believe that the Pacha (who is said to be a clever fellow) would not have liked you ten times better as you looked yesterday, than in this hideous disguise. Why! he can't see whether you have a nose on your face, whether you are nineteen or ninety!"

"I do not wish the Pacha to see me," said Olivia quietly. "Why should I?"

"That is very true," said Frank gravely; "but I am not acquainted with

another girl on the face of the wide earth who would not have a little, *little* wish for the Pacha to see her, and admire her too, naughty as he may be in his taste for many beauties, of many lands. No! They would be frightened, and anxious, and most magnanimously virtuous, and all that; but just to be looked at by 'the savage,' to be appreciated, to be thought capable of adorning his harem, and captivating his heart, would be not a little hankered after by them all, even my own, dear, heroic, magnificent Adelaide among them."

"I wonder, Frank, you can talk so much nonsense, at a time when you know (must know) it has grieved me to lessen our slender purse by this hideous dress."

"Because, it is not nonsense, but truth. Your sex have a thousand good, ay, and great properties; but personal vanity sticks by them like a second skin, which neither danger nor suffering can flay off, however terrible their application. Mary of Scotland washed her feet with great care the night before her execution, determined, no doubt, that the beautiful body which had once been deemed of more than mortal mould, should be found after her death as perfect as time and sorrow permitted.

'The ruling passion strong in death.'

Olivia answered not a word, but turning her ponderous form, she advanced by slow and impeded progress towards the room she had quitted, for the purpose of showing herself.

"Olivia," said Frank in an altered voice, "where are you going?"

"To disrobe, to be sure. I need not tell you that the heat of these things is quite as annoying as their ugliness."

"And do you say not *one* word in behalf of your sex! *you* who so generally defend all your species, save yourself?"

"No, Frank, I leave it to Adelaide to vindicate her character and her sex in days to come. I am no casuist, Heaven knows, and since you have excepted me from your sweeping condemnation, I had better leave the rest to defend themselves, seeing there is not another woman present to be wounded by your accusation."

"You are never for a single moment selfish, Olivia, never, *never*; but yet you are wont to take up the cause of your sex warmly, more especially if, even by the most distant shadow of a shade, your *friend* can be alluded to."

"True," said Olivia, plucking off her veil, and relieving herself from the bournouse; "but I can now leave Adelaide safely in your hands, for I hold you bound to protect her even from your own condemnation, in a random speech."

"And can you forbear to tell me, then, that women are vain, because they are the daughters of *men*, *themselves* the essence of vanity, only less seen because more condensed. Can you really forbear to mention a *man* who, in the very moment when his soul was agonized with horror, moved with compassion, and inflamed with honest indignation, could yet sully all the higher and purer impulses of his nature, by giving a thought, (momentary indeed,) but still a thought, to his moustaches?"

"Yes, Frank, I *can* forbear, though I do not *quite* forget that such a circumstance jarred at the time upon my feelings. That mental warfare which

is called argument has many temptations and some pleasures, but it is so liable to awaken unchristian dispositions and unkind feelings, that I am certain where two persons indulge it, (situated towards each other as you and I are,) it is an unwise practice; and I am sufficiently aware of the inferiority of my sex to yours, to conclude it is my duty to drop it *first*; so, on the present occasion (and I trust every future one,) I can only answer, 'dear cousin, I have not a word to say.'"

"I suppose you are drilling yourself for a submissive wife, Olivia, hey? You are determined to fulfill your promise of obedience both in the letter and the spirit!"

"Unlike many other wives, should I marry Percy Luttrell, my yoke will be easy and my burden light."

"True, very true: there cannot be a better fellow than Percy. In the mean time you and I are from necessity tied together in a kind of matrimonial band, and I think with you our happiness is little likely to be augmented by a disputatious spirit. This is the view you take of the thing in your new system of submission, is it not, Olivia?"

"Certainly it is; therefore I hope to prove myself a quiet, and, in a great measure, a submissive companion, since it must be evident to all who consider the matter fairly, I cannot afford to quarrel with you. Happy, *thrice happy* shall I be, when that blessed moment arrives in which my allegiance is transferred to another, and our dear Adelaide, with higher powers, enters upon higher duties."

As Olivia uttered these words she withdrew, and Frank was left standing in apparently deep contemplation. His judgment decidedly coincided with her's in the conclusion against argumentative conversation, and he inwardly determined that she should not outdo him in the generosity of concession, and that from this hour he would neither jest upon herself nor her sex. He was fully conscious that cutting words steal in unawares in the moment of sharp disputation, and personal offence mingles with general conclusions; and he recalled many errors in his own conduct in this respect, which, he silently observed, "no one but Olivia would have forgiven."

Yet on reviewing her conversation he was dissatisfied and angry; the words "happy, thrice happy," which she had spoken with great energy, jarred on his recollective sense, and struck him as offensive and ungrateful, even though they referred to a consummation he "devoutly wished:" he saw no reason why Olivia should be so *prodigiously* glad to get rid of him.

In a short time the temper, which he considered to be a fit of ill-humor, to which he was not subject, wore off, and the remembrance of his happiness in being beloved by that woman whom he held to be pre-eminent in beauty, talents, and virtue—the daughter of a nobleman, the heiress of an ancient estate, filled his mind again. He recalled to view her fine person, her lovely mien, her various endowments, her noble nature, her unbounded generosity towards him, and resolved to be hereafter the most grateful, and at present the most exulting of lovers. Yet, having dwelt on all that was most flattering in his prospects, poor Falkland breathed an unwonted sigh.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR travelers, shrouded in large blanket-like mantles, called haicks, or hykes, and mounted on asses, now entered Cairo, and for some time forgot alike their cares and their affections in their curiosity. In gratifying his natural desire to gaze on this new and singular scene, Frank had infinitely the advantage over poor Olivia, who could scarcely catch a glimpse of surrounding persons, but was sensible of all that was unpleasant in the jostling of a crowd composed of new and heterogeneous objects. The height of the camels and their loads alarmed her as they passed, and the approach of a well-mounted Mamluke and his glistening arms made her shudder from recollection, while the swarming population of the lower orders realized all her ideas of beggary and disease, poverty and oppression. She felt herself in a land of slaves under the dominion of tyrants.

The men who led the asses of our female travelers, engaged to take them to a caravanserai capable of accommodating them suitably during the time of their stay in Grand Cairo, which they expected, and hitherto hoped, to find a short one. When, however, they had dismounted, and were relieved from their outer garments, Falkland expressed himself delighted with the novelty of all around him, and charmed by the display of wealth and beauty of person again so visible in the Turks: he called it the "land of romance, the birth-place of adventure;" he was amused by the grotesque figures he had beheld, who reminded him of the dervises in the study of his boyhood, the never-forgotten "Arabian Nights Entertainment." His ambition was awakened by the splendor of the horsemen, who pierced the dense streets with the brilliance of comets, and burned with anxiety to explore the recesses where the women belonging to men so all-commanding in form must be shrouded. In one place he had met the canopy under which was placed a veiled bride, but her outer ornaments were of too little value to add to his ideas of personal attraction; and it was certain he had not scanned a female lineament in his journey which gave the slightest idea of any "beauty in the brow of Egypt," and therefore he felt the more solicitous to seek for it.

In pursuing this idea, Frank was merely affected by that spirit of adventure natural to his season of life, and in a manner appropriate to one who from very infancy was enterprising, fearless, and daring. It was utterly unmixed with "baser matter," though it is not improbable that both his vanity and love mingled a little in his chivalrous wishes. He would have liked to hear the song of some Moorish lady of high degree, willing to leave her turret with the Christian knight, in order that he might brave the temptation of her beauty and her gold, and protest his eternal constancy to a fair maiden then pining for him in a distant land. He almost felt as if he owed some such proof of his allegiance to his noble Adelaide, as an excuse for his ardor in seeking adventure, as if called upon to do or to suffer for *her* sake; and to be in such a place for no possible purpose but getting out of it was a mode of conduct he held to be altogether impracticable, more especially when his only advisers on the subject were a young woman and an old slave.

His first object, after a careful adornment of his person in the costume he so much admired, was to sally forth in quest of the Consul and the merchant to whom he had letters as his banker. He had the mortification to find neither, for the conduct of the reigning Pacha had of late rendered the residence of any Frank consuls unsafe, it being supposed that they were agents for disseminating the principles then in operation in France, and which had lately been heard of here, with many exaggerations, which were too soon realized.

Falkland's surprise, and indeed distress, were such in the first instance as to give a great check to his schemes and wishes, and render him as eager to get out of the country as he had lately been busy with plans to protract his stay, should the arrival of his friends present the opportunity of sudden departure. He endeavored to discover any European who might have been induced to remain, in spite of the threats of the government, or in consequence of its particular protection. He was happy enough to find the latter in the person of M. Ducarvel, a French merchant, who had been so lucky as to obtain some degree of credit with the Pacha, in consequence of the bitterness with which he vented his rage against the disturbers of his own sovereign and his beautiful consort, to whose suite he had been in early life attached. The degree of favor, or rather sufferance he enjoyed, did not, however, prevent the partial confiscation of his property and a kind of *surveillance* over his family and his movements, extremely annoying. It was not surprising that this gentleman should eagerly accord to Frank the assistance in his power as to information, since he was considerably the latest arrival from his own country that he had seen; and he had all the curiosity on the subject natural to him as an absentee patriotically attached to the "vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," and personally loyal to the monarch and his family. Their intercourse was the more friendly because their political opinions coincided, and the enthusiasm of a Frenchman's temperament at fifty kept pace with an Englishman's at twenty-two, and their companionship was therefore pleasant; but beyond the civilities accorded by politeness and kindness, M. Ducarvel's powers to help them could not go; and such was the state of the country, that his very good-will induced him to wish them speedily out of it. At this period there were a great number of Mamlukes in Cairo, each of whom was a petty tyrant, and as a *body* so much the objects of jealousy to the reigning Pacha, that strife between them might be daily expected; yet they alike oppressed all strangers, and neither party would have considered it a crime in the other to have taken the life of our male traveler and consigned his companion to that species of slavery which would have been worse than death.

Yet there was something in the bold bearing and acknowledged courage of these soldiers which excited the admiration and won upon the heart of Frank: though slaves from their birth, they appeared the only freemen in a land of slaves; and their aristocratic contempt of their species was almost justified in his eyes by the abject servility of the citizens on the one hand and the atrocities said to be committed by their rulers on the other. Under this predilection, he affected their dress and gait, was seen in every place where numbers were assembled, and being still too much a European in person and manners to be mistaken for a Mussulman, was subject to insult and derision he was little qualified to brook or to evade. Olivia never saw him depart without suffering fears for his safety which she dared not express, lest she

should rouse his anger or increase his negligence ; but she frequently expressed her surprise at his apparent attachment to a place which in her opinion had so little to recommend it.

"We have the purest air and the sweetest water in the world ; cheap provision, civil attendance, the most sacred and interesting associations with all the localities around us ; an infinite variety of people and of merchandize ; such horses, and such men, too, as are not to be found in the world ! I know not what you would have, Olivia !"

"I would have women, Frank ; I would have society with the ladies of the land ; and I cannot think how you, who moved in so high a circle in London, (from your own account,) can fail to feel the loss of female companionship here."

"I feel quite as much that loss as you would have me. Do you suppose I am out so perpetually unless for the purpose of trying every loop-hole, as it were, for a chance of seeing some Eastern beauty, some Georgian maid, cooped up in the corner of a round-tower or sighing in a garden-cage ? You cannot suppose me so void of curiosity or chivalric emprise as to conclude I spend my hours in smoking at a divan or listening to a beggarly story-teller ?"

Olivia's fears had now another and more painful object ; and, whilst she tried to smile, as judging it best to appear easy, she yet blushed excessively as she said,

"Remember thy fealty, knight ; it becomes not one pledged to another, and she so kind and so fair, to wander after Circassian dames or imprisoned damsels ; let not Adelaide complain that 'a worm o' the Nile' has crept into your heart, and effaced her image there."

"She will have no occasion," replied Frank, yet as he spoke he too colored highly, and it was not till after a pause he added, with a decisive tone, "No, Olivia, it is only from sheer curiosity that I want to see the women who are forbidden to one's sight ; a curiosity natural, surely, in any person who is fond of the country, and has not yet seen a single female, either old or young, who in his own land would not have been positively notorious for her ugliness."

"I do not wonder that you feel this passion," answered Olivia, being perfectly reassured by the open countenance and ingenuous declaration thus made, "for in truth I have it myself to a tormenting degree, and endeavor to gratify it by asking innumerable questions of the women around me ; but no harm can come to me, and much may come to you—remember the horrible sight we witnessed—"

"I never forgot it when I—"

"When you wear his pelisse, which is too often : I wish you would remember it when you think of Adelaide, dear Frank, and when you think of *me*, for I have *some* claims on you."

As Olivia spoke, unbidden tears rushed to her eyes, and she was hastily retiring to hide her confusion, which arose from the idea that Frank would consider her selfish in her cares ; yet she felt at this moment as if he had better do so than deem her too anxious about himself. "It is my duty," she whispered internally, "to guard him, dear Adelaide, for *your* sake ; but sometimes I am sensible of great difficulty in doing it from this motive alone."

Whatever were the thoughts passing in Olivia's mind her companion gave her credit for those of consideration and kindness only, and was eager to

prevent her return to her own apartment, into which, adopting the custom of the country, he never obtruded; he therefore hastily besought her not to leave him so soon, reminded her how many hours she passed alone without books or friends, and added, "I will bribe you, my sweet coz, if you will remain; I will give you that gay pelisse which has been so much the object of your anxiety."

"I will accept it thankfully; but did not you tell me you were about to sell it?"

"I greatly fear I shall be driven to sell it if we stay here much longer, and I understand from my friend Ducarvel that next week I shall have an opportunity of doing so to advantage."

A new turn was now given to their thoughts—the pressure of pecuniary matters will be felt by all, more especially the stranger, in a strange land, but at the time when such subjects in ordinary life most press upon the spirits, it is generally found that they are the least spoken of. Many a husband whose heart aches with a secret burden yet tries vainly to hide it from a wife, who is impatient to meet and to merit his confidence; and many a wife, who feels it her duty to inquire on such points, as the only medium to regulate her expenses and prove her affection, shrinks from an inquisition which may wound the sensibility or offend the dignity of her wedded lord. Men are the more diffident on the subject, because the responsibility rests with them, and the more so when, from their former indulgence, they fear that the object of solicitude is rendered unequal to bear the reduction of her comforts; and thus, in numerous instances, the ruin which might be avoided by timely care becomes complete and irremediable. When, however, two persons involved in this situation, whatever be their relation to each other, meet the difficulties which press on them in full and free discussion, no bond of pleasure or of pain will be found more likely to draw their affections so closely to each other, because, no other subject can show more of the mind and the heart, with the qualities which appertain to each. Over the grave of their parent, a brother and sister may weep in concert, and their affection to the deceased and to each other may be amiable and touching; but more extensive views of the character will be gained by each, as they mourn over a trouble far less acute but yet more harassing. They will here learn the power of principle, the struggles of pride, the endurance of affection, the privations to which resignation can submit, and the hopes which faith can inspire; they will read many things, hitherto hidden, of the good or evil of our common nature, and be enabled each to build up the other in resignation, energy, humility and fortitude.

Such was the happy effect of the conversation now held between our young travelers. Olivia would not hear the self-reproaches of Frank, but she would accept his pelisse or any other sacrifice, in order that he might the more readily take whatever she could offer to obviate their mutual difficulties; and plans were arranged in which each party gave the other credit for ingenuity and generosity of no little value in such a situation as theirs; and they parted with an agreement that, as soon as possible, whether their friends arrived or not, they would leave a place which could have no attractions for one, and ought to have none for the other. Olivia did not again mention Adelaide, nor did Frank speak of his curiosity; their discussion was that of sober per-

sons at a more advanced period of life, but never had they parted with so deep a sense of esteem and reliance on each other.

CHAPTER XII

THE serious conversation which had taken place between the cousins was on the following day banished from the minds of each by the extraordinary circumstance of a messenger arriving from the Pacha, requesting, or rather commanding a visit from Olivia to his favorite wife, whose health and spirits being of late very indifferent, it was supposed the extraordinary circumstances of receiving a young European lady might be found beneficial to them.

Although Olivia was by no means free from apprehension, yet she could not forbear to be pleased with the honor, and still more with the novelty of this invitation, especially as it occurred on the very morning when they had received letters announcing the arrival of their expected companions at Aleppo, whither they had been driven by stress of weather, and whence it had now become their intention to proceed on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea, until they could meet them either at Jambo or Mocha, their fears of the Arabs on the Egyptian side being alarmingly awakened since their arrival in Syria. She trusted that it would by some means forward their departure, which the very sight of a letter written in her native language rendered an object of more solicitude than ever.

Frank, on the contrary, lost his interest in this truly momentous communication in the less important but more immediate object of attention. He was flattered and delighted by so unusual a circumstance, more especially as Madame Ducarvel had frequently lamented her own unavailing desire for obtaining such an interview, and since Olivia's person had certainly been invisible save to those in attendance on her, and all the common modes of spreading report in other countries appeared to him debarred in Cairo, he could not forbear appropriating the affair as complimentary to himself. He became extremely anxious on the subject of Olivia's appearance and attendance, lamented his limited means one moment, and the next declared it would never do "to be poor and seem poor," therefore he should instantly procure a makhadam* with a nabood to precede her, and four kawasses to follow her to the castle. He must also provide presents for the houssas and medjibooks, who, as guardians of the imperial harem, would receive and conduct her to the presence of their queen.

"And should you not, dear Olivia," he added, "use a little kahl just to darken your eyelids, or at least some henna to your fingers; to be sure, they are tinged very prettily by nature, but they are by no means red enough for

* Servants provided on all occasions of show, and in constant attendance on public officers.

the taste of persons whose eyes are accustomed to a scarlet hue. I one day saw a pair of hands at the bazaar that doubtless were those of a woman of high rank, and they were the color of a Seville orange in the palms."

"Probably, but as I am not of high rank, mine had better remain what humble nature made them. I hate all disguise, and shall certainly not use it now, since I am expected as a stranger."

Frank caught at the word disguise, and inquired "If it were not possible for her so to alter his appearance that he might be admitted as a female attendant?"

"In that case the first sacrifice must be your moustaches."

There was a long pause, but at length he said, "They will very soon grow again; I should not mind shaving them off, and I really think——"

"I think myself you might be disguised as a very *old* woman; there is nothing else for it, seeing you have no hair on your head; and you have walked about so much, no doubt your face will be known to the *houssas* who will receive us."

"That will never do; I don't want to appear an ugly old crone, of course."

"But if you had the use of your eyes your curiosity would be satisfied, which is all you desire, I am certain."

"True," said Frank with a disconcerted air, "it is *all* I wish for; but I shall give it up for the present; were I discovered there would scarcely be a gasp between that and death, and to die for making a fright of one's-self would be too silly a joke."

"To say nothing of the evil it might inflict on the innocent women to whom you were a stranger, and the inevitable ruin it would be to her who relied on you as a friend, and the far distant one to whom——"

"Say no more," said Frank impatiently; "I am not going, and——"

The arrival of Madame Ducarvel, who had kindly undertaken to see that person and attendance were all *comme-il-faut*, induced the young man to leave the house for the purpose of seeing her husband, and once more inquiring as to the means of finally joining those friends whom he had so long expected in Cairo, but who were still so distant.

Matters were scarcely arranged, and madame was in the act of insisting on the splendid pelisse forming a part of that costume which already nearly suffocated Olivia, when an escort arrived from the castle, and terminated Olivia's entreaties to be spared, and Madame Ducarvel's assurances "that the Samon furs were the most elegant things in the world, and this the finest she had ever beheld."

It was agreed therefore that her female attendant should carry it as a part of that outward costume which belonged to the country she visited, and as indicating the wealth and importance derived from her own.

The female who accompanied Olivia was a respectable French servant, who had long resided with the merchant and his lady, and been treated by them with even more than usual kindness of their country to "*la bonne*." On this occasion she was a great comfort to our traveler, yet evidently capable of the gravity required by good Musselmans from docile and obedient woman. After passing the castle gates, they were conducted into a small

9 209

court, in the midst of which a fountain of pure water fell into a marble basin, after the general fashion of eastern countries; but the place was surrounded by gilded lattices and other splendid ornaments, in a style Olivia had never witnessed before, and which for the first time realized to her mind the impressions she had received in her childhood of the wealth and magnificence boasted in the Arabian tales. Sincerely did she wish that Frank had been with her; but before she had time to blame herself for having, though indirectly, sought to prevent him, a pair of folding-doors opened, and she was ushered through an ante-room, covered with the produce of the Persian loom, and breathing perfumes, into the inner chamber, in which, to her surprise, there was what might (in a small room) be termed a crowd of women, all eagerly gazing towards her with looks of childish curiosity, in many faces mingled with fear.

It was evident from the rich dresses, and even the superior beauty of some, that they were the ladies of the harem, as distinguished from their slaves; yet they all alike formed in a moment a kind of lane which led towards a female, seated on a small square ottoman of silk embroidered with gold, which, mingling with the glittering and costly materials in which she was clothed, rendered her at the first glance the most dazzling object Olivia had ever beheld. The low-bending courtesy with which she met the first glance of the "beloved one" appeared to startle her as from a reverie, and hastily, but gracefully rising, she presented her hand to Olivia, and, in a few low but yet distinct words, she welcomed her, and seated her by her side.

Olivia had now the power to analyze the appearance, which had on its first view so surprised and struck her. She found that every portion of the lady's dress was indeed so superb in effect, and so expensive in construction, as to warrant the sense of its magnificence which she had experienced. It was yet inferior to the finished beauty and untutored elegance of the wearer; yet that beauty was different from any thing she had ever before witnessed, and rather calculated to charm, the more it was examined, than to strike the eye of a European, faultless as it certainly was. This peculiarity arose from the complexion, which was that of the palest lemon color, to which the unaccustomed eye required reconciling as a novelty. A few moments, however, sufficed to convince her of its beauty in preference to the blonde or the olive, especially as she had never seen any skin so exquisitely delicate, never gazed on eyes so large, dark, and mild, nor beheld lips of such living scarlet, whilst every feature in form realized all she had seen of Grecian contour united with that living beauty which marble never can communicate. It was, however, evident that either disease, though undefined, or sorrow, though unsuspected, preyed to a certain degree upon this lovely creature; for whilst she bent, by natural politeness, her mind to the words which Olivia uttered in defective Arabic, she yet sighed, and her eye wandered, as if that mind would perforce be absent.

Olivia, according to the custom of the country, had laid aside her outward habiliments, which were consigned to the care of her temporary maid, who stood near the entrance. Zuleyma's wandering eye caught the form of the Frenchwoman, at the moment when she was, by the love of display so natural to her sex and situation, throwing the pelisse and its rich lining conspi-

cuously in view. The color forsook her lips, her eyes closed; it was evident she was on the point of fainting, and several slaves rushed to the place where she sate, presenting perfumes, waving fans, and offering medicine.

Olivia had seen the direction of her eye, and for a moment feared that the presence of her attendant had been deemed an intrusion, notwithstanding the assurances she had received of the contrary. In another, a new light broke upon her mind. At all events the crowd around the sufferer could do no good, and in the best words she could command she besought them to retire. As every Frank is deemed a physician, she was obeyed, and when the last fell back, the half-expiring Zuleyma caught her hand, and by a violent effort inquired "how her attendant came by the pelisse?"

"It was given by a dying friend to the relation who accompanied me to Cairo."

"Dying! but how did he die?" said she with a convulsive yet suppressed agony that shook the seat on which they sate.

"Alas! he was beheaded by a pursuer. His life was gone in a moment."

"God is merciful!" she exclaimed in a low voice, and instantly fell back in a swoon.

Olivia now gladly permitted the usual restoratives to be applied, and had in a short time the satisfaction to see those sweet eyes again open, and gaze upon her with a kind of tender confidence; but the sufferer remained silent, whilst those near spoke eagerly on the subject of her complaint, which each described her own way, but all attributed to magic. In listening to this truly feminine conclave, so far as she understood them, Olivia could have been much amused at any other time; but her admiration and her affection also were so drawn towards their lovely sovereign, in whose bosom was evidently enshrined some heart-rending secret sorrow, that she could give no attention to any other subject. So completely busied was her mind with vain conjectures, so wildly did her imagination pursue the possible, or reject the improbable, in the case of the afflicted and captivating Zuleyma, that she was alike unable to comment on the assurances or reply to the inquiries of the ladies around them.

Whilst this was passing, the hand of Olivia was fast locked in that of the fair sufferer, and remained in that position when they were informed that her escort was waiting to guard her return, and at the same time refreshments of the most costly kind were offered to her, but of which, as it will be readily conceived, she could not under the circumstances of the moment partake: still less could she solicit the favor of the Pacha, through the medium of his consort, for their safe conduct; and she quitted the beautiful group, and her who was not only fairest of the fair, but to her an object of deep and especial interest, like a person under the impression of a dream.

When Olivia had actually left the castle, and felt the freshness of the air pervade the litter in which she was carried, she could not help being angry with herself for neglecting the only means likely to be afforded her, of making the friend she needed, and even of concealing from one evidently so kind and so wealthy the difficulties under which they labored, and which might have been immediately obviated by the interference of the Pacha. It was in vain that she sought to chide herself or lament her situation, for the

thoughts of the lovely vision she had so lately parted from, tore her from herself, and gave her even a desire to remain in the very place which a few hours before she had so earnestly wished to quit for ever.

She was now impatient to see Frank and communicate not only her observations but her feelings; yet, as she approached their residence, either prudence or some other feeling told her it would be wisdom to restrain the expressions of admiration which sprang spontaneously to her lips when she thought of the lovely Zuleyma, and which could hardly fail to awaken that anxiety to behold her, which every observation she had made tended to prove was a pleasure he must never enjoy.

In this affair, Olivia was greatly favored by circumstances she could not foresee and certainly not desire. She found Frank harassed in mind, and in consequence much ruffled in temper; he had been introduced by Ducarvel to an Arab chief, who undertook their safe conduct to Jambo, but demanded payment before he would set out, and also gave him such information respecting the navigation of the Red Sea, as to place the necessity of going immediately in a strong point of view, if indeed he wished to join his long-expected fellow travelers at that port, the necessity of doing which, as a means of safety, he strongly insisted upon. Frank was therefore again metamorphosed into a man of business, and, instead of questioning her on the beauties of the Pacha's harem, and the dangers which surrounded it, his first questions were on those points on which she returned utterly destitute of information, and it was too evident she had either no means of gaining friends in the castle, or had neglected to use them.

Frank's expressive countenance indicated not only the vexation and disappointment he felt, but gave some tokens of that rising passion, which in his boyish days she had witnessed too often: and Olivia almost trembled as she sought to quell the storm which seemed brewing in his mind. It was suddenly allayed by the entrance of an old woman, whom neither had ever seen before, and whose silent footsteps, stealthy looks, and singularly penetrating eyes, conveyed to both the idea that she was one of those personages denominated sorceresses, and that she sought them either for the purpose of foretelling misfortune or actually causing it.

After putting her finger cautiously to her lip, and casting a look round the apartment, which indicated not only the full use of her eyes, but her ears, and in its mysterious expression conveyed a sense of appalling danger, at least to Olivia, she seized without ceremony on the pelisse which was flung on a sofa beside her, and began immediately with a small knife to cut off the silk on the outside, evidently taking pains so to mangle it as to render it for ever incapable of being worn. In a short time it became evident that she had reached an inner pocket, unseen by the late owners, from which she took several small articles of trinkets which appeared to give her the greatest satisfaction; after securing which, she by a few Arab words gave them to understand that the silk must be immediately burned in secrecy, and the fur adapted to some other purpose.

At any other moment of his life Falkland would unquestionably have sought either to tear his property from the hands of the spoiler, or questioned her dictation; but there was something so extraordinary in the unannounced appearance of this nightly visitant, and the countenance of Olivia had so

decidedly expressed terror equal to the stranger's peculiarity, that his spirit seemed quelled almost supernaturally. Yet it appeared that he had little either to fear or to complain of; for as the hag turning to each, bade them promise obedience by their own faith, she placed a weighty purse of gold in the hands of Falkland, and drew forth a string of pearls evidently meant for Olivia.

In presenting the latter she said in a whisper, "Wear these for the sake of Zuleyma. She is aware you are the sister of him who is no more, and accords to you her warmest love; but leave Cairo *immediately*, or you are lost."

Olivia would have replied, but her surprise most happily overcame her; she yet eagerly took from her dress one of the ornaments she had worn at the castle, and presented it as an unworthy remembrance to her princely benefactress. In another moment the old woman had vanished silently and speedily as she had entered, her slender and sunken form being enveloped in a dark abbah, the shrouding cloak of the Arabs.

"I should really think this was all a dream," said Falkland, after some moments of silence, "if this good purse of sequins did not tell me to the contrary; surely it is no plan laid for our destruction? the woman had a right so to pay for the thing she has ruined—what do you think, Olivia?"

"I think they are as much ours as the gift we give a beggar is his, and I should as little scruple to use them as he would."

"You place us both in a pretty point of view, truly. I will hunt her out, I will fly after her, and compel her to take it again."

"Dear Frank," cried Olivia, interposing between him and the door, "you shall not, must not do so mad a thing. The purse and these pearls also come from one who is wealthy enough to bestow them, and to purchase by what she deems a trifling sacrifice that which to her may be safety and life. Nay, we are receiving help through her medium, by a far higher hand, which it would be sinful to refuse; put the purse in your pocket, and assist me to burn these fragments, and then collect and disperse the ashes so as to avoid all suspicion. Remember that her last words were an adjuration we must not dare to gainsay."

The recollection not merely of these words, but all that had passed between himself and the Arab, together with the sense of pecuniary difficulty under which he labored, induced Frank to comply with a request so evidently reasonable, after which he retired, though anxious to ask a thousand questions, one he could not forbear; it was an inquiry not as to the positive beauty, but the complexion of that lady who had been their assistant, and who had reasons of her own for the destruction of the pelisse, in which he had so frequently appeared, that he could not forbear to consider either her fears or her favors as connected with himself, although Olivia could have told him enough to prove that the dead, and not the living moved the heart of Zuleyma.

"Her complexion," she replied, "was singular to me, but exquisitely beautiful; how shall I describe it? oh! it was exactly like that pale yellow apple in our orchard at home, which my dear uncle never allowed any one to touch—so smooth so exquisitely delicate?"

"Thank God!" cried Frank, emphatically, "I never beheld her; a woman like an apple would be shocking to me," adding internally, "Poor thing! she

may have a heart, a soul, but I never could have returned her love, even if I had not been situated as I am."

It was lucky that Olivia neither suspected this ebullition of self-complacency, nor was led by it into a refutation of her friend's misconception of the matchless beauty and endearing qualities of her new-found friend, whom she longed to pour all the eulogiums of an admiring and grateful heart. Frank was gone: in solitude she reflected on all she had seen, and her imagination conjured up a thousand reveries, which told her that Zuleyma was unhappy yet innocent, amiable and worthy of her tenderest affection: she wept at the thoughts of beholding her no more, yet was convinced it was her duty to urge their departure for her sake. Amidst the regrets she felt in seeing one so interesting only once, and the sense of misfortune which constantly pressed upon her, in being so singularly situated as a wanderer, who had only one stay, one comfort, and that a good but scarcely proper one, she yet felt, in its full force, the blessing of being a Christian woman, who had reliance and a hope to which the fairest and the best in the land where she journeyed were unhappily strangers.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE first dawn of the following morning, our friend Falkland made his way to the outskirts of the city, where he found the Arab chief, Abd-er-Rahman, with whom he now speedily concluded his bargain, entering into the prospect of his future journey with not less spirit and expectation than usual. He engaged asses for himself and Olivia, preferring their motion to that of the camels; but one of the latter was provided for their luggage; and it was agreed that they should travel under the escort of nearly fifty of the Sheikh's dependents, who were now in the city for various purposes, but could in a few hours be rallied, and removed at his bidding.

Madame Ducarvel was the early visitor of Olivia, from whom she desired to receive a more circumstantial account of her late visit than her maid had been able to give; she therefore heard the news of their intended removal at the same time with Olivia, and, as she had already missed the splendid pelisse, and saw the young lady without any ornaments, she naturally concluded that the means of settling with the Sheikh had been furnished by the sale of these things. It was a day of inquiries and bustle, accompanied by no little anxiety, for every person either had, or pretended to have, bad news from the desert, where the Arab tribes were in almost perpetual warfare with each other, and the impossibility of traveling by themselves, should their guides desert them or be compelled to fly, could not fail to be obvious to every one.

One of the Sheikh's wives and a female slave, returning to their camp, which was understood to be about a day's journey distant, was a satisfactory circumstance to Olivia in idea, but as the women were mounted on a tall camel little intercourse could pass between them. After bidding an affec-

gave farewell to the only Europeans they had seen, and presenting Madame Ducarvel, to her surprise, with the precious Samon fur so much valued in the Levant, and which was an object of envy to her when worn by Frank, he bade an eternal adieu to Grand Cairo, rejoicing that they had seen its wonders, and recalling with pleasure their visits to the pyramids, Old Cairo, a reputed birth-place of Moses, and every other place which had helped to ease their minds during a period of anxiety, and, to one party, comparative activity and solitude.

All around them showed fertility and beauty, for Egypt was now rich in second crops, and the glowing green of earth emulated the cloudless blue heaven, whilst the pure air animated every living creature. Frank again viewed the country as he was wont, and declared that he should be quite melancholy at the thoughts of leaving it, if it were possible to be so; but that he was buoyant and light-hearted in spite of himself: there could be no depression in such a clime as Egypt worthy the name of sorrow.

Olivia thought she had seen within a short time intense heart-wearing sorrow, as exhibited by the pining Zuleyma, who had evidently contemplated the agonies of one dear to her till she had experienced the extreme of mental suffering; and she thought also that the possession of the money which had in fact liberated Frank, and the sense of escaping from some unknown and certain danger, might also tend to exhilarate spirits naturally buoyant; but she did not for a moment oppose his conclusions,—she sought rather to paralyze his sensations; for, on casting her eyes around, the group of wild and even ferocious-looking beings, by whom they were environed suggested fears which was difficult to allay, yet would have been equally foolish and even imprudent to acknowledge.

By degrees, slow as were their movements, the cultivated country was left behind, and the trackless desert lay around them. Temporary tents were erected, blankets produced at nightfall, and Olivia shared the couch of the female fellow-travelers, whom she found of gentle manners, but yet proved to very coldness. On the following morning, they departed from their own abode, accompanied by a considerable portion of the company, who formed around them a kind of body-guard, as if it were imperative upon them to take the greater care of their Sheikh's consort, now he was no longer their protector.

Though Olivia was sorry to lose the sense of propriety connected with the idea of being accompanied by persons of her own sex, yet as she had really enjoyed no society with them, and considered herself rather an object of dislike to them than otherwise, she soon became reconciled to their departure, and gave up her mind to the contemplation of the desert and the recollections habitually associated with it. Not a cloud or a breeze arose to interrupt her thoughts, as they traveled with the great law giver and his rebellious people over the same trackless ground; but she saw with pleasure that there were green patches in the sandy plain; and here and there a few stunted trees served to remind them of the beauties of vegetation, and teach them to estimate the pleasures it had given them in happier circumstances. Towards noon, two or three straggling horsemen who were seen advancing, gave to her an agreeable variety; but she observed that they appeared objects of suspicion to her party, who took upon them to question the strangers with

an insolence and authority, which our English travelers could neither comprehend nor witness without blame; for they could not fail to consider the desert a free country; but they had great difficulty in persuading the Sheikh to suffer them to pursue their own path through it; it appeared to be his policy to insist on the men returning as prisoners in his train.

At this time Olivia was exceedingly struck by the conduct and looks of the young Arab, whom she understood to be the Shiekh's nephew, and who was named Abdallah ad Saim. His person was elegant, and his dress, even as a traveler, distinguished by its richness; but his countenance, in spite of handsome features, was terrific in the vindictiveness of expression he assumed towards these wandering countrymen, and even after they had passed, she saw him more than once on the point of firing after them, with that air of reckless and savage thirst of blood which denotes cruelty of nature not less than barbarism of manners. Falkland opposed his wicked intentions, not only with proper arguments, but with somewhat of a menacing air, very natural to a humane and courageous man, but which brought a scowl on the brow of Abdallah, in which malignity seemed stirring up revenge.

For some time after these men had passed, a sharp look-out was kept, and when one or two others were descried in the distant horizon, it appeared to excite considerable alarm amongst the Arabs, which could hardly fail to communicate itself to Olivia. Frank, however, tranquilized her fears before they were expressed, by informing her that these people were more remarkable for their cunning than any other characteristic, and that their pretended fears arose from a scheme for gaining more money from him; that it was only a new mode of asking for backshish, as would most probably be evident on arriving at the wells, where he apprehended they would pitch their tent for the night.

Alas! the wells were this night wanting both for themselves and their cattle, and the water in their possession had become black and thick, revolting alike to the eye and the palate. On this discovery, poor Frank's countenance lost all its late hilarity, and he looked on Olivia again as the victim of her ill-fated expedition. His elongated visage met only a languid smile in return, and an assurance that she lamented the circumstance more on his account than her own, since his habit of taking more than she, must make his sense of its loss the greater; and she eagerly offered the little portion of food which she had remaining, and which would assist him to eat the meal then preparing by the Arabs.

Frank divided this welcome present with her, and then with far more vigilance than on the preceding night, sought to secure her place of repose, comfort and safety. The novelty of her situation however, together with the remembrance of Abdallah's looks, prevented her, notwithstanding her weariness, from resigning herself to repose, to which might be added her uneasiness on Frank's account, who, she was aware, was silently pacing round the tent, and thus denying himself the rest he required.

At length she spoke, and earnestly entreated him to take repose, assuring him she had no fears of any kind save for his health; and, overpowered rather by his own weariness than her reasons, he consented to wrap himself in his haick and lie down at the opening of her tent. Morning was then advancing, and it grieved Olivia that his time for sleep was so short, especially

as she fancied that she already heard the Arabs rousing the camels, and that their march would speedily recommence.

Under this persuasion she looked forth and saw the faithful animals all kneeling in peaceful slumber, but her alarmed ear had not deceived her; there *was* a sound of distant footsteps, which every moment told her approached nearer, while it was evident that their own little camp was buried in sleep.

Fearful of giving way to false surmises, yet recollecting the assertions of many, who spoke of the warfare and more especially the predatory incursions of the tribes where any property could be taken, she now thought it right at least to communicate her fears to her friend, especially as she was so situated, from being placed in the midst of the tents, that she could not aid the information of hearing, by sight. Frank, now fast locked in happy forgetfulness, was awakened with difficulty, but when roused ridiculed her information as the effect of female fear; but scarcely had he uttered the words, when the loud neigh of a steed, which was yet evidently at some distance from the camp, alarmed him, and he lost not a moment in awakening every one of the party, at the same time urging Olivia to hide herself in the tent from the view of the strangers, that she might pass for a female belonging to the tribe, and assuring her that the advancing party were only persons on travel like themselves.

Olivia's heart beat as it had never beat before. She was convinced that her cousin did not believe that which he asserted; and for a moment she lost the sense of his intended kindness in the reflection upon her weakness which it implied. Yet, was she not weak? Did not every limb tremble? Would there indeed be a battle, and could she survive beholding it? Above all, was it possible that Frank would take no part in it?

Scarcely had these questions rushed through her busy brain, when the tents were struck, the camels roused, and she was herself placed on her ass, and consigned by the Sheikh to the especial care of Abdallah on his part, and to Falkland, of course, on her own. The whole cavalcade were almost instantly in motion, from which it appeared that they thought safety more likely to be found in flight than in parleying with an unknown but not unsuspected body of intruders. Many oaths were muttered by all against the strangers who had been spared the preceding evening, but the reproaches of Abdallah towards Frank, though pointed and provoking, were at this moment borne without reply.

It soon became evident that flight would not save them, and that they were pursued with hostile intentions, for several shots were fired after them, and bitter taunts leveled at their proceedings. The first sound of fire-arms doubled the tremor of Olivia, who felt as if she should instantly fall to the ground; but the voice of Frank recalled her to self-possession, and seemed to give her for the moment a power of mind which she had never thought herself possessed of.

"I will not grieve *him*," she whispered to her beating heart. "Oh! no, he shall not find his spirits depressed by my weakness—he, who for the whole night has watched over me. Alas! I have already impaired his strength; but I will not wound his feelings."

At this moment the Sheikh called out aloud to his people to face their foes,

—"the vile sons of Aboul Hassan." At the word, every one turned instantly, and as the light of day now enabled them to see the enemy, whom it appeared they abhorred far more than they had hitherto dreaded, it was no wonder that they rushed impetuously forward, brandishing spears or sabres, there being few who could rely on their fire-arms in a close engagement.

"Fly, dear Olivia, fly as far as you are able," cried Frank. "I will be with you again in a moment; but they are slaying the Sheikh, the poor old man!"

"Go, go, dear Frank," was all she could utter in reply, though she endeavored to obey his advice; but the stubborn animal she rode would not go one way whilst every one of his companions went the other; and her struggles for that purpose ended by finding herself thrown into the very midst of the battle.

Gaping wounds, streaming blood, cries of exultation, and groans of anguish, contributed to terrify and distract Olivia; but her dread of being seen by Frank, and thereby distressing, and in fact injuring him, was so paramount to every other consideration, that it nerved her mind, and induced her to determine to flee on foot from the scene of action. Just as she had sprung from her wayward beast, she saw Frank himself almost close beside her, guarding himself from a pursuing foe, who, mounted on a fine Arab horse, had evidently the advantage. A second look showed her that he was already badly wounded, for the blood was gushing down his arm, and his destroyer was about to inflict a sabre-blow that would sever his head from his body, and which he could not parry, for the bleeding arm was now nerveless. On jumping from the ass, Olivia had instinctively taken one of the small pistols, we have already mentioned, from her girdle, as the guardian of her flight. She now sprang forward, pointed it towards him she held as an assassin, and fired. In another moment he fell upon the sand, and his prancing charger would have trampled her down, if a strong arm had not forcibly withdrawn her from the spot.

Olivia felt the grasp. She heard also a shout as of triumph; but in another moment an oblivion, like death itself, was upon her, so deep was the swoon into which she sank. When at length her eyes opened to the light, she found her head laid on the old Sheikh's knees, who with a bandaged forehead, was leaning piteously over her, being assisted in his cares by a young grandson, who offered water to her lips.

"Take it, daughter, take it *freely*," said the old man, as if conscious of the value of the gift. "It is a prize from the enemy, whom the God of our fathers taught thee to conquer, feeble as thou art."

"Where is he? where is Frank?" cried Olivia, before her parched tongue welcomed the beverage so long desired.

"Thy betrothed is wounded deeply, but we hope not mortally. Our women, to whom we must now journey, are skillful. Be thou comforted."

But words heal not wounds like those of Olivia; and, forgetting all forms, even that most called for, of veiling her face, the moment she had the power of walking, she made her way to the place where they had laid poor Frank, who was faint from loss of blood, and earnestly inquiring for her. The sight of him so reduced, so helpless, seemed to endue her with new life. Hastily tearing the veil which now hung over her neck, she searched for the wound in

his shoulder, and succeeded in staunching the blood, after which she demanded a supply of water for him also, and, by every cheering word which the tenderest pity could suggest, she sought to console him for the past, and anticipate good for the future.

Whilst thus engaged, the Sheikh had caused the dead bodies of his people to be buried in the sand, and such of the enemy as had not escaped when they perceived the turn of the battle, to be bound as prisoners, and the wounded to be placed on the camels in the best manner circumstances allowed. The animal which he thought most likely to move easily he appropriated to the use of Falkland, who was now placed upon it, and their melancholy march was resumed, not as before, towards the sea, to which our travelers were bent, but to the distant settlement where they could avail themselves of the skill and rest so necessary for recovery to the many who were injured.

In the course of this painful peregrination, Olivia learned from the Sheikh that his own life had been saved by the prowess of Falkland alone; and that, during the short but tremendous conflict, he had given proofs not only of valor, but conduct which was truly heroic; in consequence of which the chief, Abou l'Hassan, had singled him out, at the moment when he had received a wound from one whom he had in return laid in the dust. From the rapid loss of blood and of power in the injured limb, no doubt could have arisen as to the death he would instantly have received, if she had not interfered to save him.

"But I did not, surely I did not kill the man?" cried Olivia, with a look of horror.

"Suffice it daughter that he fell, and in that fall thy friend found means of aid," replied Abd-er-Rahman with admirable prudence.

"And was it you, father, that drew me from the place of combat?"

"It was one younger and more able than I,—the brave Abdallah."

Olivia shuddered at the idea of being in the hands of Abdallah even for the purpose of rescue; but she endeavored to subdue a spirit so ungrateful, and as well as she was able, uttered words of thankfulness towards her preserver, to which the old Sheikh replied by observing only, that, "Abdallah was invincible in war and terrible even in peace."

Olivia journeyed this day with an aching heart, not only because she was retracing in a great measure those wearisome wilds she had hoped soon to renounce for ever, but in the constant fear that the journey could not fail greatly to injure Frank. Every false step, every shake she experienced, called on her sympathy for one who was far more subject to them from his situation as being placed on the camel, and whose wounds might be said to bleed in her heart. When it was possible for her to approach near enough to exchange words with him, he never failed to speak cheerfully; but the extreme paleness of his countenance, and the evident languor of his voice, conveyed too certainly the extent of his injury.

Many short halts were made in the course of the day, for the rest and refreshment of the wounded; the night was therefore advanced when they reached the encampment of Abd-er-Rahman, and the weary sufferers felt the baneful effects of the night air, and became eager to reach their habitations. Though Frank must have been more sensible of it than any one, no complaint passed his lips, and in reply to Olivia's anxious wishes for a surgeon from

Cairo, he assured her that he had full reliance on the help he should receive in the camp; and only lamented their removal thither, on account of the bad accommodations she should too probably be obliged to put up with.

Abdallah, who rode a fine horse, pushed forward to apprize the tribe of their advance, and prepare them for their duties to the strangers and the wounded; the loss of the dead would be too soon announced by their absence.

As they drew near the assemblage of tents, now rearing their forms as dark hillocks in a wide and cheerless waste, beneath a sky of ineffable splendor, a loud shout of welcome broke on their ears, and the voices of the women, crying "*loo loo*," which Olivia understood to be congratulatory and triumphant, sounded above the rest. She thought how soon these demonstrations of joy must in many cases be turned into mourning; but her own deep solicitude for one object soon absorbed even her compassion, for it became anxiety to agony. On entering the tent of the Sheikh, she was met by Zaymeh, that wife of his from whom she had so lately parted, with a frankness of manner and cordiality of welcome which placed her in a new light, and caused some degree of hope to arise in her bosom as to the event of their visit. In a few moments the most skillful in the settlement eagerly advanced, and examined the wounded with much tenderness. Whilst this was going forwards, loud shrieks were heard from those who had lost their relations, which were contrasted by exclamations and songs of joy from others, who clasped in their arms sons and husbands not recognized in the moment of arrival, or received part of the prize won from the enemy. The Sheikh rightly conceiving that this confusion could hardly fail to annoy the strangers, and probably feeling it to be injurious to himself, seeing his own forehead was undergoing the cares of the leech, gave orders that all should be still, and his commands, to the great joy of the almost distracted Olivia, were instantly obeyed. The mourners retired to their inner tents, and the remainder departed to take due care of their horses, or to the rest and refreshment offered by their own peculiar domicile.

On no one had this scene of confusion so bad an effect as poor Frank, whose wound on examination appeared less alarming than the loss of blood had presaged, but who was now in a state of fever so high, from long and painful motion and great mental anxiety, that it was plain his senses were wandering, as he lamented bitterly the absence of one who held his fevered hand in her's, and by words of tender condolence sought to recall him to himself. The ease obtained by the application made to his wound had in a great measure this effect; and before she was compelled to part with him for the night, (by resigning him to the care of two aged men, who undertook the task of watching,) she had the satisfaction of hearing him recall her by name, and assure her he was sensibly amended by the dressings.

Until this relief took place, Olivia had been utterly incapable of taking the refreshments which had been offered her, or of considering the situation in which she was placed. Aware that she must comply with the customs of the singular people amongst whom she was thrown, and fearful that they were already scandalized by the attention she had paid to her cousin and the too probable exposure of her features during so anxious a period, she hastened to propitiate them by immediately retiring, and entreating from the young wife

of the Sheikh an introduction to her superior, from whom her case had already received compassionate attention, as she had been the principal operator on Frank.

This wife (Amueh) had a daughter extremely beautiful, affectionate, and intelligent, named Aisheh, a circumstance which drew the attention of Olivia towards her as towards a friend; and the young Arab was not slow in returning her regards, and by every means in her power evincing her desire of rendering her easy. Believing Frank to be Olivia's brother, she used her utmost endeavors to prevail on her mother to exert her skill and ceaseless care towards him; and although neither herself nor any other girl in the tent ever went beyond the curtain which divided it without being closely veiled, or exchanged a single word with the unmarried men of the tribe, she yet willingly assisted her mother in applying the bandages to the wounded stranger, and in taking him the medicated waters sent for his refreshment.

For two or three days Frank's fever ran high, and he was frequently delirious, but he was always conscious of the presence of Olivia, and willingly submitted to every request she dictated. As his fever subsided, he earnestly entreated permission to go into the open part of the tent, where he could receive the comforts of air and light, and where he might constantly enjoy the society of his relative; and from the time his couch was removed thither, his recovery was rapid, and he took a warm interest in all around him.

As the men were generally out during the day, and between Olivia and the women the most happy confidence had taken place, Aisheh, under the prevalence of that which her too easy mother might have termed "bad example," would now frequently sit down near Olivia, and join, so far as she was able, in the conversation, and in showing her new friend the mode of weaving mats and baskets, in which she was expert, it occurred unavoidably that her face was partially revealed. Frank had been already struck with the lightness of her step, the gracefulness of her motion, and the tender sweetness of her voice; and he now eagerly watched an opportunity of gazing on the contour of a face which might truly be termed the most picturesque he had ever seen. The forehead was high, but half-hidden by the dark glossy hair, which parted in the middle, and, after folding round the head, was fastened with a bodkin on the crown, thereby aiding the general form. The eyes piercing, black, yet soft as those of the gazelle; the aquiline nose, and mouth of most exquisite formation, with a complexion of almost northern fairness, might well attract his eyes in the desert, where there was not only a total absence of every other beauty, but much to surprise and disgust. When to the charms of Aisheh's person were added her gratitude to Falkland as the preserver of her father's life, her anxiety to hear the details of a battle in which he had been the hero, and her surprise that any human being could have surpassed Abdallah, it was no wonder that she interested him exceedingly—an interest rendered the more lively, from those long absences which she was compelled to adopt the nearer he approached to health.

"What a beautiful creature that Arab girl is!" said Frank to Olivia; "I can readily conceive the life of a chief in these deserts to be a very happy one, with a wife lovely, and modest, and kind, as Aisheh, and with a people devoted to him as those of Abd are!"

Olivia was silent, and certainly more of sullenness sate on her brow than

he had ever seen before : it was at least evident that her spirits were depressed and he therefore continued : " There is something so patriarchal in the government of the Sheikh ; the obedience paid to his commands is so entirely that of the heart ; he is so like what I conceive Abraham to have been, that really——"

" *Really*, you would like to become one of his sons, I suppose, and sink the hopes of your family as the distinguished warrior of a band of gipsies."

Olivia spoke these words with a tone of such ill humor and discontent as had never from their very infancy been heard from her lips before. Frank started with surprise, and was in his turn somewhat vexed ; for he thought that the kindness with which they had both been treated, and the peculiarly valuable services he had received, merited far different consideration of the Arabs. On his beginning a reply, Olivia burst into an agony of tears, and, drawing her veil closely around her, walked out of the tent, and so far as he could perceive left the precincts of the camp.

" Something particular must have occurred," said Frank, " to make Olivia so very strange, so totally unlike herself : surely that barbarous wretch Abdallah, who I know beheld her, and indeed saved her, has not been smitten with her beauty, and presumed to speak of his love ! Such a circumstance would be ruin to us all, for he is a demon of revenge I am certain, if thwarted—me he already hates, and my opposition to his will would madden him."

When Amueh next adjusted his bandages he spoke to her as well as he was able, (for the dialect of the women in this tribe was to him difficult,) respecting Abdallah, who had appeared to him to be held in reverence next to the Sheikh, although he had sons of his own, one of whom must necessarily become *his* superior. Amueh acknowledged this fact, ascribing it to his knowledge of war and the numerous prizes secured to the tribe by his prowess. " Besides," added she, " we shall give him our daughter Aisheh, and therefore hold him as a son."

" Aisheh ! that fair and gentle creature, to become the prey of the tiger !" exclaimed Frank, following the exclamation by a curse, both of which were happily in English : he was interrupted by the object of his cares bringing something which her mother needed, and from this time she became to him an object of pity, not less than admiration, and the united sentiment was undoubtedly somewhat dangerous to them both. Aisheh had been taught to regard valor as the first attribute of man, and she felt compassion due to suffering ; of course Falkland had the qualities most likely to touch a heart which, even in the wilds of Arabia, and under a species of domestic slavery, was evidently endued with sensibility the more acute from being allied to intelligence.

When Olivia thus wandered forth in anger and sorrow into the cultivated valley which skirted the eastern side of the encampment, she felt oppressed by a new species of emotion, which combined the extremes of all she had ever experienced. She had wept and trembled for the life of Frank, yet she now thought he had better died, than abandoned himself to a passion that could hardly fail to be his ruin ; and she considered him as particularly ungrateful towards herself, since his conduct could not fail to bring her into a state of horrible captivity, and the remembrance of Abdallah's looks, when he had seen her by chance of late, rose with appalling terror to her mind, and

she accused Frank of making her the compromise for Aisheh, whom she also had heard something of, as betrothed to that terrific personage. All the faults poor Frank had ever committed, and many more than he had ever exhibited, were in this moment of anger attributed to him, and Aisheh, the innocent, kind, and unoffending Aisheh, seemed hateful in her sight. As the violence of this excitement abated and her tears ceased to flow, reason whispered the questions, "did Frank indeed love Aisheh? what proof had he given of more than a natural preference of a beautiful young woman, seen in contrast with those whom age rendered ugly as is the case with all the Bedouin tribes?" and "how was it likely that a man so educated, and situated as he had been, and would again be, could give his affections to an uninformed girl like Aisheh, when blessed by the love of the elegant Adelaide?"

As Olivia uttered the name of her friend, she blushed, and almost trembled at the recollection that until this moment that beloved, and, in her past ideas, that injured friend, had never entered her mind; yet, surely, it ought to be for her sake, and her's alone, that she should have been moved so much? She felt humbled in her own estimation; and, conscious not only of having committed sin by an excess of passion and that false accusation to which it inevitably leads, but that she was become subject to new temptations, she looked round for a secluded spot in which to kneel in penitence, and implore forgiveness for the past and strength for the future.

At a short distance was a small clump of stunted palm-trees, and a little copse, and towards this temple of Nature she bent her steps; but ere she reached it a man on horseback emerged from behind the trees, whom, from his horse and the superior style of his dress, she knew to be Abdallah.

Instantly turning round, she pursued her way to the tent she had quitted, listening as she went for the sound of many hoofs which it was likely would follow his; but in this she was disappointed, Abdallah came alone, and as might be expected, quickly overtook her.

"Walks the lady alone," said he, "when so many of our maidens would have been proud to attend her?"

"I spoke to no one on my coming from the tent, or I am certain Aisheh would have been so kind, seeing the men are all absent, save the sick."

"And to them, or at least *one* of them, she is not afraid of being seen—meant you that?"

"Indeed I did not mean any thing," said Olivia, inwardly repenting that she had entertained the same vile feelings, which at this time rendered his countenance almost diabolical, as she perceived by a glance; yet she answered with a softened tone, being sensible of pity for that which she had felt to be most painful.

The proud soul of Abdallah at this instant discharged jealousy from his heart, which during the whole day had preyed upon its very core, for the sake of Aisheh, that he might resign himself to his passion for Olivia. The Arab knows not the art of making love, much less of speaking it; his life of care and abstinence, his preference of a state of warfare to all other excitements, and the strict decorum of the females with whom he has ties of consanguinity, prevent him in youth from rendering the homage of love, or being subject to its emotions; though he duly estimates the qualities of the wife selected by his parents, or deemed desirable by himself Abdallah in the council of war

was an orator, but Abdallah, by the side of a Christian maid, whose country he despised, and whose pretensions he would have ridiculed, was silent and even abashed.

But in a mind savage as his really was, this state of feeling was not likely to continue, and since his usual mode of operating was by terror, it was no wonder that he opened his heart by informing her, "that she was wholly in his power; and that her brother's life should be the first forfeit to his displeasure, if she dared to refuse him on any point in which he felt deeply interested." Many of his words Olivia could not understand, but those which threatened Frank she heard but too distinctly, and so dreadfully was she affected, that it was with difficulty she continued her steps, and her respiration was so impeded she was constrained to throw back her veil, and entreat him to fetch her a little water.

"Be mine," said Abdallah in a milder voice, "and thou shalt drink the sherbet of the Sultan—the silks of Damascus, and the furs of the Samon shall clothe thee. Thy tent shall be full of music and joy, and those of thine enemies resound with lamentation."

"I am betrothed in my own land," said Olivia.

"Say rather, false woman! to him who journeys with thee, whom thou lovest as sisters never love."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE pallid hue of Olivia was for a moment displaced by blushes; but the tone in which the words of Abdallah were uttered renewed her fears, and she would probably have fainted, if the approach of the Sheikh had not reassured her. He gently reproved her for going forth alone, and, on seeing the tremor which affected her, endeavored to inquire "whether she was found in such a situation by Abdallah, or had been alarmed by his approach?"

To this no satisfactory answer was obtained, and the old man had his suspicions on the point, and was much displeased with Abdallah, whom he considered bound to his beloved Aisheh, whose charms ought to have outweighed the stranger's by much, seeing she was of the same house and the same faith. Besides, though the law permitted two wives, yet few Arabs accepted the freedom it offered, especially in early life. He had himself taken the advantage, but he considered his own case (as many do) no apology for the conduct of another. His daughter was as the light of his eyes, and a slight to her was an insult he could not brook.

Thus did suspicion and uneasiness creep from heart to heart through the tent, but Aisheh, the innocent cause, at this time shared not in it; for she apprehended no danger to herself from attending on the Christian stranger, and imagined the few expressions of admiration he indulged in to be sanctioned by the habits of his country. It had grieved her to be sensible of a change

in the manners of Olivia; but when she returned, apparently ill and in trouble, yet treating her with kindness, the heart of the affectionate girl expanded with all its wonted love, and she became busied in contrivances for her relief and comfort.

As Amueh considered dejection of spirits the chief ailment of their guest, and rejoiced also in the convalescence of the wounded, she proposed celebrating the circumstance by the performance of a national dance, to which the Sheikh consented the more willingly, because it could not fail to show his daughter to advantage. These dances Olivia found were a kind of dramatic representation, and frequently referred to some early part of Scripture history, such as the finding of Moses, the wanderings of Abraham with the fair wife whom he represented as his sister, or the traditional history of the early tribes.

On the present occasion, the subject appeared to be the desertion of Ishmael, their general father, and the part of Hagar was sustained by Aisheh, whilst that of the angel fell to the lot of a handsome boy who had not yet left the women's part of the tent. The general dwelling part of the tent was for this purpose cleared of its usual incumbrances; numerous lamps were lighted, every person put on his gayest habiliments, and seats were ranged as methodically as the place admitted, especial care being taken for the accommodation of the invalids, particularly Falkland, who was nearly the only one of those wounded who now retained that character. The Sheikh sate on a kind of domestic throne, and Amueh, closely veiled, stood behind him; but even on this occasion the rest of the women remained in their own abode, content to peep through slits in the curtain, or catch a furtive glance as it opened, for the admission or egress of the parties employed. Most of them, however, played upon a musical instrument resembling a flute made of reeds, or beat small drums at intervals, whilst others sung in a kind of melancholy but not unpleasant chorus. The part of the Patriarch was undertaken by an old man with a singularly long beard, whilst Zaynca appeared (but at due distance) as his wife, and with measured steps they brought forward the fair Aisheh, who held by her hand a child three years old, who had evidently been taught his part, and then retired from the scene.

The daughter of the Sheikh was dressed with all the splendor her parents could afford, and, as it is in dress alone they exhibit wealth, she furnished a strange contrast to the simple tent and its homely furniture. Her close-fitting kaftan (or jacket) was of sky-blue velvet, fastened with silver clasps, and richly embroidered; her petticoat of white damask, fringed with silver, and round her small ankles were bells of the same metal, which in her dancing kept measure with the music. Her dark hair was braided with pearls, and her neck adorned with corals partially seen, as her long veil of the purest Cyprus lawn, in the movements of the dance, revealed it.

Solemn silence pervaded the assembly. Aisheh's steps were sometimes indicative of the wildness of despair, at others of the torpor of sorrow; but no voice or countenance indicated sympathy in her affliction, or admiration of her performance among her own people, though not an eye moved for a moment to any other object. It was impossible, however, for Frank to contain in his own breast the feelings she excited; he pronounced her action as admirable as her form was beautiful; and even when, in compliance with the custom of those by whom he was surrounded, he restrained his words,

fearful of intruding on that which appeared to be a religious observance, there was in his ill-suppressed pleasure proof of the delight with which it inspired him, and his gestures supplied a language more easily understood than his words.

Olivia, from her hiding-place, saw not only the expression of his eyes, but those of Abdallah's; and, though she had resigned herself to the novelty of the scene before her, and really accorded to the Arab maid the admiration her graceful movements and timid deportment claimed, she could not subdue the terrors this man awakened in her bosom. The entertainment concluded with a festive supper, in which various confections made of honey, and some dainties from distant countries, were produced, and pressed with all the hospitality for which the Arabs are famed, upon their guests. Amongst the men kishr was drunk freely; but Frank declined taking any thing but water, observing "that as he should take an opiate medicine prepared for him by Amueh on retiring, it would be better to avoid any mixture with it."

On mentioning this circumstance, the eyes of Abdallah were observed to sparkle, and he warmly recommended to him the use of *hasish*, an intoxicating drug, which would procure sleep sooner than the medicament of Amueh. This was declined courteously in favor of "the mother's beverage," and the term here used as implying freedom and relationship, though adopted frequently before, was resented by the Arab as a liberty which no Nazarene had a right to take. The old Sheik interfered, asserting the "right of his guest to hold her as a mother who had so nearly cured him, and whose husband he had saved;" and Abdallah, apparently cowed, or convinced, not only apologized, but insisted on assisting to prepare the decoction in question, which was one of much trouble: all, therefore, sought the blessing of sleep in apparent good humor with each other, and with the entertainment they had received.

Far different were the emotions of Olivia—the enemy who had so harassed her at an earlier hour returned. She considered every look and word which Frank uttered in praise of Aisheh, as treason towards Adelaide; never recollecting how much she had dreaded that his conduct would be blamable in Cairo from similar causes, and yet how happily her fears were disappointed, therefore how likely this too might pass away. But then, "*here* was a tangible object on which love might fix, and where curiosity had found its gratification;—*here* was also something to conquer, to struggle with: and had not Frank proved in many instances that danger had a charm for him—that the love of enterprize was inherent in him?" Whatever were the questions that rose to her mind, and added to her distressing solicitude, one idea was, however, paramount to all others—Frank was in danger from Abdallah, and could not suspect it, since they appeared to be friends at the hour of parting, and a nature so noble as his could apprehend no treachery under such circumstances.

Olivia lay on the same skins and beneath the same blanket as Aisheh, who, fatigued and happy, slept soundly; yet often did Olivia stretch out her arm to awaken her, and reveal her fears, in the belief that she would readily assist in succoring the stranger against the vengeance of her kinsman. But then "she would produce an effectual breach between Abdallah and the maiden; she would add the tie of gratitude in Frank to that of admiration;

oh! no, she could not think of that, she could not render Aisheh more dear."

The part of the tent in which Frank abode was near to the women's portion of it, and had been so assigned by the Sheikh, because it was considered the most quiet, and was convenient to Amueh, and at a little distance only from his own bed. It was separated from the general dormitory by various haicks, which served for curtains, as being agreeable to European customs, and earnestly did Olivia wish that she could peep through the openings they made, and ascertain that he slept in safety. The recollection of Abdallah having partly prepared his draught, alarmed her, in spite of her knowledge that Amueh had tasted it; she had heard much of the cunning and the treachery of the Arabs; she was aware that he was jealous of Frank as to Aisheh, though his love was directed towards herself, and she, therefore, dreaded his desire of removing Frank, as a twofold object of hatred, even by murder. True! the stranger's rights were held paramount to every other; there was not on record, so far as she knew, an instance of this nature under the tent which gave him shelter; and Abdallah, as a brave man, was more likely to seek life in battle than by a proceeding so inhospitable. Olivia soothed her mind with this hope, and endeavored to find the repose which her harassed spirit needed.

She was likely to sink into a slumbering state, when a slight flickering light awoke her senses into an alarm for which there appeared no adequate cause, but which, in her state of nervous excitement, effectually prevented a return to that happy lethargy. She knew that a lamp always burned in the Sheikh's tent, and that a slight motion of her head might have thus brought its light before her eye, through the interstices of the camel's-hair partition. Whilst thus considering, again it flashed, and in a contrary direction; it came from the place where Frank reposed, and in an instant she sprang to her feet, and proceeded towards the spot.

Passing Amueh's bed, she, by an effort of great strength to a frame like her's, wrenched away the division which was pinned to the ground, and in an instant stood by the side of Frank, who slept profoundly, and beheld, exactly opposite to her, Abdallah with a lamp in one hand and a short dagger in the other. Another glance showed her that the covering was turned down, and that in the next instant the dagger would be buried in the heart of that victim who was to her of inestimable value. Her blood seemed to turn to ice in her veins: she stood speechless, immovable, the very image of horror, and in such silence, that, but for the motion of his eye, Abdallah would not have beheld her: on doing so he started, and appeared to her about to execute his purpose before her eyes; this circumstance restored in some measure her powers; she uttered a shriek so loud and piercing, that every creature within the tent, and many in those around it, were instantly awakened.

The moment faces approached, Olivia fled by the way in which she came; but she found the women all standing in terror, under the idea that an enemy was in the camp. It was therefore a relief to them to learn that their misfortune was confined to an attempt on the life of the stranger, though they reprobated the deed as vile and unworthy of the tribe; and Aisheh wept bitterly as she clasped Olivia in her arms, and, in pitying her still trembling

guest, accounted for the severity of an emotion rarely manifested in the desert.

Amid the general confusion that ensued, it was remarkable that Falkland did not awake. Olivia had a confused idea that he had at one time opened his eyes and looked at her; but now, in spite of the neighing of horses, the sound of rattling spears, and the voices of inquiry from those who were alarmed in the camp, he gave no sign of disturbance; his breathing was regular, his countenance calm, but so profoundly did he sleep, as to communicate the idea to all who observed him that his narcotic draught had been far too powerful, and might probably lead to a fatal catastrophe.

Amueh nevertheless interdicted in the most decisive manner any attempt to awaken him, declaring that it would not fail to produce delirium and be attended with danger; and as she was the great physician of the household, all obeyed her will. Olivia, utterly unable to return to that repose which had been disturbed by so terrific an event, knew not what to think, or how to act: she had felt the utmost confidence hitherto, not only in the skill, but in the kindness of Amueh; but her suspicions were now awakened, and all she had heard of Arab treachery rushed again upon her mind. Abdallah, as the betrothed of Aisheh, might have won her mother to his cause; yet had the draught been intended to be fatal, why should the midnight assassin have sought the destruction of him whom he causelessly hated, by a medium which could not fail to prove him a murderer? *causeless* was now the idea uppermost in Olivia's mind, for at this period Frank had no fault, but every virtue under heaven.

The Sheikh himself watched the couch of the sleeper until the sun had risen, when in silence he sent forth the youth within his tent to convene the whole of the settlement. He sat before the entrance on the same seat he had so lately used for the purpose of an innocent amusement, and every male belonging to his tribe assembled in his presence, whilst their wives, sisters, and daughters, occupied the space within. All were silent, all dejected: they were called upon to witness punishment, and were consciously humiliated, as a body, in the sin of an individual.

After a long pause in which the stern countenance of the Sheikh gave unwilling signs of an inward struggle with his feelings, he called out in a broken voice,

"Abdallah! son of the brother of my love, stand forth."

Abdallah, who had hitherto worn a reckless air, yet had not mingled with the crowd, sullenly obeyed the mandate by approaching nearer to the Sheikh, whose tribe formed a semicircle at a respectful distance.

"Thou wert a warrior," said the old man, "and my soul rejoiced in thy courage; the mothers of the maidens of thy people reposed under thy shield, and were adorned by thy gifts; but thou hast tarnished thy proud name and debased thy glories. Go forth into the desert, and be joined unto strangers, for never shall the inhospitable son, who would have stained my hearth with the blood of one who hath eaten my bread and drunk of my cup, be owned again by Abd-er-Rahman, or a child of his people."

Abdallah for a moment looked at the sheikh with a steadfast eye, as if doubting the firmness of his purpose, and then glanced haughtily around, as

if expecting those entreaties on his behalf from others, which his pride forbade him to use for himself. No voice, however, interposed in his favor; he had numerous admirers, but no friends; and though many youths would have been glad to witness his exploits and share his honors in war, they were too much habituated to obedience, and too conscious of their early age, to venture a word, more especially since the silence of their superiors made their consent to this proscription known. The Sheikh appeared to read the claims of his kinsman's eye, since that alone gave indication of his will, and he added.

"Take with thee whatsoever thou wilt of our possession; our best camel and two chosen bondmen shall also go with thee, and mayest thou win in the field that honor thou hast lost in the tent; but no child of mine henceforth holds converse with thee, neither lifteth his hand against thee; we will not forget thy benefits, nor allow them to compromise thy crime."

Abdallah instantly broke through the surrounding circle, and, seizing his horse's mane, which was held by a slave at the borders of the camp, was soon far beyond its view; but the Shiekh gave instant orders for the camel, laden with a portable tent, and many other things desirable in his situation, to proceed to a certain well, about half a day's distance, whither he would be obliged to go. He then waved his hand to his people, as one oppressed with sorrow, and retired within his tent which remained closed. The tribe quickly dispersed, according to their usual custom, using few words and passing little judgment on the scene they had witnessed; but there were many who had suffered from the pride of Abdallah, and shrunk from his ferocity, who inwardly rejoiced in his removal. Considering that he was handsome and brave, it was also remarkable that few women were inclined to pity him, though some affected to bewail the fate of Aisheh, who bore her own loss in the affair with the calm philosophy so general in her people.

Relieved, as Olivia was by the dismissal of Abdallah, and interested as she could not fail to be by an administration of justice so simple and so consistent with the situation of an Arab tribe, and much as it served to raise the character of these extraordinary people in her sight, she yet continued in a state of extreme solicitude respecting Frank, who did not awaken until the following night was far advanced, and for some of the latter hours appeared pale and exhausted. When, however, he raised himself and addressed the Sheikh, who had resumed his watch near him, he spoke with perfect sanity, asked for food, and when he had satisfied the cravings of hunger, appeared much better than he had done since the time of his arrival.

This promising appearance was not deceptive; on examining his wound it was found so nearly well as to justify the hopes of Olivia as to their early removal, and in every respect the long unnatural sleep, which was given for a far different purpose, proved salutary. As Olivia observed that not a word passed the lips of the Sheikh as to the late adventure, she imitated his example; she was aware the knowledge of Abdallah's treachery could only excite emotions of anger unfavorable to Frank's health, and nugatory as regarded his enemy, and considered it an act of delicacy due to the kindness and good conduct of the Shiekh and his family to conceal the delinquency of their relation; nor was she, perhaps, unwilling that Frank should continue to consider Aisheh as bound to another.

From this time there was an unusual silence in the tent, and even throughout the tribe. Always grave and saturnine, the Arabs now appeared to have increased their characteristics in an extraordinary degree; for, denying themselves the natural expression of any kind of sorrow (save when the females lament their dead), they brooded the more over the loss of their warrior, and the disgrace of his conduct. Frank perceived this disposition, and as it was the very antipodes to his own (especially as his health improved), he became the more willing to hasten his removal, although the absence of Abdallah rendered him the more desirous of seeing Aisheh, who, now that he was convalescent, remained constantly in the inner tent, which his deference to her parents forbade him to violate. He imputed the absence of Abdallah to some projected expedition, and the increased seriousness of the tribe to the anxiety natural to such an expectation, and was therefore glad to learn that Amueh thought him capable of travel, and that all was ready for departure.

CHAPTER XV.

It was not without feelings of deep regret that Olivia parted with the females of Amueh's household, all of whom confirmed the good name she had heard in Alexandria that they merited, for modesty, affection, industry, and hospitality. More especially was this excited towards Amueh and her lovely daughter, for whom she had a sincere regard, however earnestly she dreaded her companion's still warmer, though similar, sentiments. Her departure was lamented by all, and either for her, or the Christian her brother, Aisheh shed such tears as are rarely bestowed on Frank travelers, and it was happy that Falkland could not witness them. Every device within his power he certainly made use of, almost to the infringing sacred customs, to behold her before his departure; but a general view of her veiled figure, and a faintly uttered "God be with you!" was all he could obtain.

As Olivia set out with persons she now was well acquainted with, and the appearance of the desert in this part was inviting, she did not experience any of those heart-sinkings which distressed her on joining company with the Arabs at Cairo. Her spirits rose as she inhaled the pure air, and gazed on the brilliant green of the narrow valley, at the head of which the camp was settled, and she sought by every means in her power to soothe and exhilarate her still weakly relative. Now that he was for ever divided from Aisheh, she could pity him for the pain of parting with her, and since she had by the force of her own imagination converted a transient admiration into a serious passion, her consolations were rather proportioned to her conception of his chagrin than to any which he really felt. The consequence of her solicitude to please was therefore unbounded gratitude on the part of Frank, who considered her as the most amiable of human beings, and wondered how he could

for a single moment have imputed to her that caprice of humor, or that sullenness of manner, which had veiled her character during a part of their residence among the Arabs. He now believed that from his own unfortunate state of health he had received such impressions, and he internally as sincerely sought her pardon for his misconception as she now sought for her own.

There were two or three occasions when Frank was ready to think himself more dear to Olivia than he had either supposed possible, or hitherto seemed to desire. "She had saved his life by an exertion foreign to her nature; she had watched his every movement with unparalleled sympathy, and prevented his very wishes by an activity of tenderness beyond even a mother's love. Then it was so long since she had seen poor Percy, or indeed any other tolerable-looking countryman, that it would be no great wonder if she did feel a little preference for him, and—"

But just as Frank was about to enter on the conclusions to which such thoughts led, and whilst his own heart beat high, and he was ready to avow himself her slave, Olivia would begin to speak of Adelaide, earnestly to desire her presence, to expatiate on the effect such scenes would have upon *her* mind, and to contrast her polished yet simple manner with the rustic beauty and natural graces of Aishah and Zayna.

Frank agreed with all she said; he was even angry with himself for not saying it before, but he was more angry with her: and when a pause ensued, he began to praise Percy Luttrell rather from spite than friendship, sincerely as he loved him.

This conversation was for some hours carried on with ease, each party being mounted on an ass, which traveled at a slow and regular pace, through a pleasant and for the most part a grassy portion of the desert. As evening advanced, all around became sandy and stony, and Frank experienced considerable uneasiness both from his wound and the fatigue to which he was unequal, and happy were they when, on arriving at a well, the Sheikh gave orders for a tent to be pitched, and supper prepared.

Their party was now but a small one, but they had no fear of interruption, scouts having been out in all directions the previous day, and, as their conductor really interested himself for Olivia, as if she had been his own daughter, Frank, on this occasion, allowed himself to lie down like the rest. The night passed peaceably, and the cattle, refreshed and fed, set out with alacrity, and the travelers, having filled their skins with water, began cheerfully to accomplish the last day of their desert travels, as their guide gave them to hope.

But the desert was now all sand, the heat was scorching, and many times, in the course of the long wearisome day, did Olivia believe she should expire beneath the rays of a sun which seemed to exhale the springs of life. Frequently she was on the very point of sinking from the jaded beast which bore her, when she heard the low whisper of inquiry from Frank, which denoted his own exhausted state, and her fear of adding to *his* sufferings, her recollection of *his* weakness, prevented her either from complaint or despair. Such was the heat of the burning atmosphere, that the Arabs set up their tents at the first convenient spot, determined to remain under their shadow, and finish their journey by night, if the state of the camels permitted.

Their journey was resumed ; but, after traveling some hours, the Sheikh declared that he had been deceived as to certain land-marks, and was now nearer to Giddid, than the little bay from whence they had proposed crossing the Red Sea to Jambo ; but this he considered an advantage to the travelers, seeing they would be more certain of a passage from thence either to Jidda, or some other sea-port on the opposite side. Olivia had a dread of the Nubians, which had been fostered in the tent, and was therefore sorry to find herself in their land ; but Falkland considered the observations of Abd-er-Rahman correct, and was not sorry to visit a place which would give him the means of pursuing his journey by sea, for by this time he was heartily tired of the desert ; and the recollection that Jidda was situated in a sandy desert, and had no water, made him anxious to secure a passage to almost any other place.

They were compelled to rest on the confines of Giddid, and, though still suffering from fatigue and privation, our young friends, thankful that what they deemed the worst was past, submitted to form their usual encampment ; but Falkland, considering their situation as subjected to encroachment from the Nubians, determined on watching for the night ; more especially as two of their men were sent forward by the Sheikh to Giddid, in order to secure passages in any vessel that promised to convey them to a desirable port on the opposite shore. Towards morning, he heard a movement amongst the camels, and, on rising, found some men driving off the two which were laden with his own and Olivia's luggage. As his arm was still in a sling, he could only give an alarm, which appeared to produce an instantaneous movement on the part of the Sheikh and his remaining followers, but no shots were fired, and the thieves got away with the property completely. In his anxiety to regain it, poor Falkland ran after them, followed by Olivia, who, being more capable at this moment of exertion, was at one time near enough to be confident that the thieves were a portion of the tribe of Abd-er-Rahman, and that even one of the men sent forward to Giddid the night before was of the party, he being somewhat remarkable for his height and the color of his haick. This revolting discovery induced her to consider their lives as unsafe in the company of those who remained ; and, since it was utterly impossible that they should regain what they had lost, and by no means improbable that Abdallah was in the party, she earnestly besought the angry and now exhausted Falkland to bear his loss with calmness, and lose no time in reaching the sea-port before them.

The Sheikh either was perfectly innocent of this scheme for robbing those whom he had engaged to conduct in safety, and to whom he owed both victory and property only a few weeks before ; or he had more consummate art than any European they knew could boast. A part of his own property had gone also, and on this he dwelt as a subject of lamentation, yet carefully examined the little baggage that remained, in the hope apparently to find somewhat of value belonging to his charge. Luckily some linen and a change of clothing for each, which had been packed apart that it might be taken without disturbing the rest, were found, and Olivia had carried a few valuables in an apparently careless manner upon her ass, and laid them at night under her head, a circumstance she did not of course reveal, being indeed apprehensive that her opening of a portmanteau, to make presents to Aisheh

and her mother, had awakened the cupidity of the women, and tended to induce the men to follow them for the purpose they had effected.

Oppressed in body and harassed in mind, they reached the town of Giddid, and, with mixed feelings of suspicion and confidence finally parted with the Sheikh, their late losses evidently preventing that farther remuneration they were desirous to have bestowed—a circumstance Olivia lamented much, as her confidence individually in him was not diminished. His attendants did not the less demand backshish; but on their receiving the trifle which circumstances permitted her to offer, Abd instantly withdrew, having obtained a written certificate of his fulfillment of the engagement, which he intended to exhibit at Cairo to M. Ducarvel and others.

They found Giddid a filthy assemblage of mud huts, and the inhabitants an equally wild and more savage-looking race than those they had left behind; and Olivia almost fancied she saw the fierce eyes of Abdallah dart upon her from every man she passed. The sight of the Red Sea, calm and beautifully blue, on which a few light vessels called zaims, were floating like sea birds in their play, inspired them with new hopes, and they began to congratulate each other in the prospect of a voyage so promising, forgetting, in the sweet refreshment thus offered, how much they had been told of the proverbial falsehood of this smiling sheet of lucid waters.

In a short time they were so fortunate as to meet the owner of a vessel bound for Ghesan, who had been on the look out for them, in consequence of the Arab messenger seeing him the preceding day, and who they now found had entered Giddid alone, thus confirming their suspicions as to the robbery being planned by the tribe. Eager to leave for ever the sterile shores and the hard hearts they had mingled with, they lost no time in going on board, using every precaution possible to secure the little of their property which remained, but continuing to wear the Arab dresses in which they had hitherto traveled.

For two or three days their progress was slow, but not unpleasant, save in so far as their accommodations partook of the general character of the country they had quitted. Olivia grieved that Frank should have no better; but she observed, with thankfulness to God, that he gained strength much more rapidly than before, his appetite being restored by the gentle sea-breeze, and his rest facilitated by the motion of the rippling billows. As they spent nearly their whole time on deck, and had now neared the Asiatic shore, objects of Sacred History were from time to time so far presented to the eye as to interest the imagination, and awaken the most lively curiosity, which the master, who was a Greek, and tolerably intelligent, sought to satisfy. It was a mortification to them, now that they caught far distant views of Mount Horeb and Sinai, that they could not visit those sacred places; and to know themselves near to Mecca, the scene of reputed wonders, without the power of witnessing its splendor. They had, however, by this time been taught by danger and suffering to estimate the blessings of comparative safety, and from their late restrained intercourse to enjoy each other's society; and their regrets were light compared to those which they would have experienced at the outset of their eventful journeyings.

On the third day, the conduct of a ship which they had observed for some time gave the master evident uneasiness, since he had little doubt that she

was one of the pirate vessels so common and so much dreaded on this sea. His fears, however, soon took a different turn from the sudden rising of the wind, which in the course of two hours became a perfect hurricane, and equally threatened destruction to the zaim and the larger vessel. They were at this time endeavoring to pass those clusters of small islands and half-hidden rocks, which render the coast from Hali to Ghesan peculiarly difficult of steerage, and, in the present state of the elements, it appeared little likely that they could weather the gale with safety. Falkland earnestly pressed upon their commander the expediency of standing out to sea; but to this he was averse, as believing he should then become the prey of the pirate, who, in the confusion caused by the tempest, was no longer visible.

Olivia, with her wonted resignation to all those dispensations which wore the character of inevitable misfortunes, remained silent for the most part; but she now professed a positive desire to avoid the pirate, as the threatener of a greater evil than shipwreck. Her inmost heart prayed rather "that she should fall into the hands of God than man;" but her observations did not amount to opposition; she remembered her disastrous voyage from Malta to Alexandria, and the share Frank had in bringing it to a happy conclusion, and, after mentioning her dread of pirates, relapsed into the air of meditative fortitude which became one who stood on the brink of a destruction she might endure but could not avert.

An overpowering emotion of the tenderest compassion for her situation, the truest esteem, and even gratitude for her conduct, swelled at the heart of Falkland; and, almost unable to suppress tears, which at such a moment might have been mistaken by the men around him, he hastily left her, and renewed his urgent solicitation, observing, that "from the absence of their supposed enemy for some hours, there was every reason to think the misfortune had happened to him which they dreaded for themselves."

His advice was taken, and the effect was that which he expected: though still violently tossed, and for some time riding now mountain high, and then driven into a black abyss, they no longer anticipated the fate which would have been inevitable, whilst thrown as in sport from rock to rock. By degrees the motion of the waves subsided; the spray, which had deluged every thing in the vessel, no longer rose so overpoweringly; and the wind though still threatening, fell considerably: but before night closed upon them the supposed enemy was again espied by Olivia, whose sense of vision was singularly strong. In mentioning the discovery, she observed cheerfully that the object of their surmises was now at a considerable distance.

"As the wind is going down we shall be able soon to get up our sails again, and run into the harbor of Ghesan before she is able to come up with us," said Falkland; "but in case of the worst we will not tamely be taken,—we are eleven men and three women, one of whom is, I know a heroine, and——"

Olivia put up her finger in token of commanding silence on that awful and embarrassing incident in her life, which she had earnestly intended might never more be brought to her recollection, a requisition which he had promised to comply with. He approached her, saying, "She had mistaken him; he was not about to say a word that could grieve or offend her;" but, he added with a look of extreme anxiety, "surely, Olivia, you do not repent that

you saved my life, even at so heavy a price as that of destroying my murderer? We are again most critically situated: another hour may see us separated for ever; let me have the consolation of hearing that you hold me worthy of your efforts to save me."

"You cannot surely doubt it, Frank; you must be aware that I was but an instrument in the hands of Providence to work that which was done from impulse only, but I must rejoice in being useful to one so very, *very* ——"

Olivia unquestionably meant "*very dear*," but the eager expression of Frank's eye bade her withdraw from his gaze, as one to which she had no claim—a thought too how lately it was since Aisheh (a stranger) had elicited somewhat similar glances crossed her mind, and her veil was folded more closely over her countenance, which she chose not to be read. In another moment Frank was called upon for consultation; the wind was veering to their very wishes, but the strange vessel was now visible to all, and like themselves was spreading her canvass and preparing most probably for pursuit.

Every plan was had recourse to, every sinew strained, whereby escape could be ensured: the zaim flew over the waters as if her keel disdained their support, and continued to distance the supposed pirate, though from time to time she appeared to gain upon them, and thus kept alive the keen solicitude of fear. The men, wearied by their past fatigue, and less apprehensive of consequences, would have relaxed in their endeavors but for the efforts, promises, or reproaches of the master and Falkland, who were alike strenuous and laborious; whilst Olivia, with untiring eyes, watched the motions of the distant vessel, as if more than life depended on them.

Two hours before sunset they entered the port of Ghesan; and having secured lodgings in a wretched caravanserai, returned to the quay, in order to inquire if any travelers of the description of their friends had lately touched there, or been heard of in the neighborhood. They had the satisfaction of finding a countryman who traded from Bombay to Ghesan and other ports on the Red Sea, and who replied in the negative; adding, "that Frank travelers, more especially females, were so rare, that such a circumstance would undoubtedly have been spoken of." Whilst thus conversing, the ship which had caused them so much uneasiness arrived at the port, and in an instant the merchant with whom they were conversing exclaimed, "that he saw two of his countrymen on board," and Falkland protested that they could be no other than his long-looked-for friends.

On landing, the surmise proved true; and thus, from an extraordinary chance, parties so long separated, and so desirous of meeting, were thrown together, after having been so long mutually avoided as objects of terror. How far the vessel in question deserved the name of piratical, the present captain protested he did not know, seeing he had purchased her at Suez within a month; but he added, "the zaim was well known to belong to that service, and he had been strenuously advised to destroy her, if possible, as containing a nest of robbers."

Olivia sincerely rejoiced in this arrival; but she had now been so long separated from all congenial society, (having indeed since her leaving school been in a state of comparative seclusion,) and had, from being alone so much, adopted eastern habits, that although her heart yearned to show how warmly

it greeted her countrywomen, yet her manners were at the present meeting timid and reserved ; and she unconsciously shrunk from the freedom of theirs, when they addressed the gentlemen of their party, especially when they welcomed Frank with the cordiality of sisters. The party now assembled amounted to seven ; with five of them he had been intimate in London, and there had arranged their over-land journey. These were Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Miss Osborne, the sister of the latter, and two officers, one of whom was returning to his family and the other going out to his regiment. Since then, a Mr. and Mrs. Leyton had joined the party, the latter of whom appeared extremely delicate in her health, and an object of consideration and pity with them all.

Every one had a thousand "moving incidents" to relate of their travels by land and water, more especially the former ; for, although they had experienced great danger and delay in the Levant, their difficulties in crossing a portion of Arabia Deserta appeared to be the absorbing subjects of their self-commiseration, and their Arab guides the objects at once of terror and aversion. They were unanimous in desiring to continue their travels by water, notwithstanding the late tempest and the well-known caprice of the winds in that portion of the Red Sea which remained to be navigated.

For the present, however, they were obliged to remain a few days at Ghesan, where their accommodations were wretched enough ; but they were greatly assisted by the kindness of Mr. Willis, the merchant, and one or two others of their countrymen, who exerted themselves on behalf of the ladies, well aware that the evils incident to their situation were sufficiently trying to those who had been accustomed to English comfort and elegance. When Falkland, in his turn, spoke of *their* disasters, and among the rest the late robbery, every gentleman was eager to relieve him, so far as related to clothing, and Olivia received not less attention ; and in the frank offers and acceptance of these kindnesses, both parties became fully acquainted with each other, and the most friendly regard was established between Olivia and the ladies, particularly Mrs. Hanson, towards whom she felt the affection and dependence of a younger sister.

It appeared that, through letters received by this family from home, the situation of Falkland with regard to Adelaide was more than guessed at, and that of Olivia had been known (as to her supposed contract with Percy Luttrell) before they left England. This was a fortunate circumstance for the latter, as it prevented any allusion as to the attentions of her conductor which could excite embarrassment ; and the watchful kindness of Frank was imputed entirely to that brotherly affection it well became him to feel for one who had been his companion from infancy. As, however, this knowledge did not extend to all the party, it was perhaps not surprising that the younger officer, Captain Mortimer, after being somewhat domesticated in her society, should pay her peculiar courtesy ; for although she had been lately so much harassed that the bloom of her beauty was impaired, she was yet very lovely, and singularly interesting to every one.

Frank saw the bearing of the young man's mind perhaps better than he did himself, and certainly far better than Olivia, who was the last person living to suspect her own power of captivation. He became suddenly a great admirer of Eastern customs, urged the necessity of adopting the manners of the

people among whom you are placed, as being wise and safe, and busied himself in procuring a second sitting-room, (which had hitherto been found impracticable,) in order that it might be held sacred as the harem, or the inner tent, and warmly defended the use of the veil. None ridiculed his opinions so loudly as Mr. Leyton, who was an elegant man in person and manners, but of an encroaching disposition, and ever seeking an opportunity of flirting (as the phrase is) with every pretty woman he came near. His observations were extremely offensive to Falkland, who had observed this disposition, and also his utter negligence towards an amiable and attractive wife, and he repelled them with all the ingenuousness and a good deal of the warmth of his temper. Leyton apologized slightly for offending the prejudices of one who appeared half a Mussulman; adding, with a shrug, "that he was himself too much of a Christian for his company and the country," and withdrew.

"Dear Falkland, do not vex that man again, I beseech you," said Mr. Hanson; "for his wife will suffer for it if you do: he appears no worse than a coxcomb, but he is a malignant animal, and we have found that on all occasions of vexation he renders her the sufferer, and my Maria will tell you that a sweeter creature never existed: so much for *him*; but allow me as a *friend* to say that I do think you are a bit of a Turk: you have worn that huge turban long enough to muster a good many Mahometan notions in the head beneath it."

"I will exchange it for your hat," said Frank, laughing, "and perhaps we shall by that means arrive at a similarity of opinions. Here, take that and my haick, and let us see if we can't succeed in finding our ladies protection from this and any other intruder on their privacy."

Mr. Hanson readily made the exchange, observing, "that in his opinion they had all been wrong in not adopting the habit of the country before," and they then sallied forth to find if any dwelling near them offered the temporary convenience wished for. In the search, they were disappointed; but being out, they rambled some distance from the town, to examine certain ruins which seemed to have been intended for a fort, but were now extremely dilapidated. It appeared, nevertheless, that they were inhabited, as the sound of feet was heard near them, as if the parties had been disturbed; and soon after, they saw through a chink in the wall an Arab's cloak, the owner of which trod very softly, as if stealing away from the place.

"I think we had better dismount," said Mr. Hanson, who was then the foremost, and climbing some broken steps. "I am not very fond of your late companions, my good friend, unless when I am regularly handed over to their care, like a bale of goods, for which they hold it a duty to account; and there appears nothing to see here worth repaying either risk or trouble."

At this moment a pistol was fired so close to his head that, although most happily the turban he wore was alone injured, the effect caused him to lose his footing, and he fell backward several steps into the arms of Falkland, who believed him to be murdered. As he clasped him convulsively in his arms, a loud laugh of derision rung through the ruined walls, and, glancing upwards to the place whence it came, he saw the bright eye of Abdallah flashing down upon them as he cried out,

"The Christian dog is fallen, and now shall the Christian maid be mine!"

"Good God," exclaimed Mr. Hanson, "that was the voice of our fellow-passenger, the Arab chief. I never injured or insulted him. What means he by trying to murder me?"

Falkland, instantly relieved from his fears, comprehended at once that the assassin aimed at *him*, and, roused to rage by his dastardly conduct, he instantly quitted his friend, and sprang to the entrance of the place, grasping his dagger, and determined on instant revenge. Abdallah, had, however, already descended, and probably conscious that his second pistol was not in order, sprang past the place where he stood, and trusted to the speediness of his flight for safety. Falkland, always light of foot, sprang after him, and as the way admitted of little winding, being a kind of half-sandy turf, he kept close behind him, though unable to reach him. Had Frank seized his pistol instead of his dagger, the Arab would unquestionably have paid dearly for his intentional murder; but the circumstance of his drawing the dagger from his belt, and his fear of losing a single moment, gave him a better chance of escaping the hand thus armed against him. With all the habitual alertness of his nation, his pliant feet skimmed over the ground between him and the town, where he naturally sought a hiding-place in preference to the open country.

Before he reached Ghesan, Frank was close upon him. He heard the pantings of his breath, and plunged into the first open door. It was that of the caravanserai, which, unlike those of Egypt, had no long corridors or choice of apartments. In another instant the hand of Falkland had grasped his shoulder, and in a half-suffocated voice he cried out,

"Turn, wretch, and receive the reward of thy coward villany!"

Abdallah grasped his sabre. He attempted to wield it to Frank's destruction, but, exhausted by the exertion he had used, and astonished not less than grieved, on perceiving the error into which he had fallen, his arm became paralysed. In another instant the scymetar was struck from his hand and lay shivered on the ground, and in wrestling with Frank, he was (notwithstanding his acknowledged strength) conscious that he had to contend with one still stronger, in despite of his late injuries. The dagger of the avenger would in another moment have drunk his heart's blood, if Olivia and Mrs. Hanson had not rushed to his rescue. The latter could only shriek with horror, but the former cried out beseechingly.

"Do not murder him, dear, dear Frank; do not stain your conscience with the death of that wicked man."

"Go away this instant, woman. What right have you to intrude? Go hence, I say!"

"I will not hence. He is in your power; he is unarmed, defenceless. Kill him not, dear Frank. On my knees I beseech you not to stain your honor with so foul a deed."

"He has aimed at the life of my dear friend Hanson. He is a foul murderer, a cowardly assassin," cried Frank in extreme agitation, as he still kept his hand and his eye on the prostrate wretch, who every instant expected the death he longed to bestow.

Mrs. Hanson caught the words of Falkland, and believing her husband was killed, especially as she remembered the person of Abdallah, which had al-

ways inspired her with terror, reiterated her cries of agony; when happily he whom she lamented came to her relief, and, perceiving the situation of the parties, united with Olivia in begging his friend to desist from a revenge, which, however well merited, he could not bear to see inflicted.

The tide of passion once checked, Falkland was probably as little inclined to follow the first dictates of his anger as they to witness it. Withdrawing his hand from the stern gripe it had hitherto held, he was about to tell the prisoner to depart, when Mr. Hanson positively insisted that, "if such a thing could be found as an officer of law in Ghesan, the offender should be placed in custody, at least until the time when the present party should have sailed for India." He was now perfectly aware that the ball had been intended for his friend, not himself, which brought to his mind the circumstance of Abdallah being the person who had informed the captain of the ship which brought his party, that the zaim in which Falkland and Olivia sailed, was a pirate's vessel, and his urging perpetually some mode of annoyance or destruction towards it. In consequence, therefore, of his earnest representations to that effect, the son of the desert was placed in bondage, which in such a place would have proved very ineffectual, if his confinement had not been guaranteed by the English merchant whom they consulted on this and every other occasion.

When the party reassembled for their evening repast, Falkland sincerely rejoiced that his arm had been stayed in the moment of vengeance, though he added, "it was his sincere opinion that the world would have had to thank him for ridding it of a wretch in case of the worst, since even Olivia, while she begged his life, acknowledged him unworthy of it."

"That is very true," said she; "and even at this moment he is so much an object of my terror, that I declare to all present I believe it a duty we owe to ourselves to get on board the vessel bound for Mocha as soon as possible."

"But he never attempted the life of any one before to-day, did he?" said Hanson.

Olivia did not reply.

"I should not wonder if he had attempted mine before. I recollect now, Olivia, you said in the moment when you were so terrified, 'I know he has attempted your life, I know he merits his fate, but you must not, therefore, be his executioner.' Now it was impossible for you to know what had passed in the ruin; besides, you said something to me quite unintelligible as to his being already punished."

Thus, urged by circumstances, more especially by her own fears of Abdallah's future malevolence, Olivia related the circumstances of his conduct in the tent, his mixing of the sleeping potion, his being found in the attempt to stab Falkland, and the judgment passed upon him by the Sheikh, which accounted for his presence at Ghesan, and his increased hatred to the innocent cause of his disgrace. Her own share in saving Frank's life she wholly omitted; speaking of the Sheikh as the person who watched over him, and protected him; but Frank had now a light upon that wandering idea, which had so long floated in his brain, as to the glance he had obtained of her on that eventful night. Full of gratitude, and agitated by contending emotions, he listened in silence to her recital, nursing in his bosom thoughts too deep for

words, and almost for tears, which he yet felt he should have shed, had he not been surrounded by witnesses whom he sincerely wished at a very unnecessary distance.

His feelings were not scanned, nor his apparent absence remarked; the recital brought the affair home to every one's bosom, especially when it was coupled with the shameful robbery which afterwards took place, and which to them conveyed the idea of the Sheikh's connivance; and most of the party considered his sentence of expatriation pronounced on his nephew, as a mere farce got up to blind Olivia, at a time when Falkland was unable to witness and detect its fallacy. In this conclusion we have no doubt that they erred, from ignorance of the people, who are at this time much better understood, and who have never been found to fail in the duties of hospitality to those who have intrusted themselves for any definite purpose, or any given time, to an Arab chieftain's guidance. The hour of confidence past the same system of plunder carried on towards others may be practised with impunity towards the late guest; and little doubt can be entertained that the robbery was effected by a portion of the tribe either attaching themselves to Abdallah, or holding the term of their faithfulness as expired.

Happy were all the party when on the following day they entered the vessel in which Mr. Willis was now returning to Mocha, although they were too great a number to be accommodated in so confined a space. Olivia was particularly rejoiced by the change, which was indeed absolutely necessary for her, as the first rencontre in the desert had induced a state of mental weakness and nervous excitement, which she had not yet been able to shake off, and which the late affair with a man she had always dreaded had unavoidably increased. It was her consolation now to believe that she should neither behold him again, nor any of his countrymen who might remind her of his existence, and her spirits rose as if released from an overwhelming oppression. The voyage was pleasant, notwithstanding the heat, which was annoying even to the inhabitants of these countries, and therefore very trying to the English; but they were all in good spirits and good humor, and endeavored to bear the unavoidable evils of their situation in the manner which could best allay them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEIR short voyage proved a tedious, though not a stormy one, and greatly did they rejoice on seeing the date-trees and gardens of Mocha, but they found the heat at this place much more annoying than it had hitherto been, and it might be said to subdue the spirits of all, and the tempers of most of the party. They were, however, obliged to endure the trouble for several days, as they could not find a vessel capable of containing such a number of passengers, and they were now loth to divide. It is certain the whole party

could have spared Mr. Leyton, but none desired that his meek wife should lose the degree of protection they deemed themselves capable of bestowing. Falkland could also have spared the officers, but the youngest was determined not to lose sight of Olivia, who, on her part, would not for the world have quitted Mrs. Hanson, to whom she was become sincerely attached, and whose protection she well knew how to estimate.

Never had the kindness inherent in the nature of Olivia been so decidedly called into exertion as it was during this period. Suffering as the rest did from the climate, the insects, and all the varied inconveniences appertaining to the habits and customs of the place, aided by the nervous affection induced by the incidents of the desert, she was yet not only patient but cheerful, and in bearing her own burthen with calmness, lightened that of others. Her manners united the tender consideration of a mother with the pliability and even the submission of a child; for many an expression of irritability would escape the fevered, fretful companions of her journey, which she considered and knew to be the ebullition of the moment, and pitied as such, but which each resented from the other. Of course her mediation was continually called for and never taxed in vain; either seriously or playfully she contrived, as the occasion served, to reconcile and ameliorate whatever was offensive or distressing.

So unobtrusive though efficacious was her modest influence, that when she languished under the temperature, and confined herself to her couch, every one in the party were sensible of a change in themselves for the worse—all predicted sickness or death, and became hourly more impatient for any medium of transporting themselves to a somewhat cooler climate.

But Falkland saw the true cause of their increased irritability and discontent, and was therefore led to reflect still more gratefully than he had ever done before on the many periods in which he had been blessed by her benignant cares, and cheered by her unpretending fortitude or assumed gaiety. "Olivia," said he internally, "is surely superior to every woman I have ever known, in all those qualities most estimable in her sex; she is indeed well calculated to be man's helpmate: her unaffected piety and undeviating integrity, combined with her gentle firmness, would lead any man into virtue who had a heart not positively corrupted, though it is very seldom that men are led by good women. Hanson's wife is an excellent creature, and of a good temper too, but now she is indisposed how she harasses the poor fellow! and her sister is such a dieaway soul, I dread coming near the girl, least she should faint in my arms; yet she is cross enough to her attendant. Mrs. Leyton bears her sufferings in silence; but it is the silence of despair, not resignation. Olivia is most happily different from them *all*, both from nature and principle. I have never seen such a woman as Olivia."

A little self-reproach followed the last sentence, and he could not forbear so far answering the inward monitor, as to confess that he had never beheld Adelaide under the same trying circumstances, and had no right to doubt her power of acting with equal wisdom, and perhaps even higher heroism. In despite, however, of this acknowledgment, he continued to indulge the impression of Olivia's superior excellence, or at least her peculiarity of character, in those points which were most valuable in his eyes and most beneficial to his own conduct. He recollected too, her extreme anxiety on the

day when she pleaded for Abdallah's life,—her trembling solicitude,—her ardent prayers; and felt assured that her fear was excited on his own account rather than that of the worthless being for whom she pleaded, whose punishment she well knew to have been merited by his intention of committing murder on himself.

"Yes," cried he, "she could not bear the thought of subjecting me to the misery which might have followed a sudden deed of vengeance, taken on one whom she beheld disarmed and powerless. She could not allow the disgrace to rest on my head, any more than the blood on my conscience, which would have been incurred by a sudden gust of those quick passions she has never ceased to moderate. Surely in her deep interest for my conduct, for my eternal welfare, there is something far more tender than friendship! and there are moments when her eyes express for me a solicitude beyond what words could convey, and which cannot proceed from her anxiety to ascertain my feelings towards Adelaide, though she constantly alleges that as a reason for her watchfulness, her jealousy, I may say. And has she not a right to use such vigilance on her friend's behalf? Too certainly she has. Dear, noble Adelaide! I do not merit the love you bestowed on me, most unhappily for us both."

When such meditations as these took place in Falkland's bosom, they never failed to give a pensive expression to a countenance which was indeed the mirror of his thoughts, and frequently induced his friends to remark on the change which had taken place in one whom they had known as the gayest of the gay. Their usual inference was, "that his heart was in Europe," and that, whilst he assumed the gravity of a Turk, his wandering imagination was transporting him to Christendom, and cheering him with some vision of the past, or hope for the future.

Mrs. Hanson would seldom allow him to be so rallied, without maintaining his right to indulge every day-dream which could tend to soften the pains of absence, and preserve to a lovely and exalted woman that lively constancy which would one day reward her anxiety, and prove his own stability of character not less than ardor of affection.

"Men so seldom love as women do," she would add, "from day to day, and year to year, resigning their hearts to the contemplation of one *dear* object, looking singly to one desired blessing,—the restoration of the loved one—which for them surpasses all the gauds of fortune and the promises of ambition; that I am delighted to witness such an instance as I do think our friend exhibits, though it may cloud his spirits and derogate from his powers of amusement."

"Men have something else to do than to love in the way you talk of, Maria," Hanson would observe; "giving up every hour to tender meditation, forsooth, is not the way to get through the business of life; love and idleness, it is true, often go together, and are mighty pretty companions in a song, or a love-letter, but no man, who is capable of doing his duty as such, will allow even the most excusable passion to engross him wholly; he knows that it will enervate his mind, paralyze his energies; that the more he thinks, the more he repines at a lot which may nevertheless be one of honor and happiness, if he permitted the common causes of such a state to produce their common effects."

"But long absences are temporary deaths, and to be divided from those

we hold dear, to whom we are affianced in our early, our loving days, is a great affliction, say what you will, George."

"True, my dear, and both you and I have a good right to say so; but, as our *loving* days are also our *hoping* days, the happy facility which youth enjoys of looking on the best side of things may carry a man through, and he may possess a true heart without a sad countenance. Falkland looks more like one who fell in love last week with some sultana shut up in a harem, the walls of which he cannot scale, than a brisk young man going out to seize the fortune which will be rewarded by beauty, wealth, and nobility. I don't believe a word of the story we heard, eh! Frank?"

"It is better not to believe stories certainly, nor to believe in the constancy of your sex," said Miss Osborne languidly.

"Don't sigh so, Gertrude," said Mr. Hanson, "*you* are engaged to a man of honor at all events."

"But will honor, can honor, supply the place of affection?" cried Mrs. Hanson; "could it veil the coldness of indifference, or elude the penetration of love? would it be possible for two persons, who came together on such different principles as those of warm, confiding, exclusive attachment on one side, and a mere compliance with the supposed necessity of fulfilling an engagement on the other, be happy? Oh! no, no."

"The man, (whom you would deem the offending party,) would, however, be much the most to be pitied in such a case," said Hanson.

The ladies almost screamed with surprise and reprobation of such an idea, whilst Frank, fixing upon the speaker looks of the most earnest import, exchanged the sauntering walk with which he had paced the lower part of their barn-like apartment for a seat, and listened with no little anxiety for his friend's reply.

"You will tell me, perhaps," said Mr. Hanson, "that the woman who finds no answering passion on the part of that husband to whom her young affections were given, and to whom her best years were devoted, will experience bitter disappointment, that she will pine in secret over her blighted hopes, compare her own warmer feelings with his, and day by day endure the wretchedness of a slowly breaking heart; but I have witnessed the effects of a marriage so made, and I can assure you, the lady in question, being a sensible and good woman, was very reasonably happy; she believed that her husband loved her as well as he could love any one *now*; that the world had engrossed his mind, and the welfare of both demanded his attention to it, and she accepted preference in lieu of passion. She was one of the very few among your sex who have ascertained that painful fact, the diminution of their personal attractions, and, though she might truly have said that her bloom had flown during his absence in anxiety for him, and have, therefore, claimed a twofold consideration, she did the wiser thing of recollecting that, as it was gone, she could not expect to be the object of admiration to him which she had once been. She loved him so dearly, he had been so long the subject of her thoughts and of her prayers, that to see him in health and peace, to know herself his devoted wife and steady friend, rendered her grateful to God and satisfied, ay! more than satisfied with him."

It might be so with one of your stupid kind of women; I mean a good kind of woman with no sensibility," said the young lady.

"Or one of those women who live upon the world, not upon their own hearts!" said the wife.

"It so happens that she was neither; for the world was nothing to one who, in her best days, (and she was, I can assure you, lovely enough to charm all eyes,) had resigned it for his sake, and chosen a voluntary retirement, in order to give ease to the heart of him who was at that time her faithful adorer. I do not pretend to say she had not her moments of distrust, that she did not feel afraid of that to which she could give no definite term of blame, but which yet chilled her own more ardent bosom: but these emotions are common to every woman both in this quarter of the world and that which we have left, and arise not only from her love, but her dependence on our love, which may be more violent, but is never so tenacious, so absorbing, as her own: all I say is, that the man—"

"Do pray tell us of the *man*!" said Frank with extreme solicitude.

"The man, as you are already aware, was doomed to endure that which thousands bear besides; to part from a young creature whom he fondly loved, and seek his fortune and her's in a far distant clime."

"In the first hour of parting he suffered undoubtedly not less than she; but he was a high spirited youth, and in the hope (however distant) of pouring into her lap unbounded wealth, and heaping upon her unheard of blessings, he sustained a long monotonous voyage. He afterwards became immersed in business, and was so situated that he could exchange but few letters with his betrothed; by degrees, though his esteem and devotion to her were unimpaired, she became less the object of his contemplation, for the man who is pressed on by many things must curtail even the meditations of a lover. This state of things had continued with him a very considerable time, during which he had been entirely deprived of all female society, when a family of most amiable manners arrived, and eagerly sought the advantage which his local knowledge and powers of companionship rendered desirable.

"I should not wonder if they had a daughter, or a sister, or a something, to engage a heart already half vacant!"

"You are right, Maria; there was a sister, a very charming sister, or at least one that appeared so in the absence of all rivals. Her society, her kindness, during an illness which he suffered in the ensuing autumn, and those accomplishments which peculiarly fitted her for a retired station, rendered her so dear, so necessary to him, as to efface in a great measure that first yet still valued passion, which, like all other lovers, he had once held to be eternal. Though he never told his love, yet he had but too much reason to believe that he was sympathised with by the innocent girl and her truly respectable family; on which he revealed his situation to her brother, who acted with equal prudence and kindness, by inventing a pretext for the discontinuance of his visits, until the period fixed on for their removal.

"It was his misfortune, about eighteen months afterwards, to meet this lady as the wife of an officer then engaged in warfare. They were thrown together on the familiar footing of old acquaintance, and lived in the same house; he was given to understand that her husband was older than her father, and that the match had been (like most Indian marriages) one of interest only, and contrived by the brother. The change in Louisa's manners

and person told but too truly that her happiness had been the price of her aggrandizement; and the danger in which her husband was at that time said to be placed, whilst it evidently awakened the solicitude which belongs to curiosity, did not elicit that which indicates alarm. My friend was now in a more dangerous situation than before, for pity is a most determined ally to love, and it will be evident that the pursuit was not hopeless should he resign himself to the passion she had inspired, and which (from an air of mingled embarrassment and confidence, whenever they met, and a desire on her part to recollect every incident connected with their former intimacy) he could not doubt was reciprocal. It so happened that the same date which told her that she was become a widow, and a well-jointed one, brought him a long-delayed letter from England, which, although less fond and endearing than those of earlier days, yet reminded him that the term of his first absence had nearly expired, and, with much tenderness, the writer adverted to that circumstance as the sole support of her mind during the long absence to which their hard fate had subjected them.

The letter was read and re-read; the once dear and blooming girl, with all her claims upon him, rose to his mind, beseeching his pity or demanding his justice, and that she was comparatively poor and confessedly fading did not escape his recollection also; whereas, under the same roof was a rich and beautiful young widow, seeking to weep in his arms, to receive from him as an old friend, the consolation and counsel her circumstances required, and eventually share with him the wealth he must yet toil many years to insure. The temptation was terrible; my friend felt himself unequal to endure it, therefore, since the time for leave of absence had now arrived, he took it by procuring the swiftest conveyance to the nearest seaport, where he went on board a vessel bound to the cape, thinking, undoubtedly, that he could not otherwise save himself from himself, and therefore desiring to place the Indian Ocean between the object of his wishes, and the power of declaring them.

"I need not tell you that he felt 'at each remove he dragged a lengthening chain,' but as he drew near to his native country, he wisely busied himself with the desire to reach it which belonged to him as a Briton, and with reading the long-neglected letters of her to whom he was more particularly hastening, that so he might identify her person with her affection, for which he could not fail to feel duly grateful. He considered that if he had been drawn aside by beauty and talents, she had been still more liable, since she could not have escaped being wooed, whereas it was plain she had not been won. He knew that many circumstances in her situation made a change desirable to her; and, although still a young woman, she was no longer a girl devoid of care, and must necessarily have obtained a just estimate of the value of property, and was probably not without that love of show and inclination for expense common to her sex. He concluded, therefore, that her love for him was unchanged and unchangeable, since it must have resisted temptation and borne with neglect, ascribing the long delay and constrained expressions of his late letters to those circumstances which moved her pity rather than those which might have awakened her anger; and he resolved to do his utmost to save her the pang of believing such love was unreturned; yet even whilst he thus compelled his mind to contemplate

one claimant on his affections, another in all the witchery of her early beauty, (aided by wealth and connexion, which have always their weight with those who have toiled for them,) obtruded on his mind's eye, and even pleaded her right to be remembered and loved, since she had certainly by many an uncontrolled gaze and suppressed sigh been misled. Besides, even whilst he determined to be the sacrifice to principle, how could he know such sacrifice would answer its end? might he not render her to whom he was united as miserable as he supposed he should inevitably be himself?"

"To be sure he would," said Miss Osborne; "it would have been better to have confessed his fickleness, and have parted."

"By which means, a constitution already injured would have been utterly destroyed, and a woman capable of all the virtues and happiness of domestic life been consigned to the comfortless celibacy for which she was totally unprepared?"

"But they *did* marry, you say, George?"

"They did, my dear; and, as I told you before, for a considerable time my friend was a wretched man; every day convinced him not only of the worth of his wife, but of the extent of her affections, which would, of course increase her penetration, and must, as he apprehended, render her suspicious of the fact; and such was his esteem, his tender regard for her, that he could not bear the idea of her suffering. Meantime, in order to save her from any vague surmises, as to the wandering of his heart, he tied himself, as the phrase is, 'to her apron strings;' he was her attentive husband, her anxious friend, and in seeing the happiness he bestowed, (for under his care, it is certain her health and beauty, too, became renovated,) he by degrees forgot his own anxiety, and became too much occupied with one woman to think much of another. One part of his solicitude was also removed by the marriage of the fair widow, who, I may venture to say, is at this moment less in his mind than many other ladies of his acquaintance, nor do I know one couple more likely to go down the vale of life in the true Darby and Joan style than this very pair; for I know none who love and value each other more entirely."

"But surely," said Mrs. Hanson, with a tremulous voice and tears in her eyes, "your friend had better have made a friend of his wife; if she was *indeed* the reasonable and kind-hearted woman you describe, she must have forgiven a fault which might have been termed involuntary on his part, and he would thus have been spared a life of constant dissimulation and hypocrisy, equally painful and unworthy."

"But he did not dissemble, for he always had a sincere regard for and a lively sense of gratitude towards his wife, which increased upon him the longer he lived with her, and finally resumed that more animated character which belongs to love. I believe in all affairs of the heart your sex are more attached to individuals, whilst we men become so to qualities. My friend's early choice had been, in fact, (though a good deal by chance, I ween,) a really prudent one, for he found in his wife all those peculiar traits which he most valued: it was therefore no wonder that he became happy with her."

"Am I likely ever to see this lady?" said Mrs. Hanson, still in evident emotion.

"Yes, my dear, I hope you will see her when we arrive at Bombay, for she is on her way thither."

"But," said Falkland, "do answer me. Suppose this man's fidelity, honor, (or call it what you may,) had been overcome, and he had married the pretty girl when his heart was first caught by her in that solitary station: would they not have been happy, think you?"

"She would, I dare say; but *he*, after a short period, must have been miserable; for you may depend upon it, self-reproach is the bitterest draught any honest man can swallow, and to be disappointed in one's own conduct, the greatest misfortune any man can encounter, to say nothing of those 'compunctious visitings' which memory could not fail to give on behalf of one whom he had irreparably injured. The best blessings of life must have been fraught with misery, because he would know they were unmerited, and the remembrance of her whose heart bled that his might rejoice, would pour gall into the sweetest cup which love and fortune could bestow."

As it was evident that Mrs. Hanson was more affected by this discourse than she chose to own, her husband hastened to change it by inviting some of the other part of their company to share their coffee; and as it was now evening, Olivia joined them. Though still very weak, she consented soon after to walk near the seaside, in hopes the breeze might be salutary, and during that time Falkland repeated verbatim the little story with which Hanson had interested him so deeply, by no means omitting the observations which rose from it, and which he protested he should never forget, with a vehemence that proved how important they were to his feelings, at the same time that they jarred upon some fondly-cherished conceptions of his own, to which he could not at this time give words. In great agitation he repeatedly urged Olivia to give her opinion upon Hanson's sentiments, and intimated something like a hope that she would not agree with them; but Olivia herself was too deeply moved to converse on the subject, beyond implicit agreement with the sentiments of their friend, and added, "She was happy to find that *he* agreed with them so entirely." She did not, however, mention the name of Adelaide, or refer to their own respective engagements. Indeed she spoke with difficulty, and he thought she was in tears. Fearful that he had affected or fatigued her too much, Falkland now regretted that he had touched on a subject so delicate, and determined that, feel what he might, he would venture upon it no more. "His path of duty, and even of happiness, was defined; he had nothing to do but pursue it."

The very day following, they received the welcome information that an English ship of apparently large dimensions was within the short distance (comparatively) of the island of Socotara, and being willing to run all hazard of accommodation to escape their present inconveniences, they resolved immediately to hire a zaim to convey them to her, not doubting that the vessel had either been driven into the excellent port of that island to refit, in consequence of the stormy weather they had themselves experienced, or that she was trading for the fruits and frankincense with which the island abounds. In consequence of this resolve, they were all quickly on board, and in a few hours had passed the straits of Babelmandel, and were launched on that ocean they had so long desired to behold.

All went well with them. The captain of the vessel was a regular trader

from hence to Goa and other towns on the same coast, and was willing to land them at Bombay. His complement of lading was so nearly finished that they had barely time to look at the town near the port, and remark the Arab character of its inhabitants; a circumstance that did not prejudice them in its favor. The wind was favorable; and they understood that the season, was on the whole adverse, but of this they had for the present no fears, as they had all experienced great relief since they left Mocha, from the cooler atmosphere; and in this renewal of strength were naturally exhilarated in spirits.

Olivia now for the first time considered herself as approaching the land of her birth,—the end of her toils; and although there was in fact little reason to believe she would find a father so long lost, in a country where life is at best so precarious, yet she could not forbear to indulge the hope. During her residence among the Arabs, many wonderful stories had reached her ear, in which similar events were recorded. With such recognition, and too affectionate and imaginative not to be romantic, it was no wonder she gave herself up to the dear hope and contemplation of that which older and wiser heads had yet deemed possible. Indeed it was only whilst resting on this hope (weak as were its foundations) that Olivia could at this time find repose for her mind, which was frequently agitated by fears for the future, distrust of both herself and Falkland, and no small share of a self-reproach to which she had been hitherto a stranger.

When they had been about a week at sea, the threatened evil of periodical winds (at that time not so well understood as now) befell them, and all the terrors and dangers of the past were reiterated, save in so far as they had much greater trust both in the vessel and its crew, than any of them had enjoyed before when similarly situated. They were also drawn from the contemplation of their own situation by the increasing illness of poor Mrs. Leyton, which became now so severe as to preclude all hopes of her recovery. In attending to her comforts, which were difficult to procure, Olivia forgot alike the hopes she had sought to indulge respecting her father, and the fears which pressed upon her mind with regard to herself and Falkland; so entirely in a generous breast may sympathy and compassion absorb all lesser sollicitudes. It had never been her lot before to witness the sublime and deeply affecting spectacle of a human being, conscious of its impending change, preparing to meet its God in humility and faith, still less to observe how closely the affections of an attached wife will adhere or return to the being whom her young love has chosen, and to whom her honest vows were plighted in simplicity of heart and sincerity of purpose. When the prayers of the invalid for her husband in their faint whisperings caught the ear of Olivia, they not only placed the sufferer in a more endearing point of view, as one in whom love was stronger than death, but they seemed to read a lesson on fidelity to herself as an affianced wife, and taught her to recall so far as she was able, every memorial, and indeed every look of Percy Luttrell likely to awaken vivid esteem, or tender regard, towards him.

The poor woman died at last in Olivia's arms, calling for blessings on one who had been to her as more than daughter, leaving an impression on all around that never could be effaced, the very sailors declaring "she was an angel, and would doubtless pray for them in the place to which she was

gone." Mr. Leyton under such circumstances could do no less than bid his face exhibit the customary tribute of sorrow; but no one doubted that he rejoiced in the liberty thus attained.

After the corpse was committed to the deep, there was indeed somewhat of a calm, but the captain found he was far advanced beyond his reckoning towards the main ocean, and that his vessel was more injured than even he had feared. It was therefore needful for him to seek the nearest harbor, which he judged to be that of Calicut.

It was known however to him, that the Company were at war with Tippoo Saib, Sultan of Mysore, and he concluded that Suder Cawn, Governor of Calicut, would therefore be inimical to the English; but this objection to seeking a temporary asylum in his port for the purpose of refitting he thought capable of being obviated. His crew were of various nations, and all his passengers spoke the French language, as he did himself with facility, and as it was well known that many persons in that country held commissions in Tippoo's army, and that in general he favored that nation, he conceived it a very possible thing to gain under their colors the assistance he so much needed.

The English officers and other gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Leyton, protested against seeking an asylum with an enemy, and preferred running the risks to which they were exposed in their shattered vessel, seeing there were hopes that the wind might continue to abate. Towards the close of the day, their doubts and consultations were terminated by the return of the tempest, which decided for them by driving them directly into the harbor of Calicut, with a force which for several hours threatened instant destruction, and reduced the vessel which bore them to a shattered hulk.

This arrival took place during the night, and the harassed group, when the captain had ascertained (so well as the darkness allowed) the situation in which he was placed, listened to his plans, and aware not only that his property in the vessel, but their own personal liberty and safety, depended on their observance of the scheme he had chalked out, prepared to submit to that, which each individually abhorred, but none perhaps so much as Falkland. Many times did he cast glances towards Olivia, which she judged to be more in sorrow than anger, as he observed, that "But for her sake he would not even for an hour have personated one of that disloyal and fantastic people, who in his opinion united cruelty with frivolity, the ferocity of the savage with the vanity of the coxcomb." As, however, the sense of all the party were united in deciding on the necessity of the case, and as both himself and Olivia, from their late residence at Marseilles, had an opportunity of exhibiting knowledge and displaying acquirements which might benefit them all, he ceased to complain of the hardship imposed on him by circumstances, and resolved to acquit himself as well as he was able under it.

The loud and driving wind was succeeded by heavy rain, and there was for some time a necessity for the captain and sailors to exert themselves in securing the effects on board from farther injury. That done, every thing in the way of refreshment which the vessel contained was freely distributed to the men, and pressed upon the passengers. Every one required comfort of this nature and endeavored to take it; they were all sensible of gratitude to

God for immediate preservation from death, and each was desirous of felicitating the other on their providential escape, and on their having so nearly reached that continent, so long the object of their desires. But vainly did they struggle with their feelings; whether anxiety and exhausted exertion, or presentiment of evil, influenced them, we know not, but it was certain that all were dispirited, and full of fearful forebodings, of which indeed they spoke not, but which they indulged the more. A brooding silence fell over them, and though from time to time a forced smile and a few words of encouragement sprang from the lips of each as they addressed those nearest to them, it was evident that every heart was alike heavily laden for the morrow.

The exertion thus made proceeded from the ladies, who, conscious of the burthen their helplessness laid upon their companions, felt themselves called upon to assure them, by this indirect attempt at exhibiting composure, that they had the power of endurance, and were not devoid of energy: and when morning was seen through the dull atmosphere to be advancing, Mrs. Hanson observed, that "if they were to pass for Frenchwomen, it was advisable that they should endeavor to improve their personal appearance by dress, since it was well known that no woman of that country ever omitted personal decoration; besides, the more respectable their appearance, the higher most probably their rank would be deemed, should they be subjected to visits from the inhabitants or the officers of the court."

As every person thought this an excellent suggestion, the female part of the company retired to the cabin held as their own, for the purpose, and wretched as they all were, they yet found in the trouble and contrivance of their dress some little relief from the leaden-weighted sense of fear and doubt which had lately oppressed them; whilst the men talked over more freely than heretofore the embarrassing circumstances of their situation. Every one held the same views in matters of policy, and the same sense of their own duties in given circumstances, save Mr. Leyton, who, as an ardent admirer of the French Revolution, frequently differed from the rest, not only upon matters of opinion, but points of moral conduct; he was, however, for the present asleep.

The heavy day arose whilst these employments were taking place, and the captain, called by his duties on deck, prepared to sustain his new character, to ascertain the extent of the damage received, and contrive the best means of obtaining such assistance as might enable him to get out with the first breeze, and, if possible, reach Goa, where he would be in safety, and his passengers on their way to Bombay.

Before the hour of breakfast arrived, Mrs. Hanson observed that there was an unusual noise upon deck, and she really believed some arrival had taken place of importance, adding the line of a song then in vogue—

"Well, if the French come, they will find us well dressed."

"It is hard on me, who have run from them on one side of the globe, to meet them on the other," said Olivia.

"True, my dear, but you are nevertheless an object of my sincere envy; for your French tongue and knowledge of French habits, &c. may protect us

all, and indeed are our only chance for escape, seeing that neither my sister, myself, nor my husband, has ever been in the country."

"Alas!", said Olivia, "I can do nothing that requires any management or finesse, and I am sure Frank will speak the truth boldly, if he should be pressed by questions or angered by insult. It would be better to submit to imprisonment at once, until a proper exchange took place."

The ladies were vehemently inveighing against this doctrine, insisting that they should be all dead in a fortnight, when Mr. Hanson entered the cabin, evidently under the influence of some new trouble.

"Dear Maria," said he, "our scheme is completely blighted; that wretch Leyton left the vessel some time ago with a couple of Lascars, and we have every reason to believe has given information to some person in power, for a troop of soldiers has arrived to seize the ship, and the poor captain's property is all confiscated, while his passengers, of whatever nation, are commanded to appear before the governor, who has sent an escort to guard them.

Miss Osborne sunk pale and fainting on the nearest seat.

"Gertrude, you must not give way to fears which may unnerve you, and are probably very unnecessary: my own Maria, I thank you for twinkling that tear away; remember if our country's arms are successful, (and who can doubt them,) we shall soon be liberated. But we must go, and I grieve to say only two can be taken at a time, the vessel they bring for that purpose is so small."

At this moment two men, completely armed and of most ferocious visages, entered, and in loud tones, utterly unintelligible to all but Olivia, commanded them to follow; both ladies clung in agony to Hanson, whose evident misery excited more sincere compassion from Olivia than even their's, and she determined not thus to distress her own protector, were it possible to avoid it. In another moment she recovered the sense of her own loss in being parted from them, and she earnestly entreated Miss Osborne to accompany *her*; but her words were lost on the weeping girl, and they were all borne away from her sight—Mr. Hanson alone having tried to comfort her by an assurance of their being soon together again, though too probably it would be in a prison.

Before she had at all regained any degree of composure, Falkland entered, and, aware of Hanson's communication, said only, "Dear Olivia, these wretches have stripped us of all—yes, *all* save my watch, which I luckily forgot to wind up, so they did not hear it. Can you not contrive to place it somewhere about your cushion or curls? have you secured your own pistols?—mine are gone of course. Pray, be quick, *very quick*; the soldiers will be here the moment they have landed Hanson."

With trembling hands, but ready obedience, and an anxious endeavor to obtain the firmness called for, poor Olivia received the watch, and placed it under those multitudinous parts of female head-gear then adopted by both French and English women. She then took her own watch, which was a very valuable one, and disposed of it in a similar manner, placing over all a gauze cap left by Mrs. Hanson, which accorded with her dress. Of course, her weapons of defence were hidden already, as they formed no part of her costume, which was strictly European and very elegant. Her eastern veil was all she retained of the country clothing, and scarcely had she thrown this over her head, when the men returned and demanded their remaining freightage;

also requiring that herself and Falkland should proceed to land, they being the last remaining prisoners.

This demand, however instantly complied with by the persons on whom it was laid, did not therefore facilitate their departure; for such was the cupidity of the captors, that they did not remove the living prizes until every part of the property had been secured and sent on shore.

The anger of Falkland kept him in a state of perpetual fever, whilst his sense of the misfortune they suffered, and the evils too likely to ensue, by turns subjected him to the most heart-sinking sensations he had ever experienced during their disastrous expedition.

The last packages belonging to themselves and their fellow-passengers were at length got out, and they were then placed in the canoe as others had been, and landed almost immediately; after which the two soldiers, accompanied by four others, formed their escort to the palace, of the governor, to await the examination or abide the sentence of this eastern despot, the vicegerent of one only more terrible than himself.

Scarcely had they landed when the rain began to descend in torrents, and poor Olivia was soon completely drenched, as she had no other covering than a light shawl, which happening to be out of her portmanteau, had escaped the hands of the depredators. Every step increased the difficulty with which she proceeded, and at the same time the ill humor of her conductors, who urged them to hasten by menaces and insults, which it was as unmanly to inflict as useless to resent, but which placed their situation in a more deplorable light in Olivia's eyes than she had hitherto held it to be, and forcibly recalled to her memory every description of eastern tyranny she had ever heard, together with a full conviction that if her poor father had become the prisoner of people like these, he had long since been their victim also.

Falkland still considered their situation as being that of prisoners of war, and, knowing that the insolence of office is always practised with the most reckless pertinacity by its lowest organs, he every moment trusted that an audience with Suder Cawn would entirely alter their situation, though it would for a season be one of restraint, if not confinement. In his generous bosom hope generally predominated in cases where reliance on his fellow-creatures was called for, because he judged of others from himself, and these expectations he whispered from time to time to his fellow-sufferer, who never failed to re-echo his opinions, and assure him she considered imprisonment a light evil on the whole, seeing that it only resembled the confinement of a ship, and was not subject to its dangers.

At length their weary walk was at an end, and they stood before the governor's palace; but their arrival was only attended with increased disaster, as the dubashes motioned them and their guards to a distance, saying, "that his highness slept, and must not be disturbed by any sound which would arise from the entrance of the Frank prisoners, who must await his leisure without."

As this was uttered in language known to them both, although they had not hitherto understood the dialect of the guards, Falkland cast an eye expressive of the deepest anguish on Olivia, whose saturated garments had long clung around her so closely that she could scarcely move, and whose pitiable appearance excited the risibility of many who came out of their houses, in

spite of the still pelting rain, to gaze upon the captives as on enemies whom it was right to punish and natural to despise. He suddenly tore off his haick and wrapped it round her, astonished that he had neglected to do so before, lamenting that, in the turmoil of his mind, arising from his useless anger, he had absolutely forgotten that he had it, and gently, blaming her for not reminding him.

Olivia was now scarcely able to thank him; for standing in the rain was still worse than toiling to walk under it. She had now stood for hours; no food had touched her lips the whole day, and she had been long experiencing a species of pain and annoyance which Falkland could not suspect, and which she earnestly desired to conceal from him, being certain that at any risk he would instantly seek to relieve her from it.

This arose from the circumstance of having neglected to stop her own watch, at the time when she placed it along with his under her head-cushion, and which it had ever since been impossible to remove without exposing it to the view of the guards, and thereby leading them to examine her person as closely as they had done that of her friend.

In the state of fever and exhaustion under which the afflicted girl at this time labored, the perpetually recurring sounds acting on an organ sensitive to agony, produced a species of suffering so intolerable, that many years afterwards she could not recall it to memory without shuddering. It was the master-misfortune which conquered all the rest. The pouring rain—the craving hunger—the houseless desolation—the loss of dear friends—the presence of active enemies—were all forgotten in the infliction of that eternal ticking which threatened her with positive and instant madness, alternately giving the sensation of a cataract flowing into her very brain, and a belief that her skull was on fire. Often did she determine to seek the aid of Falkland to deliver her from this torment, but as often recollected that his reasons for saving the watches must be powerful, and therefore she resolved to endure it a little longer.

At length she became too ill to support herself, and he who felt infinitely more for her than himself, fearful that she would faint, endeavored to support her against the palisadoes, removed her veil, and perceiving her parched lips and half-closed eyes, so earnestly besought their guards for a little water, that at length one, with more of a human heart than the rest, procured some, less probably from compassion than curiosity, as it would enable him to see the pale but beautiful face of the Frank woman. He brought the water in a gourd, which Falkland in extreme agitation offered to Olivia's lips, beseeching her to drink of it, and if possible to speak to him once more.

Neither effort now seemed in her power. There was indeed a slight motion of her lips, but no articulate sound was caught by the distracted listener. She raised her hand to her head, intimating that her complaint lay there; but poor Frank believed her to be dying, and that the motion was a faint appeal to the mercy of Heaven, in an hour so awful. His agony at this moment was indescribable, and might be said to combine every kind of sorrow. Happily it did not last long, for it so happened that the unknown cause of her peculiar trouble suddenly stopped, and she experienced considerable relief. Eagerly, though with shaking hands, she seized the gourd, drank freely, and was sensible of renovated life. The moment her senses returned, she held it out, saying,

"Dear Frank, you must want water even more than I do; pray take the remainder"

He whom she addressed did indeed require it, and thankfully put the gourd, which was more than half full, to his lips; but, before the precious beverage had reached his parched tongue, one of the men, in the very wantonness of cruelty, put his stick under and overturned every drop of water into bosom of the prisoner.

This was too much for Falkland to endure, exhausted as he was, and he would have struck the offender to the ground had he not fled, whilst in no measured terms of abuse he reprobated the people, the governor, and all around him. Olivia hastily interposed, as they drew near to pinion him; one moment humbly entreating for more water, the next reminding her suffering friend of their entire dependence, and that all around him were well armed and himself defenceless. Falkland, almost heart-broken and physically subdued by complicated ills, recollected his situation, and its similarity in some respects to that of the sufferers in the Black Hole at Calcutta, who perished by torture unheard of, while yet a tyrant slept. A sense of gloomy despair succeeded to the unavailing rage which had agitated him, and he almost wished that poor Olivia had really died when she appeared so near it, and that he might thus at once be spared the sight of her unmerited sufferings, and be left the power of earning, by some violent effort to obtain a just vengeance, that death which he believed to impend over both.

As, however, he turned his eyes towards her, and beheld that sudden flush of beauty, which vexation at his disappointment, and the dread of farther punishment to him, had brought into her pallid countenance, he considered her as doomed to a far severer fate; and checking the ebullition of natural indignation towards his Mahometan enemy, he hastily whispered to her,

"Can you not convey to me one of your pistols unseen by these wretches?"

"No! their eyes are always upon me; besides, they are not loaded. What can you want them for, dear Frank? We are called on to suffer, but not permitted to avenge."

"I want them for your sake, Olivia. Perhaps I know not what I would say. May God forgive me if I do wrong; but there may a case arise in which—in which——"

"You would think it right to destroy *me*! My dear Frank, do not suffer yourself to experience such ecstasies of grief, as drive you to think on things so very terrible. We are both in the hands of a merciful God, dreadful as our situation appears, and he will not demand this sacrifice from you. Nay, my dear Frank, this, *this* you will not be compelled to do for one who has already cost you so much. Remember I have a little dagger also, and you know I have a steady hand in times of great excitement. Be easy about *me*, I beseech you.

Six hours had passed whilst they awaited the pleasure of Suder Cawn, thus exposed to the elements, ignorant of the fate of their late companions, and left to imagine every thing that was terrible for themselves. Within the last hour only the rain had abated, and was succeeded by sultry and almost intolerable heat; but whilst Olivia was seeking to soothe the mind of Frank, even by assurances connected with all that the heart most recoils from, the time of

probation was concluded, and a message delivered from the palace decisive of their destination for the present.

It was not consistent with the convenience or inclination of Suder Cawn to see the prisoners, it appeared, since they were taken away in an opposite direction, still exposed to the observations of a dense population and a derision of the guards, poor Olivia dragging her wornout frame with extreme difficulty, and exciting the execration of the passers-by, because she leaned perforce upon her companion so worn by conflicting emotions as to be little less subdued than herself.

It was very nearly dark when, at a short distance from the town of Calicut, they reached their future prison. It appeared to be a handsome building of wood (as are many of the houses at Calicut) with a verandah in front, and revived their original hopes of being well treated on the whole, since they had no doubt that their companions in misfortune had been dismissed to it at an early hour, and that their own detention had literally proceeded from the protracted *siesta* of the governor. Great, therefore, was their surprise and sorrow when they found the house literally empty; "no man bade them welcome;" but on their ascending the stairs and entering the principal room, a prodigious number of birds were disturbed, and flew about in all directions, uttering strange sounds, and appearing to the jaded spirits of the visitants like a host of demons.

There was not one article of furniture under the roof, and, though ready to drop, Olivia hesitated long ere she could seat herself on the unclean floor; but she uttered not a word of complaint, for the silence of Frank told more plainly than any words could have done what was passing in his bosom. It was a consolation to her that, though he remonstrated on the situation in which they were placed, as one unworthy of prisoners of war in a civilized country, he yet did so in a calm voice and well-chosen words; and even when he was assured "that the abode was good enough for a Christian dog," he made no reply, but in silence sate down at a distance from his companion in affliction, thus avoiding giving farther umbrage to the national customs of his guards.

The men who had conducted them now left them, and freed from this hateful presence, Falkland arose and made a hasty circuit of the story in which they were lodged. In the course of it he found a narrow staircase which he ascended, and, as his feet fell soft, he groped about and found that there were a number of mats in the room or rather closet he had entered. Whilst there, he heard the men re-enter, and therefore returned instantly, when he perceived they had brought a light, and a tray containing victuals, which were by this time so greatly needed.

The refreshment thus offered consisted of a pilau of rice and a gourd of water, to the latter of which poor Frank fastened his parched lips with the eagerness of Tantalus. Before he had half-finished the draught, his long wanted supper had nearly flown, for the moment the pilau was uncovered, the birds all flew directly to it, and, with the speed and fury of cormorants, tore away the meat and scattered the rice in all directions on the filthy floor. Olivia did her utmost to save the morsels she felt to be precious, being assured that their loss would not be replaced by the stern but evidently diverted

guards, but her utmost efforts only served to secure that which Falkland declared had no other effect than to increase his hunger.

When the little so saved was eaten, the men withdrew, carrying their lamp with them, in spite of every entreaty. It was found that at each of the two doors of egress from the house a guard was placed for the night, but it was a consolation to know they were beyond hearing even of their sighs, and that the scowling eye and sneering lip which had mocked their sorrows were removed, and, as in almost every situation of misery, one little point will be found to exist in which things might have been worse, Frank, with something like pleasure, hastened to tell Olivia that he had found a snug place full of nice dry Indian mats, on which she might sleep, and that, in order to secure her from all intrusion, he would sit at the bottom of the stairs against the door.

"Ever since I tasted food," she replied with difficulty, "I have been absolutely overcome with drowsiness, I am terrified by the birds, or I should have been asleep at this time."

"Then let me lead you," said Frank, taking her hand and guiding her as well as he was able through a little passage and ante-room. She pursued his directions, and on ascending the few steps threw herself down and instantly slept, as she had never slept before. Nature, worn out by every species of fatigue, sought refuge in that "sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and fears for the future, and memory of the past, were alike buried in profound oblivion.

Not thus did her anxious guardian consign himself to the rest he no less required, until he had carefully recalled to mind the form of the building, and the impossibility of there being any other entrance to the closet where he had consigned Olivia than the one pass which he guarded, and which he determined should only be entered over his dead body; for, although he had not secured the weapons that were on Olivia's person, he yet knew from her vicinity how soon they might be in his possession. He looked out once upon the city, from which flashed various lights, indicative of busy and social life; but, beyond an anxious wish to know the fate of the Hanson family, he had no interest there, and, with a short recommendation of them and himself to Heaven, he sat down on the floor at the foot of the stairs, and resigned himself to that repose his miserable accommodation did not prevent him from enjoying entirely, although his situation was such as to subject him to pain, and cause him frequently to start from his uneasy slumbers.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Olivia awoke, the rays of the sun from a narrow aperture darted on her sight, and communicated the idea that it was noon, and she ought not to be sleeping. In consequence of which, without recalling to mind her situation, or noticing the novelty of the place, she instinctively arose, and ran

down the staircase, where Frank still kindly kept watch, having apparently had little rest. Their mutual good morrows were blended with condolences on their misfortunes, and inquiries on his part with great anxiety as to her health, which could hardly fail to have suffered from the rain of the preceding day; but Olivia declared she was at this time unconscious of any injury, that she had slept in a most extraordinary manner, and she apprehended to a late hour; for she had never been so hungry since she was born."

"I am both hungry and sleepy," answered Frank, "for my dreams were terrific, owing most probably to the uneasiness of my position, as it is now many hours since I woke."

"Go to the place which I have left, Frank; you will obtain comfortable rest I doubt not; and in the mean time I will guard you in turn, should any one be likely to molest you; and when they bring our breakfasts I will call you. Don't hesitate. Remember you must husband your strength, or what will become of us both?"

Thus urged, Falkland, after folding his haick for a seat, which he placed opposite to the door, observing that he was most thankful to see her so well, and that it was high time she should take the watches from her hair, though they must be still concealed very carefully, stepped up the stairs she had recently descended, accompanied by her ardent wishes that he might obtain similar refreshment with herself. Before the expression of good-will had left her lips, he sprang down the stairs at one leap, began eagerly to close and push the door with an agitation indicative of extreme terror, and after fastening it in the best manner hands, knees, and feet, enabled him, seized her arm, and dragged her into the next apartment, the door of which he fastened with equal trepidation and better security, the interstices of the former being far from that kind of safety demanded by the case.

As if still alarmed, he drew her into the lightest part of the room, and gazing upon her with a kind of suspicious joy, cried out,

"Olivia, did you see nothing, hear nothing, in that accursed hole where I put you last night?"

"Nothing! I slept in perfect peace, and I really think never moved even my hand. I have no recollection of trying to make a pillow, or seeking for any easy place. I fell down as one dead, so completely was I exhausted."

"That you have arisen one living is little short of a miracle. Why! the whole place is swarming with scorpions, centipedes, and all the horrible plagues of the country. The warm mats have unquestionably collected them, and no doubt they have crawled over you by hundreds. Good God! that I should have chosen such a place for *you*. I fear, indeed I am certain, some of them are still about you."

Olivia became of a deadly paleness, and earnestly entreated that he would search, more especially, the folds of her gown; but happily the search proved unnecessary. Frank then proceeded to examine her hair, which was very abundant, and had been dressed the preceding morning in numerous curls; but as her veil had been thrown over her head, this probable harbor of the venomous creatures had also escaped, and she was rendered more comfortable by the dislodgment of the watches, which Falkland folded in his gloves, and hid in a corner of the verandah, as the best place he could find in their naked habitation for their concealment.

Terrified as Olivia could not help feeling, when she recollected the danger she had escaped, and dreading the possibility of the place being infested in other parts, she yet endeavored to put the occurrence out of Falkland's mind, so much did he seem affected by the circumstances of *his* hands having placed her in a situation so horrible; and to that end told him what she had suffered the preceding day from the ticking of the watch, adding, "and that was my own fault; you know."

"No! Olivia, it was my fault and your misfortune. In my haste to conceal the things, *you* were subjected to a species of suffering I can readily believe to have been most acute. You are certainly born to suffer. Yes! *you*, the most innocent, blameless, nay, the most virtuous of human beings, are, by a fatality to me altogether unaccountable, doomed to undergo every species of evil that mankind in general pray to be delivered from. You are tossed by the tempest, scorched in the desert: you are subjected to battle and murder, and sudden death. Whilst others of your sex and condition are rocked in the cradle of luxury, lulled by the voice of affection, have their every pain assuaged by skill, and their every wish ensured by fond parents, or tender husbands, you are fated to lose the friends you love, to quit the man who would have married and protected you, to be deprived of the fortune to which you were born, and either to wander among vagabonds, or perish in a filthy prison by the most terrible or the most lingering death humanity has ever endured. Unhappy girl! I cannot, no, I cannot bear to witness your fate."

The paroxysm of heartfelt anguish which followed this outpouring of the wounded spirit might be said to shake his manly frame "almost to dissolution." The energy with which he spoke, together with the facts to which he adverted, gave a prophetic air to his melancholy denunciations, and presented in such vivid colors her gloomy prospects, that it was no wonder she became for a short time appalled and overwhelmed by a situation so distressing and so hopeless. She did not, however, allow her own alarm and dejection long to add to the misery which was rending the heart of her only friend, one whose nature so generally rose above all despondency, and was to her always a sustaining prop and constant comforter. Gently drawing his hand from his eyes, she said, as she looked beseechingly in his face, and attempted to smile:

"According to your own doctrine, dear Frank, you must yet allow that, if I am destined to encounter scenes of danger and seasons of distress, I am also privileged to escape the one and endure the other; I am certainly an unlucky *compagnon du voyage* in some respects, but in others remarkably fortunate. Besides! though tempest-tossed, I have never been shipwrecked: I escaped random shots in the desert almost miraculously, thereby leaving me the power of attending to your wounds; and the only time I ever drew a trigger myself answered the purpose of preserving my protector. My most imminent, and, to my own conception, most terrific danger, was that which so lately menaced me, and which I encountered without a single suspicion or fear. Let us not, therefore, dear Frank, add to our trials by thinking of fatality, or suppose that a God of mercy predestines us to any misery which will not lead to good?"

Frank only replied by a deep sigh and a shake of the hand she held, which he then dropped in listless despondency by his side.

"Every thing which has happened to me," continued Olivia, "though out of the common line of trials to females who live quietly at home in dear England, is in perfect accordance with the seas we have crossed, the countries we have traversed, and the people amongst whom we are fallen. It strikes me that the very dangers we have escaped so far afford us an earnest of farther aid; He 'who willeth not the death of a sparrow' has us in his keeping; and it is not presumptuous to say, 'we are of more value than many sparrows,' for He hath told us so."

"Ay, my poor 'Livia, it is fine talking; but if a bowstring is put round my neck tonight, (which I cannot conceal from you is a most probable occurrence,) the question is, where will you be tomorrow? Will not you become instantly a slave—the very worst of slaves? It maddens me, unmans me, destroys me, to think of your future fate."

"Then do not think of it, dear Frank; it can answer no end to ponder on advancing misfortune, so as to destroy the very energies by which, if it does arrive, we ought to meet and combat it."

"You are happy in not seeing what I see, nor apprehending, as I do, the evils by which we are so closely environed; it is better perhaps that you should not; but I cannot hide them from myself:—oh! I know not what is to become of us! know not what ought to be done in the difficulties before us!"

Olivia became now exceedingly agitated, and was some moments before she could speak; and when she did, it was with great difficulty, and with an air of deep solemnity and suppressed emotion.

"I will not misunderstand you, Frank; I see you fear that if you are taken from me, every thing bad will follow: we thought the same yesterday, and of course I have since then revolved the subject in my mind as well as I am able; but it is so awful, so *very awful* to one so young: I cannot talk upon it, but do not mistake me—Frank, I will not survive you, should they—but no, no, they will not murder you!"

"They *will*," thought he; but he did not add to the wretchedness already inspired, and, sensible of much consolation from Olivia's words, since they were uttered in the sad soberness of deep anguish, rather than the transport of sudden resolution, he arose from the floor, on which he had sat down in very despair. Soon after, he began to complain bitterly of the personal inconveniences by which they were surrounded; and although Olivia was thus recalled to them, she felt a degree of relief to them both, in recapitulating their various privations and troubles.

The birds which had taken wing in the morning returned before the noon-day heat, and presented a new source of annoyance, and one of the most distressing kind; but alas! every thing combined to harass them; they were weary, and had no seat; hungry, to very faintness, and had no food or means of procuring it. Soldiers at either entrance, well armed, forbade all chance of escape, and by their looks, added to the impression Falkland had adopted, as to death being intended for one at least. On observing the guard was changed, he ventured to inquire of the newly arrived, when it was probable that food would be brought."

"Not till evening," said the man; "and if you do not dislodge the birds you will have a scanty meal."

The speaker was a Hindoo, and appeared of a milder character than any person they had yet beheld in Calicut, and they had the satisfaction of comprehending his words, the import of which he seconded by ascending to the place where they were, and showing Falkland that it was not difficult to catch the birds. It will be readily supposed that our impetuous young friend was not slow to twist the necks of his adversaries, and dispose of all he caught in *terrorem* outside of the verandah, not daring of course to use the pistols which were still in Olivia's possession.

"Poor things!" cried the latter, "it is hard to kill them for us, since perhaps we may be removed in an hour."

"You are more likely to remain for years," said the man.

"Without furniture or food?" said Falkland.

"All depends on the tidings from the army—life itself, most probably."

As the man spoke, he opened a door which they had not observed, and which divided them from a large inner room, unpolluted by the abode of the cormorants, and which he said, "would be a refuge for the lady during the present confusion." This had already been heard by the other guard, who, ascending in an opposite direction, and perceiving what was going forward, greatly blamed his fellow-gaoler for assisting the prisoners, and induced him to desist and return to his post; he did not, however take notice of the half-opened door of that room which Olivia had entered, and which, not being, dilapidated, offered them a refuge from their devouring tormentors.

This room contained only a mat and a gourd, which had probably held the water assigned to its last wretched inhabitant. Olivia trod fearfully over the floor, and examined every crevice, fearful of again encountering the hateful inhabitants of the closet; but one small solitary scorpion was all she found, which was easily despatched by Falkland, who said "that henceforward if they were doomed to remain, this should be her exclusive apartment; but he thought it advisable that she should continue as much as possible in the other, as being more cool and airy, and in order that the ill-natured guard might not suspect her having the comfort of such a retirement;" adding, "that in a few days he should certainly have cleared it from the present inhabitants, and probably have prevailed on the Hindoo to procure the means of its ablution."

"I will pay him any thing in my power for such a purpose," said Olivia, eagerly offering her purse to Frank.

"Keep it yourself, my dear girl, for with you only can it be safe; but be careful not to offer money, lest they suppose you have more, and endeavor to frighten you out of it, and give me the little pistols. I can knock down a crow with one, though I must not shoot one: what have you besides in your pockets?"

"Many useful things—a church-of-England prayer-book, an etui, with knife, scissors, comb, and pincers; a housewife with needles and thread; a French knife, fork, and spoon in a case; you must have *them*, dear Frank, for they were the gift of Adelaide to me, and she would, I am certain, rejoice in the transfer."

"Pray keep them, they will be useful to us both if we are ever to eat again, but that seems at present rather doubtful; you do not complain, but I know you are suffering more than I am."

"Indeed I am not, for my long sleep imparted strength as well as comfort ; but, as I must own, twenty-four hours is too long a fast, I mean to secure some of the rice they will bring us in this gourd, and hide it for breakfast to-morrow ; thank you dear Frank, for that smile, it will sustain me another hour."

Falkland turned away his head to hide the gushing tears which followed a smile at her contrivance. "Ah !" exclaimed he inwardly, "well may they call woman man's best solace, for she can extract honey from the very gall of life—not that any one of them can exactly resemble Olivia."

"If we could but learn the fate of our fellow-sufferers, dear Frank, (since they will not take us to the same prison,) I should be much easier. Poor Mrs. Hanson will be very uneasy about me too, I know—would we could render her sensible that we are alive and well !"

"She is much better off than you, let her situation be what it may ; she has a husband and a sister, and you have neither."

"True ! but I have a *friend*, and one who, in the language of scripture, I may say 'sticketh closer than a brother ;' I will not allow you to detract from my means of consolation. The greater our misfortunes, the more anxiously should we treasure up the means of supporting them, which may be derived from our remaining comforts."

"But how can you pretend to say, Olivia, that any do remain ? You have a very extraordinary tact for discovery, if in this wretched place you can find any possible comfort or even any ground for hope."

"We have a roof over our heads, which yesterday we had not ; we then considered our lives in jeopardy, which we have not equal reason to do now ; every creature we then saw appeared positively barbarian, whereas today we have found a *little* humanity."

Falkland made no reply, but he looked so wretched and repining, exhibited so melancholy a contrast to his former self, that the heart of Olivia sunk entirely, and she despaired of raising him even in a slight degree from the "slough of despond," into which he was plunged. Recollecting, however, a lesson she had read when a child, in which it was said "hunger makes a man peevish, fretful, and discontented, alike with himself and all around him," she ascribed much of his dejection to that cause, and again endeavored to beguile the heavy time by conversation on the past and conjectures for the future, until she became utterly incapable of further exertion.

At length two men appeared, the one carrying food and water ; the other, two mats, which they threw down in silence. The water was at this time in a large earthenware pitcher, which, to the great relief of the prisoners was left with them, and although the remaining birds, as on the preceding evening, shared some of their food which it was impossible to protect, yet their diminished numbers, and the celerity with which Olivia transferred a portion of it to the gourd she had found, enabled them to satisfy the cravings of nature much better than they had done the night before. The circumstance of the mats showed also some kindlier feelings on the part of those who provided for them, and induced the hope of further accommodations, though it proved also that there was no intention of removing them to share the prison of their friends.

Falkland had already examined the premises and convinced himself that

there would be little difficulty in getting out of the place where they were confined, knowing that Olivia, in all exertions connected with climbing or jumping, had little less agility than himself, who had been her early instructor; but he was also convinced of the vigilance of their guards, and had not any doubt that a ball would be sent through his body on the slightest pretext. True! it might be possible for him to poniard the man who sat on the side from which they must escape, but this in cool blood his very soul recoiled from, and never did he allow himself to mention the thought to Olivia. The total impossibility of eventual escape, and the certainty of punishment for the attempt, determined them, after many deliberations, to renounce the design for the present, and trust either to the compassion of some relenting sentinel, or the interposition of some stranger in whom they could confide, for the means of being put on ship-board, as the only place of safety for persons so situated.

Day after day passed, but they were neither brought before the governor, removed to a more secure prison, nor was their situation in any degree ameliorated, save by a larger supply of water and the grant of a gourd or two, in answer to Olivia's earnest entreaties. By degrees Falkland cleared the place of all the birds; he also made friends with the good-natured Hindoo, when his turn came for guarding them, to procure a large portion of the high grass which grew at the back of the building, and which, being placed under their mats, greatly added to their sleeping comforts, which were still very scanty, as they had no covering, and neither table nor seats. The latter Falkland tried to furnish by picking up pieces of wood, found in the lower part of the building, and supporting them with similar substances of a bulkier nature, endeavoring to supply the want of tools by various contrivances, which, however inadequate to the purpose, were always beneficial by employing him, and preventing his mind from preying on itself. Whilst he supposed that he was preparing any thing that would surprise Olivia, or add to her accommodation he would work for hours unmindful of their lapse, and comparatively forgetful of the miseries which surrounded them, and which the approach of winter must aggravate. At these times Olivia never intruded on his seclusion; and though generally aware of the object he was pursuing, she continued wisely ignorant, until the moment came when he could claim the merit of producing the object of his toil, or chose to claim her consolations for his failure. Observation taught her how to nurse his wounded spirit into convalescence, if not health, and by degrees he ceased to dwell on their misfortunes, and to see the value of that patience in her which, by resignation to inevitable evil, robbed it of half its sting.

But the real wants of life will make themselves felt, and the evils which now oppressed our young friends, however distinct from those of sentiment, rendered themselves nearly as acute and much more palpable. Though Falkland now exerted himself to cheer her whom he held to be the feeblest of the two, yet whom he felt to, be inestimable as a friend, it was evident to Olivia that in person he was decidedly weaker than herself. With an agony to which no words can do justice, she saw his manly features become sharp and pallid, his once athletic form wasted, and a certain shrinking in his gait indicated species of premature age, which it would have distressed even a stranger to contemplate. Olivia concluded, in consequence of these

symptoms, that, *much* as she might suffer, he suffered yet *more*, and apprehended that at those periods when he absented himself in the rooms below, under pretext of finding something which he could render useful, or pursuing some avocation intended to produce such results, he was in fact hiding from her those terrible ebullitions of sorrow, which reduced his manly form, and stamped on his once open and indeed beautiful countenance the hue of sickness and the withering character of age.

Meantime, their food as usual continued to be brought at the same hour in the evening; and in general Falkland met the bearer of it at the door, and took it at his hands, that Olivia might be spared the sight of one whose appearance and office were alike unpleasant. When brought into the room where they lived, she generally took a certain portion of the rice for their morrow's breakfast, which she placed in a chosen spot for security; after which it was Falkland's custom to divide the remainder upon two palm leaves given him by the friendly Hindoo for the purpose of plates.

One day when he had been busy below, though evidently very weak and unwell, he said to her,

"Dear Olivia, I must trouble you for my share of our morning's provisions tonight, otherways I fear I shall have no sleep, and be so indisposed tomorrow as to occasion you uneasiness."

Olivia flew to the repository of her little store, which she pressed him to take entirely, saying, that in a morning she had little or no appetite; but to this Frank replied by an incredulous shake of the head, though he said in a short time afterwards,

"You were always a little eater, and that is a great advantage to you in our present situation; but I insist on your taking away the little I have left you, my poor girl."

Olivia complied, because anxious to quit his presence; for the agonizing grief which now filled her heart to very breaking, would not be controlled. The truth, the terrible truth, that her beloved companion was slowly dying for want of sufficient food, had in a moment flashed upon her mind, and distressed her beyond all former suffering, since it was combined with the bitterest self-reproach. Why had she not sooner reflected on the impossibility of sustaining his tall athletic form on the same portion of food which she well knew was barely sufficient for the wants of nature in her own case! and how could she allow one so generous and considerate to suffer from a cause which, to a certain degree, it was in her power to mitigate? Surely she had been the most cruel and unkind of relatives to one who merited every sacrifice she could bestow, the most meritorious and injured of men; one too, who, without the errors of the Prodigal Son, might yet truly say with him, "How many servants in my father's house have bread to spare, whilst I perish with hunger!"

The inexperience of her age, and her habitual temperance, added to the daily anxiety under which she could not fail to suffer, and which she was yet perpetually trying to conceal, had rendered Olivia blind to the necessity of a different division of their scanty allowance; but in the keen sense of sorrow which now pressed on her heart, she felt as if she had been the murderer of him whom she had tried to support under their mutual afflictions so unceasingly. A thousand little circumstances now flashed upon her mind, exhibit-

ing the pains taken by Frank to deceive her as to the cause of his weakness; and, whilst she saw every thing noble and admirable in his conduct, she was led to condemn herself for deficiency in those very virtues of kindness and consideration, with which in truth her heart abounded. All night she slowly paced her cheerless apartment, not only lamenting the past, but planning for the future. By turns she wept and prayed, but at length resolved, that on the following morning she would make the only effort in her power for the relief of them both, by the only means left her, and which, striking her suddenly at this time, she was inclined to think a kind of inspiration from that heavenly father, by whom alone her affliction was seen and her prayers could be answered.

Thus arriving at some kind of hope, she threw herself on her hard couch, and slept till the sun was high in the heavens, and the voice of Falkland in tremulous accents inquired "if she were well?" Replying in the affirmative, she arose and offered him the remaining rice for his breakfast, but this he absolutely refused, and left her, as he said, to borrow from their more churlish keeper the knife he wore in his girdle.

Olivia descended on the other side of the dwelling, and found as she expected the Hindoo guard on duty: to him she explained as well as she was able, her desire, that he would procure her a portion of the long grass which grew so abundantly near them, also a common material for dyeing a part of it, saying, "that she could weave baskets and other utensils for which he would find ready sale, and for which she desired to be paid in food for a morning meal, which he might convey to her at his own convenience."

The man eagerly caught at the idea, for he had been accustomed to trade in a little way, and had no doubt of the sale of articles, which, as made by the hands of a Christian lady in prison, would carry with them a degree of interest even in Calicut.

In a few hours Olivia was furnished with her materials, and began most thankfully to exert her ingenuity, and recall every instruction she had received from Aisheh during her abode in the desert. Frank appeared for some time quite incredulous on the subject of such labors becoming profitable; but, when a neat basket was really finished, and he saw the pleasure with which the sentinel received it, new ideas took place, and he became as sanguine in his expectations of her success as he had lately been hopeless.

Olivia was not disappointed in the reward she expected, which was brought by a child, who would deposit it in no hands but her own, and who pointed out a method of letting down the baskets and drawing up the food in a place from the verandah, out of sight from either guard, and necessary to be adopted when the Hindoo was not in attendance.

The food provided was of the kind consumed in the man's own family, being a preparation of rice and vegetables, and a portion of coffee which was of a very superior quality—if much worse, it would have been not the less welcome to persons so situated. Never was a breakfast so praised as this, and it would be difficult to say which of our famished prisoners relished it the most. Frank declared "the coffee would save his life; it was the very medicine his health required, and the thing for which he had always a decided preference." Olivia was glad of this information, as it enabled her to

"profess utter indifference for it now," and for the future resolve to decline any portion of it; but the emotions (though sweet) that swelled her bosom, prevented many words, and she seized the material for her future labors with an avidity which at once bespoke her gratitude and concealed the sensation it produced.

"But I must not be idle and see you work," said Frank, "tell me, dear Livia, what part of your employment I can assist in? my fingers will, I fear, never be nimble enough to plait the grass in that neat, delicate manner, but I may certainly do something."

These words were uttered in what might be termed a natural tone, but one which the unhappy young man had seldom used of late—so sweet was it to the ear of his companion, that, desolate as they both were, her heart might be said to throb with joy, as she replied—

"You can pick out the grass for me, dear Frank, and lay the pieces all of one length together; and when I want any dyeing, you will do it better than I can, I am certain, and I hope to want more by-and-by; meantime you could read to me—"

"Read, child! without books?"

"You forget that I have happily *one* book in which I have read a great deal since we came, and found much more comfort from it than I ever before knew that any books could yield—it is certainly next to the Bible in value."

"Oh! you mean your little prayer-book. Well, give it to me, and I will read the Psalms. I am very fond of the Psalms."

Frank took the prayer-book, and after turning it over some minutes, said, "Here is a prayer for those in captivity in general, but none composed for the use of the captive. I think that a great deficiency, for surely no human beings are more likely to pray with sincerity than persons so situated, and yet in their distress they find few words proper for the language of petition. Here is a regular office for the sick, and none for the prisoner."

"The sick man is surely the most pitiable prisoner, he has pain and weakness to endure in addition to confinement, and at a time when he is unable to collect his thoughts and strengthen his faith. His poor fevered frame is, perhaps, harassed with vain wanderings of the imagination, cruel sinkings of the spirits, a closer clinging of the affections to those who surround his sick bed than he ever felt before, which renders him loth to leave them; and all this perhaps accompanied with a dread of death physically, as well as a terrible solicitude as to the future it will open to him."

"Well! my pretty coz, after all this, and allowing it to have a good deal of truth, I maintain that the imprisoned man is more to be pitied, especially if he is young and healthy; it is the vigorous limbs which ask for exercise, not the weak ones; it is the sane mind which sees and feels the evils acutely of every corroding point of the misfortune which wounds him, not the weak and delirious; and though the dying man may grieve to part with those he loves, as one humbled, even if not resigned, he presumes not to arraign the hand which chastises him: even the most obdurate rebels and pretended philosophers, forget their pretensions, I believe pretty generally, on a death-bed, and submit without murmuring, though not without reluctance. But the captive has a sense of injury on his mind perpetually; he hates the hand that binds, as much as the chains which enthrall him. Every bad passion in

his heart is roused to action, and scenes of terrible vengeance occupy his imagination, and forbid whatever was gentle and benevolent in his nature from asserting their wonted influence; he is cowed, not humbled; crushed, but not resigned; in time his energies are perhaps subdued, but even if servility should spring from a soil manured by suffering of this nature, it would be combined with bitter scorn and deadly malice, and every other terrible and noxious production."

So warmly were these words uttered, so evidently were they not merely the sentiments, but the sense of the speaker, that Olivia would not attempt to argue on their impropriety, or even to point out the superior comforts still left to them in the benefits of light and air. She saw with bitter grief, that like Sterne's Captive, "the iron had entered into his soul," but she remembered to her comfort, that within an hour he had been capable of rising above it, and trusted that, even in this indirect mode of complaint, he would experience a degree of relief, and, concluding that sympathy was a better lenitive than casuistry, she answered only by a deep sigh, and a motion of the head, that told him she could listen again to his melancholy assertions with the tenderest interest, and that her thoughts accorded but too well with his own.

Falkland looked at her, as he too often looked, with desponding admiration, then opened the book and read for a considerable time. Both were astonished to find the day was gone so soon, and, on hearing the arrival of their evening meal, arose in no small bustle to clear away the materials of Olivia's manufacture. It so happened, that they left the ship upon a Saturday, so that they had not lost the memory of Sunday, which had been marked by Olivia in a manner somewhat suitable to the day as kept by Christians; but such had been the gloomy temper, or the apparent sufferings of poor Falkland, that she had hitherto been devoid of that moral courage necessary for one, who desired, not as a preacher to call him to his duty, but as a member of the Church of Christ, to invite him to share the privilege of prayer and praise. She could not bear the idea of appearing, however indirectly, to blame him for a dejection which she was convinced arose far more from the contemplation of her troubles than his own—a circumstance that would have completely overwhelmed her, if she had not united with it the belief, that she was also the reason of his restraining that impetuous temper and that boldness of courage, which could not fail to bring destruction on his head, if exerted for the purpose of gaining freedom under such a government, and with such unfeeling guardians as it was his lot to encounter.

Olivia had for four successive days produced certain wares in various forms, and received constantly a portion of food, which evidently added to the comfort of both, more especially of the previous sufferer, whose spirits increased with his strength, when, the sabbath recurring, she observed the fact to him—saying, "therefore, dear Frank, you will not be surprised if I decline troubling you to measure the straws today."

"I should be sorry to see you so employed, dear Olivia, knowing as I do your principles and feelings."

"I am sure you would, for like me you must see that I have an especial call (to use an old-fashioned phrase) for thanksgiving, and when can I offer it at a more appropriate time than when I *know* that thousands, nay, millions,

are upon their knees, offering to their Heavenly Father prayers for us, and praises for His mercy which we now partake!"

"Very true, Olivia; we are both much better than we were a week ago; yet I confess that the remembrance of Sunday, as we used to spend it at my father's house, renders me very low."

"I was just then thinking of my dear uncle and aunt," said Olivia, as she brought from her hiding-place some rice which she had saved, "and rejoice in the memory of their example. It ought not to depress us," she added, though the tears flowed as she spoke. "No! we ought to be thankful for such parents, and remember how very, *very* differently we should be situated at this moment, if, like many others, we had been brought up without the knowledge they so happily imparted to us."

"That is all very true, Olivia, so far as concerns *you*, who are evidently supported either by a very extraordinary mind, or an especial Providence; but I am differently situated: in my father's house I saw nothing but what was good, though perhaps he was not always wise, but——"

Falkland could for the present say no more; at this time and at this distance his beloved father, that tender and generous father, was hallowed in his sight by a thousand fond recollections, which now rushed impetuously on his mind, and he could not forgive himself for daring to *allow* one word of blame to mingle with the sacred associations which belonged to his parent. Olivia had been herself on the point of excusing and extolling the uncle she loved so dearly; but she saw in a moment that the sensibility of the son was more than sufficiently aroused; and in order to save him from self-reproach, in truth but little merited, she tried the only method of relieving him, which was that of giving him employment.

"Would it not be possible for us to warm this coffee in my gourd? if you could strike a light there is plenty of bits of wood to make a fire. I cannot possibly drink it in this state."

"How saucy you grow," said he, smiling, but instantly trying to fulfill her wishes, lamenting, though in silence, whilst he did so, the terrible privations, the actual wants of one on whom he could have lavished the treasures of both Indies, deeming a "world of one entire and perfect chrysolite" below her value.

The sabbath passed as Olivia thought it ought to pass. If *her* devotion was the more ardent, and *her* mind the more abstracted, yet was her companion not therefore cold or negligent; and as she did not constrain his mind to dwell on sacred topics beyond its power, or demand from a long-estranged wanderer in a world of many temptations that which he could not concede, she gained more than she had dared to hope for; and again they were surprised by the visit of their keepers, as they apprehended before the time.

It proved indeed on this occasion that they were earlier than usual: as they never granted them lights, and days were now shortening, it was necessary to bring their food sooner, and accordingly, from this time forward, they did so. In consequence, after their meal was concluded, there was still a short period of daylight in which they might converse; and, like many persons in happier situations, when refreshed by their evening food, they felt perhaps most inclined to talk. On this (to her) dear and memorable night, Olivia was conscious of a mild exhilaration of spirits to which she had been long a stranger,

and, after drinking heartily of the water now left with them for the possible wants of the following day, she broke into singing the hymn for the evening, in which the whole family in her uncle's house were wont to unite.

The first sounds of her voice thrilled through the heart of Falkland, as if an angel had descended from heaven to cheer their solitude, or prepare them for new trials; but as she proceeded *home*, and all the feelings of his boyish days came back, and passing by those years of manhood, which had been spent in the paths of fashionable folly or anxious travel, he joined his deep sonorous voice to her's, and pursued, with some degree of surprise at the retention of his memory, the once familiar words to the end.

The effort thus made by Olivia on the Sabbath evening, and really adopted as an act of grateful worship, proved every day afterwards of their painful imprisonment most valuable to both, as on the following day they recalled to their minds the various duets they had formerly sung together, and in their renewed powers, their very errors, and more especially their efforts to remember either music or words, they found the weary steps of time move more rapidly, and the monotony of existence invested with a livelier hue. It is true the acquisition brought with it a desire for others, and Falkland would greatly lament the loss of his flute, and exclaim against "the wretches who had taken Olivia's drawing materials;" but when he beheld her hands busied in providing the means of subsistence, and reflected that without such exertion she would be too weak to sing—that perhaps nature might sink under the pressure of their complicated ills—he became reconciled, and even thankful for their ameliorated destiny; and, like her's, his grateful spirit poured forth its tribute of praise to Him "who had looked down on their low estate."

His desire to assist her soon enabled him to do it by various trifling devices, which, in employing his time and exercising his thoughts, rendered the tedious and uninterrupted solitude, which had unmanned his mind and planted the gloom of despair even on the brow of sanguine youth, easy to endure, softened as it was by a companionship so consolatory as he experienced. He had hitherto shunned Olivia as much as he could, being unable to witness her degraded and suffering state; but he now found a kind of exultation in her virtues that sufficed to comfort him; and the power he possessed of amusing or assisting her gave him a sense of happiness beyond any he had ever known before.

The general restoration of *his* health and spirits was to Olivia an invaluable blessing, both as regarded her future prospects and present situation; and her energies were now so excited by the relief she experienced, as to render her comparatively insensible of the evils under which she was still suffering. These evils had yet their natural effect: heat and hunger, fear and cold, will make themselves felt, even in the happiest constitutions; and although Olivia wore a tranquil and frequently a smiling countenance, she was sensible of many pressing ailments. The color often varied in her cheek, her steps were feeble, and her slight frame far more fragile. She did her utmost to conceal every symptom of indisposition from Falkland, who watched the flushing of temporary fever or the paleness incident to solicitude and confinement, with a jealousy it was difficult to elude, and an anxiety so intense as to threaten a relapse in his own health to the state from which she had so lately drawn him.

Under happier circumstances it would have been indeed very evident that, as he emerged from bodily weakness and mental despondency, and resumed in some degree that natural buoyancy of spirits to which his constitution in both senses was allied, so did a still more deep and tender attachment than he had ever before experienced steal into his heart, and "wrap it wholly." Even when his breast was occupied by an ardent and favored passion, his esteem of Olivia and admiration of her many long-loved traits of excellence had been combined with so much tenderness as might have given species of rivalry in his attachment, had not Percy Luttrell been the man to whom she was resigned, and Adelaide, (the peerless Adelaide,) who rewarded ambition not less than love, been held justly the queen of his affections. But now, when fortune was lost, beauty faded in his memory, and hope of every kind almost excluded from his weary heart, no wonder it rested, for all that rendered life endurable, on a companion so amiable, even in its brightest scenes, so consolatory in its most melancholy ones.

Yet also with returning strength did he seek to recall the resolutions he had formed at Mocha, when the memorable conversation of Mr. Hanson showed him the path in which he ought to go; yet, "they had been parted so long, it was so possible that his letter from Cairo had never reached Adelaide; and that she herself had repented her temporary inclination (but this his lingering vanity could barely grant) that altogether there appeared at this time little in the connexion which could be deemed binding, if even he were at liberty."

"And surely the ties of Olivia were yet far lighter. She had been parted from Percy Luttrell for several years; was little more than a child when she last saw him; and although her heart gratefully accepted the offer of one she loved in childhood, and must unavoidably respect, yet she had certainly never loved him as such a heart as her's was capable of loving?"

"Nay! was there not in the very mention of his name as her affianced husband a proof that her heart and her memory required reminding of the engagement? and had she not done more for *him* than ever woman did for man? Were there not moments too in which she evidently feared that he should think so? and surely in the desert, when she blamed his admiration of Aisheh, she betrayed anger so far beyond the apparent cause, that some latent one must be inferred."

But flattering as such ideas might be to a man so situated, they did not convey enough of hope to be relied upon; and so infinitely dear was the esteem of Olivia, of such importance were the friendship she showed for him and the confidence she reposed in him, that he dared not risk it even by a hint or a look: and he resolved to watch himself with the most severe scrutiny, lest he should awaken conjectures that might excite in her uneasiness or distrust. Besides, in their present situation, it would be held by her cruel and improper. It was his pride and joy to know that, with all his faults, he had merited the full reliance she placed on his fastidious delicacy and profound respect, and never, *never* should she withdraw it for a moment.

Yet conversations would arise, and conjectures for the future be canvassed, in which their total seclusion from the world, their peculiar situation, as deprived of all other comfort, made it almost seem a duty in one so devoted, to offer the unbounded affection of a heart that could sympathize so entirely

in her feelings of every kind ; and often therefore was Falkland on the point of declaring with his tongue that truth which every look and action of his life exhibited hourly.

Olivia might be said indeed to see all that was passing in his mind, and to feel every emotion that swelled his breast, and in his conduct to gain a continued lesson for her own. That he concealed his sentiments, or rather that he did not by words reveal them, was her greatest consolation in the difficult state in which she was placed ; for she was too well assured that, had he spoken, she could not have resisted the "pleaded reasons" of one who had long been too dear to her, however unsuspectedly he had become so, and who was from necessity, in her present forlorn situation, rendered her all in all. Well did her memory now recall the promise made to Adelaide, and constantly did she recur to the feelings of indignation excited by its exaction, in order that she might humbly regret her weakness, or return to her duty ; but, whatever were the tasks she prescribed to her heart, it is certain all ended with the conclusion "that *now* was not the time in which she could resign the attachment which constituted her only comfort, not less than her error." All she could do was to guard her secret. "Surely, surely, Frank would not compel her to explain her feelings."

Nor did he. Though every other thought, opinion, and sentiment, which passed through the mind of each, was communicated and canvassed, examined and discussed, until each so thought with the other, and felt with the other, that they were in a manner one spirit in two frames ; yet that tie which pervaded all, affected all, and was in fact the moving spring which tempered every feeling, and moulded every idea, into unison and harmony, remained invisible save in its effects. On every other point their was a confidence perhaps never equalled between any companions ; for where could any be found equally dependent on the other for all that friendship and society bestows ? But that sweetest, strongest, and holiest reliance which heart lends to heart, was still denied, from the noblest and the purest motives.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE continued necessity of exertion on Olivia's part, together with the happiness she enjoyed from the general improvement in Falkland's health and spirits, rendered her captivity less harassing than it had been, but she was not the less sensible of its action on the mind of a young and energetic man thus pining in solitude. She endeavored to draw him from the contemplation of their situation by every possible medium, sometimes leading him to speak of the gay parties he had witnessed in London, where at this time the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was the "life of fashion," to recapitulate all he

could recollect of the speeches of Fox, Pitt, and the unrivaled Sheridan; and to tell her again and again, what were the impressions he received from the acting of Siddons and the eloquence of Erskine. She inquired after every country neighbor she had known in childhood, every servant employed in his father's family, and almost every plant that enriched the flower-garden where both had labored, and they would alike at times be surprised to find their recollections of the minutæ of former life so perfect. Both, alas! felt as if, in their many misfortunes and protracted captivity, years rather than days had passed over them, and that age had to a certain degree affected their faculties. In a gayer moment they would laugh at their sensations, and recall the day when they left Marseilles, and reckon the months which had passed over them since then; but, although reason thus showed them to be yet in the spring of existence, the consciousness of captivity and the utter helplessness of their situation, still operated as a blight, and inflicted a species of decrepitude, which antedated the natural infirmities of age, and was perhaps, on the whole, the severest part of the infliction.

When Olivia, either by singing French songs, or speaking of French customs, could, without appearing to do it, purposely introduce praise of Adelaide, she never omitted to do so, and Falkland would on such occasions most warmly second her assertions; but if she went beyond this, he became so evidently unhappy or petulant, that she had not the courage, by any direct exhortation, to call him back to that fealty which, if not lost, was absent, and she was the less desirous of prolonging such discussion, lest it should lead to others more personal. Thus they passed on from day to day, each fearful of the other, each happy in the other, yet harassed by many troubles, sensible of many wants, and dreading that change of season now rapidly approaching, and for which they were utterly without provision, and likely to be, so far as the humanity of their gaolers was concerned.

For some days this fear for the future had been suspended in consequence of unusual heat, which became so oppressive as to indicate either earthquake or tempest of an extraordinary kind. On retiring one evening, Olivia felt so much oppressed by it that she foretold the impossibility of sleeping; but added, "Should I lie long in the morning, do not be alarmed, nor would I have you disturb me, since you can now take the basket and breakfast without me."

"I can do nothing without you with pleasure, I am sure," said Falkland to himself, but he replied only by a kind smile, resolving not to disturb her, having seen with that pain which a man so situated alone can experience, that she had pursued her task through the day with the greatest difficulty, observing, that were she not literally in the state of "no song no supper," which Falkland had been describing, she would have given herself a holiday.

She had been stretched on her comfortless mat about two hours, when a sudden clap of thunder shook the house to its foundation, and was succeeded by another, and another, so terrific, that Olivia, at least, believed the thunders of the Mediterranean had been far less awful, nor could she even think that a house in such a tempest was safer than a ship. The glaring of the lightning was so excessive, that she believed the wooden building must have taken fire, and be actually burning, and springing towards the door, she cried out in agony,

"Dear Frank, if you are safe, if you are alive, pray speak to me?"

"Open the door, my dear Olivia, I will take you to a place below, where you will be much better than here, for we shall at least see and hear less of this dreadful storm."

With trembling speed she undid the bolt, and found Falkland close by the door. He seized her hand and drew her forward, but she perceived notwithstanding her alarm, that she passed over the mat on which he slept, which was stretched before her door, a new instance of his tenderness and care—a care which, even in this awful moment, when all around threatened instant destruction, soothed her spirits, and awakened fortitude as the medium of assistance to him.

They found their usual guardians huddled together in the lowest part of the dwelling, and such was the effect of the elemental war upon them, that Falkland saw in a moment it would be very possible to escape, and in the general confusion to find refuge in some Portuguese or American trader, who, in hopes of extra reward, would convey them to Bombay. His naturally fearless spirit seemed fully restored to him, by witnessing the extinction of all power in his guards, whose minds and bodies were alike prostrated before the horrors of the tempest, and who would have yielded their keys, almost their lives, at his bidding: but how could he expose Olivia to a scene so appalling! no! such a risk was impossible.

The subject, however, was so agitating and of such infinite moment, that he could not forbear to point out the physical inability of their guards for resistance, and the power of leaving a building which was doubtless already shattered, adding, that in such a storm no one could think of anything but their own safety.

"You think, then, we might escape in the tempest? I am willing to try; I know you would rather brave death than endure captivity: but, hark! the rain is coming down in torrents."

"No; it is the wind you hear. It blows a perfect hurricane, and much do I fear that the house may come down upon us in a moment."

"Then let us fly: the men will not, cannot oppose. We have on the outside an equal chance for life, and one for liberty also. With you I have no fear that should be our hindrance."

At this moment a terrible crash was heard, as if the upper part of the house was blown down, and the gust of wind which swept along, was such as to deprive Falkland of all hope of braving it with Olivia under his care, although the thunder-storm had now expended its rage. In a short time it lulled away; and the soldiers, aware from their knowledge of general effects in such cases, knew that the danger was over, and suddenly seized their arms and resumed their functions, being anxious probably to obliterate from the minds of their prisoners the extreme pusillanimity they had lately displayed, and to resume more than usual insolence towards their victims.

Cold and shuddering from their late agitation, they were obliged to remain till the return of day in their place of refuge, and indeed commanded to remain there till the older guard had examined the building, and perceived its capability of being yet a place of security. From this injunction Olivia was led to suppose that the conversation of Falkland had been overheard; but he reminded her that it had passed in English, and that no gesture or action of his had authorized suspicion, which was a source of great comfort to her, of

which she had the more need, because she felt a firm conviction, that, terrible as was the storm, he would certainly have braved it, and probably have effected his escape, if she had not been unhappily the clog that stayed his flight.

After some time spent in consultation, they were permitted to return upstairs, and take possession of their old quarters. The effects of the storm were visible from the windows, although, from the situation of the building, which had a sandy plain in front, it was less seen than in more cultivated places. The house itself had evidently suffered exceedingly; a great portion of the verandah was completely carried away; the end of the building, where poor Olivia had passed her first memorable night, was so dilapidated, as to appear a ruin on the outside, and Olivia observed, that too probably its late inhabitants were now scattered all over the building; but she interrupted herself to say:

"Oh, Frank! where did you hide the watches?"

In great alarm, he now began to look eagerly for a peculiar pinnacle, which had formed an ornament to the verandah, and contained a worm-eaten cavity, that unfortunately had become the hiding-place of those watches which constituted their only wealth. That the whole pinnacle was blown away there could be no doubt; but whether the contents accompanied it or were scattered in the removal it was vain to conjecture.

Every circumstance connected with it was of infinite moment to them, since, if the watches were found on the premises, their past concealment would be discovered, and would most likely be punished as a fault of magnitude, at least exposing their persons to the removal of those pistols and that dagger which, in many "a sad and sickening moment," they had held as valuable possessions. Both saw clearly, that if they were consigned to separate prisons, all hope of escape would be rendered impracticable, since Olivia could never hope to effect it alone, and it was certain Frank would never go without her.

Such was their anxiety that, although sensible the weather was become much colder, a circumstance of no small moment to them, they could speak and think only of their lost, although its possession had been for a considerable time quite out of their minds, and only recalled of late in consequence of various persons passing near their prison, and surveying it with anxious looks. It is probable that the little manufactures of Olivia being now widely circulated in the wealthier families, who purchased them as toys for children, led to this result; but as the footsteps so directed could only be for the sake of observation, it was no wonder that young persons of vivid imaginations, and embued themselves with much generosity and some romance, should look to such as their future deliverers. They had long believed that their Hindoo keeper wished to assist their escape, but was too timid to venture on any decisive step. Might not the parties in question be moved by his instigation?

At all events, the time might come when a bribe might effect this purpose: without the power of one they could do nothing. "Suppose," said Falkland, "you try, Olivia, if the Mussulman will allow you to go into the field behind the house; he has done so before now, and having had so bad a night will be a good reason for desiring a little air, even though you go into the wet grass to obtain it—who knows but you may see the watches?"

Olivia could not hope for any such lucky chance; she thought them more likely to be a mile beyond the place when she recollected the gust which swept them away.

"But I have ascertained that much of the verandah has fallen in the field, and your eye is so quick, and the little pinnacle in question so well known to you, that——"

"I will at least try," said Olivia cheerfully, though in her own heart considering the scheme utterly hopeless, since all she dared to desire in the matter was, that no one else might find them. She went down stairs with her scissors in her hand, because she had generally begged leave to cut grass on her former excursions. Having preferred her petition, and referred to her bad night, the man did not refuse it, for as far as she could understand him, he was not unwilling to give his own description of the storm, as experienced in the city, and he detained her so long, that, on her emerging, she was told to take only a single turn, which would be all the better for her in such a damp place as that.

But Olivia perceived that Falkland had been quite right as to the situation of those ruins of the verandah so important to them, and although afraid of serpents and other noxious reptiles, and almost trembling at the reiterated calls of her keeper, she yet continued to walk and to gaze. In a short time she discerned the very pinnacle she sought, and the string with which Falkland had secured the precious parcel by tying it to the frame-work.

To cut the string, and thrust the watches into her bosom was the work of an instant, and, as the man did not choose to follow her into the high grass, she was convinced he had not seen her; but his loud angry tones again assailed her, and she returned in considerable alarm, lest Falkland should hear and resent them. This was not the case, but the man was so angry that he struck her a deep violent blow with the key which he held in his hand.

This instrument, like all others then in use in the East, was made of a hard wood, about a foot in length, and, from the way in which it was held, inflicted a severe wound from the shoulder to the elbow.* The sudden and acute pain occasioned her to give a loud shriek as she fell beneath the blow, but, summoning all her strength, she hastened up stairs as quickly as she was able.

Before she arrived at the top, Falkland met her with a look of wildness, that almost was that of a maniac in its expression of utter misery and wild astonishment, for her loud shriek inspired him with the idea of her being carried away, and the sight of her was therefore a sudden relief. She instantly told him that she had secured the watches, but added, "I could not forbear screaming, for my arm is broken, I fear; the man struck me violently with that huge key."

"Struck *you*, Olivia?" cried Frank, his eyes flashing fire; "*you!* I will kill him this moment, if I die for it the next."

"Ah! why, why was I so foolish as to speak, but my pain is really terrible; dear Frank assist me before you go to the man (who is now on the outside, and cannot be reached); pray take the scissors and cut open my sleeve; I am in agony."

* The lady whose sad story I am now strictly following did not escape so easily, for, falling upon the watches, she received a contusion which produced the most distressing consequences.

The deadly paleness of her face, the purple hues of her lips, and the altered expression of her whole countenance vouched the truth of the assertion, and rage was quelled by fear and grief. With trembling hands, and a heart aching to its inmost core, he obeyed her instructions, and laid bare that beautiful arm which was already so swollen and inflamed as to wear a most threatening appearance, and prove how painful it must be now, and how much worse it would be.

"O God! O God!" exclaimed Falkland, "how have I deserved this? All else I could surely have borne, but to see her suffer thus—to know that it was at my bidding she went out—that I have no help for her, no means of alleviating her sufferings—it is too much, too much!"

A burst of hysterical sobbing succeeded, and, throwing himself from her, he wept as one whom excess of anguish had rendered incapable of either self-command or power of any kind. No possible pain, or sorrow, or degradation, as inflicted on himself, could have thus subdued his spirits, or reduced a mind so energetic to a total loss of faculty and exertion. His distress for a time suspended all complaint from Olivia, but, as fortitude and patience must give way before the demands of a situation like her's, she at length besought him to bathe her arm with cold water, and bind her veil around it, as they had no other ligature, adding, with a cheerful voice, "I do not suppose it is broken after all, dear Frank, and if your good mother were here I should require no other surgeon."

Often had Falkland thought for hours of his beloved mother, and longed with all his school-day fondness for the sight of her benign countenance and the sound of her warm welcome; but never had he known such an ardent desire for her presence as now. That very desire, mingling tenderness with the sorrow which he had hitherto felt only as a consuming fire, recalled him to himself; he roused himself to action, though, believing that he could do no possible good, he determined at least to obey the wishes of one whom he was destined to see expire by protracted torments, and whom he held as the best, not less than the dearest of human beings.

The pain he unavoidably gave, and which, however uncomplainingly endured, told its sad tale in the changing complexion and the involuntary shrinking, soon proved the utter inadequacy of any aid in his power to bestow, and his sole employment soon became that of alternately cursing the wretch who had brought upon them the worst evil they had yet known, and lamenting over his victim in every variety of phrase that pity could furnish: so passed hours, which to both were rendered ages of suffering.

At length the evening meal was brought, and the bearers were made acquainted with the brutal action of their comrade, all pains being taken by Falkland to impress upon their minds a sense of hatred towards it as an act of cowardice, since he well knew that as one of cruelty it would not be lamented. His representations appeared to have effect, and, united with some degree of pity already excited towards the female captive, would, he hoped, lead them to procure some assistance, though their silence did not promise much. Olivia, always fearful of all she had seen, save the kind Hindoo, was unable to plead for herself beyond that look of anguish and that compression of the lips which indicated suppressed complaint, and which ought to have spoken loudly to the breast of *man* as the appeal of *woman* to

his compassion. Certain looks were indeed exchanged, and on their departure much whispering took place, from which the prisoners were left to imagine it possible that their situation would be reported and perhaps ameliorated, but beyond this vague surmise no hope arose on the succeeding night of misery.

Bitterly did Frank regret the loss of unguents which had been given to him in the desert as good for bruises, and much did he wish that his present prison could be exchanged for the tent of the Sheikh, and recall the kindness with which, in his hour of affliction, he had been attended, as contrasted with the desolation Olivia experienced. When the day dawned, he found that her arm was much worse, and her pulse was so high he could not doubt that the accident, following so close upon the fright of the preceding night, had thrown her into an alarming state of fever.

As he was too much agitated to conceal those fears which so painfully affected him, Olivia by a great effort tried to combat them. "I could not," said she, with a languid smile, "receive a country visitant of this kind at a better time, Frank; for I have been long dieted for its reception. I have taken no wine, tasted no animal food, been guiltless of all dissipation, given way to no irritability of temper, and——"

"Do not attempt to jest, Olivia, for I cannot bear it; the wound, the wound alone will, in this country, produce fever of the most fatal sort. I shall live to see you suffer and die. Oh! why did I not die in the desert? Why did Abdallah miss his blow?"

"Dear Frank, you were not wont to be so selfish. In these wild wishes you wrong alike your friendship for me and your own generous nature. Surely, if I am taken from you at this time, it will be a great comfort to you to know that you have closed my eyes, preserved me from still greater evils in all probability, and that you can most conscientiously affirm to poor Percy Luttrell that you had been my faithful guardian, not less than my only protector and comforter."

Falkland's looks denoted penitence for hasty and afflictive words, but he found reply impossible.

"But I do not myself think you will have this trial to undergo, for I have an excellent constitution, and have already proved its capability of bearing a good deal; no, no, I shall live to give you more trouble yet, a good deal. If I could get a little ease; but never mind, I shall get used to the pain by and by, or I shall be sustained under it, I do not doubt: pray don't despair of me."

"Ay, Olivia, you are all angel. You may look for help, and may perhaps obtain it from Heaven, since it is plain there is none upon earth; but for me, I have no hope, no patience, no fortitude."

"Not when you feel for me, I grant, dear Frank, though nature has been bountiful to you in these very gifts; but consider how valuable you are to me, how utterly lost I should be without you; the very water you give my parched lips is——"

Olivia suddenly ceased speaking, for a step was heard approaching, and immediately afterwards a stranger entered, whose appearance excited so much alarm to her, and surprise to Falkland, as to suspend even the sense of pain and grief. His dress was that of the country, and so splendid as to

communicate the idea of Suder Cawn himself being their visitant; but his gait did not accord with their ideas of eastern viceroyalty, and a reiterated glance showed that his features were not of the eastern character. All conjecture was speedily cut short by his address.

"Your sarvant, sir; your's, ma'am. Sorry to see ye laid on the floor, as 'twere. 'Tisn't the place for a voman any how, lettin alone her bein a lady. I hard as how you'd a had a ugly accident, an I came to see vat vas best to be done."

An English tongue in a strange land (however provincial) could hardly fail to "discourse most excellent music" to the ears of our hapless prisoners; and in spite of an air of disgusting self-complacency and vulgar coxcombry in the speaker, Falkland received him with delight as a friend sent to relieve the bitterest anguish he had ever endured,

Olivia's sensations were very different. Thankful, as she could not fail to be, for any assistance in such a time, and more particularly for its administration by a countryman, yet her heart shrank intuitively from the forward bearing and bold eye of their visitor; and his apparel conveyed an idea of his being in the service of their captors, and of course not a very respectable personage. She nevertheless exerted herself to answer the inquiries he made respecting the injury she had received with her usual suavity, and was rewarded by an assurance that she should be speedily relieved, and the fellow who had wounded her suitably punished.

The way in which the latter words were pronounced by a man in a turban alarmed Olivia, who earnestly interceded for her late enemy, acknowledging that she had been to blame in not obeying his first summons, since he had been kind enough to allow her to walk out as a favor, he had a right to expect her return the moment he required it.

"There is something in that for certain," said the stranger. "Nevertheless he exceeded his duty a long way. Vy you, miss, should vant to valk in the vet grass is to me surprising; but famale curocity is wastly great, and p'raps you wanted to see the dewastation. Besides! some of your own traps might be blowed away, and I take it you havn't many to spare."

"We were stripped of every thing," cried Falkland eagerly. "At the time of our removal from the ship, they took not only our portmanteaus, but robbed me of arms, money, every thing; and my poor cousin was only mistress of——"

"Some little casket of jewels, I suppose?" said the man with an anxiety of expression, which added to the interruption, recalled the prudence so nearly lost by Falkland, and he readily answered:

"Oh no! Of that she was robbed in the desert. We have been the most unfortunate travelers that ever lived surely, continually either tempest-tossed by sea, or plundered by land, and——"

"But vat vas it you lost, that is the question? I only vant to know, in order that it may be sought for; I don't, upon my honor."

"It was a mere trifle, but useful to Olivia."

A deep sigh, or rather groan, uttered by the sufferer at this moment, drew the attention of both, and Falkland earnestly besought his countryman (as a man evidently in power) to procure some relief for the suffering lady. The tone, and the reference to his visitant's rank, proved that for himself he could

ask nothing of a man so situated ; but the person addressed had really the air of a good-tempered man, and perhaps not the delicacy to comprehend insinuations. He therefore readily assured them both that he would do his best in procuring every assistance in his power for poor miss, and he looked round as if to see all their wants, and register them in his mind. He lamented that it would not be in his power to send a surgeon ; but hoped the arm might be cured without one ; and added, " he would soon look in again, as he doubted not they would be glad to see him again ; if they was not, it would be vat he called a d—d unnaturable thing for true-born English folks. He was sure the wery sound of a countryman's voice, varmed his own heart like a dram in a frosty morning."

With these words, which were spoken with that heartiness of good-will, which renders vulgarity rather an assurance of sincerity than a medium of disgust, this very extraordinary person took his leave, making a low and affected bow to poor Olivia, evidently meant to display his really good person, and his newly-acquired finery to advantage. At any other time she would have found it as difficult to repress a smile as she now did to raise one ; for she had seen too much of the bearing of real Mussulmans to be deceived by awkward imitations, and there was something in this man that inspired her with as great a degree of terror as she could experience in a situation of so much actual suffering. It was therefore a relief to her to see him retire ; but he evidently departed with regret, which to a certain degree inspired Falkland with a similar emotion ; for so long had it been since he had heard a familiar tongue, or received an essential kindness, that a very trifling favor was likely to produce it.

Just as the stranger had reached the door, looking Falkland in the face with a look of penetration, and yet confiding good-humor, he said :

" Beg pardon, sir, but must just ask one question, for it has been at my tongue's-end, as it were, ever since I comed. You have left England since I did a good while, I take it, and you may be able to tell me a little matter of news. Men have curosimy as vell as vimen, only it goes to more sensible matters, so pray do tell me if there was any business much doing on the roads ven you left Lunnun ?"

" The roads, sir ! I think not. On the contrary, we are all busy with canals in Staffordshire ; nothing else was talked of as home affairs ; but France daily furnished news of the most absorbing and distressing character."

" Oh, sir ! that there is all politics, vat I never cared for in my life. Kings and parliaments, and them there things, are very vell in their vay, either in palaces or play-houses ; but for the matter of your real tragical grandeur, there's nothing like a judge and jury ater all. But I makes it a rule never to talk of disagreeable things. Vat I asked about, you happen to be hignorant of ; newertheless, Hounslow and Bagshot are places of business, known to many gentlemen. No offence, I hope."

" Oh ! you allude to highwaymen, I perceive. The scoundrels were I believe, quite as much engaged as usual, for a friend of mine was robbed as he came from Windsor just before I left town, by a fellow who was very famous, or rather infamous, and who—"

" Warn't his name Abershaw, think you ? a glorious fellow, quite a hero,

with a eye like a hawk, and snuffs a post-chay like a greyhound—the very man for the heath, and yet quite a gem'man for the laidies—comes over they with an oily tongue. But he had one fault, a great fault; I've told him of it a thousand times. Dick, says I,—but I beg pardon, my good sir, just show me how you would present a pistol,—I mean as to the position of your hand."

"You must lend me one of your's for that purpose of course, or I cannot show you."

"*Good!* very good; but I am talking too fast, only somehow one's countryman is one's countryman, and ven the heart's oiled the tongue goes glib. Ven I come again, I'll show you Abershaw's blunder; but the poor lady is in grevous misery now, so I'll be off, and send her help of some kind, for sure I vill. Sarvant, ma'am, once more."

He now left them in mutual surprise, disgust and fear. They could not doubt that he was a criminal in his own country, from whose offended laws he had escaped, to become a renegado in this, and that he was probably employed as a spy towards them by the government with whom he was engaged. Still there was about him an air of genuine kindness and pity, which to a certain degree they could not refuse to confide in; and, since he had never intruded on them until this their period of personal distress, they could hardly believe that this visit had been wholly made from sinister motives.

Altogether it awoke some hope in the bosom of poor Falkland, (who had indeed need of comfort from whatever source it could be derived,) since the constantly-witnessed sufferings and the expected death of Olivia inflicted on him wretchedness so intense that any new object of contemplation was a relief, however disagreeable in itself. From the present he was withdrawn by the arrival of a matronly-looking woman, who carried a large vessel of milk warm from the cow, and who was followed by a young girl with two baskets, one of which contained fine fruit, and the other necessary ligatures for Olivia's arm.

The very sight of persons of her own sex brought tears of joy and gratitude into the eyes of Olivia, and obliterated from the mind of Falkland for the present all the real or supposed faults of their late visitant. He now gladly carried the invalid into her own miserable sanctuary, and then thankfully resigned her to the new attendants, who with equal tenderness and adroitness fomented her arm with the warm milk above an hour, by which the pain was greatly relieved and the swelling abated. They afterwards made her coffee, and pressed her to eat the fruit, as being calculated to assuage the fever; and, whilst thus employed, two men arrived with a bed for her use, changes of linen for both the prisoners, and various other matters for their comfort and accommodation.

It is only the convalescent who knows the value of health by contrasting the sensation he experiences with that from which he has escaped; and to know the worth of our clothing, furniture, and food; we must have suffered the cruel privations of our hapless wanderers. Water alone, given freely, was to Falkland a luxury which princes might have envied; the pleasure of his new toilet seemed to renovate his mind not less than refresh his shrunken form; and he felt impatient to communicate to Olivia the hopes and expectations which had now sprung once more in his bosom. He was yet thankful

that the women remained until a late hour, and then left her with a lamp, which was a comfort never granted before, and with abundance of fruits and confections suited to her situation.

Of these Olivia urged her cousin to partake, reminding him of his late abstinence and her own inability to procure food for them for a long time to come; but her exhortation for the present was ineffectual: his spirit had passed from the extreme of despondency to that of hope and almost gaiety, and he could prophesy only of liberty from some exchange of prisoners or the meditation of their new friends—their joyful meeting with the Hansons, and a pleasant voyage to Bombay, where every blessing was to await them.

It was so long, so *very long* since poor Frank had been sanguine on any point, that Olivia could not say a single word which could damp the temperament she had of late been so seldom capable of awakening; and she was herself too thankful for the relief she experienced, not to feel desirous of retaining the mental anodyne it communicated, or to hazard losing it by a single word. Nevertheless, when her protector had closed the door between them, and, as he hoped, found that repose denied both the preceding nights, she could not forbear blaming herself for not having named, as the crown of his predicted good fortune, a union with Adelaide. “Surely it was her duty to have pointed this out, and have prompted him to think of her, perhaps dream of her.”

Olivia blamed herself the more for this omission, because she felt the difficulty of performing it. She had frequently lost similar opportunities, it was true; but then, she had thought it was cruel to place before a man so situated hopes little likely to be realized, and by that means give to his misfortunes new pains, and point the anguish already so difficult to endure; but surely, when his expectations were led towards the future, when his long-oppressed spirits could expand, Adelaide ought to be his object. If their situation mended, she would act very differently, at least “she hoped she would; but her heart was very wayward: how had it shrunk that very day from the man to whom she owed so much, and whose fault perhaps arose from his misfortunes.”

With morning the woman again came, bearing an abundant supply of the same fragrant embrocation, having also liniments made of herbs of the same kind which she had seen successfully applied to serve bruises by the Arabian matrons. For several days this kind attention continued; and Olivia’s recovery, though not rapid, was decisive. The stranger did not make his appearance, though Falkland expected him daily, and this she also felt thankful for, since, although deeply sensible of her great obligations to him, and aware that Frank felt them even more than herself, every recollection she had of his manners and conversation, as well as the belief that he had taken service against his country, and with the tyrant who held their fate in his hands, induced her to regard him as a dangerous person, and one whom Frank was but too likely to quarrel with, in spite of his present sentiments; and, although certain that such quarrel would be the consequence of his own better principles, it was most desirable that it should be avoided, since all their chance of release most probably depended upon it.

In consequence of this conception, the moment she first heard him enter their usual abiding room, she rose from the bed on which she had been sitting, ●

and with feeble steps entered the place, (her arm being supported in a sling,) and began eagerly to thank him for all his benefits, more especially that which was the best and dearest, the attendance of the woman.

"Vy, ma'am," replied the stranger, whose name was even yet unknown, "I knows a little of your sec, I may say, an' I sees from the first you vas not only born a gentlevoman, but parfitly wartuous, (no offence to them as is not, for many's the kind deed I've known 'em to do;) I sees, too, as this gem'mam was a gem'mam to you every inch, though as I comed up the stairs, I hard you call him *dear* Frank, and I says to myself, says I—"

"We are near relations," interrupted Falkland, observing that Olivia though with a trembling hand drew her veil closer, "we are *very* near relations, in consequence of which Miss Falkland uses an appellation common to her when a child."

"Yes, yes, I know all about it; your's is a brother and sister connexion, each party having left a sweetheart of their own in Old England, most like; so I said to myself, I must send a voman to vait on the poor young thing. Jack Vilson, that is Jack Sullivan (such is my name at your service), knows vat's vat, in all matters of delicacy and respect for the fair sec; vy, sir, one of the finest vimen in all Great Britain, (and I should like to know vat country has more of 'em,) actually offered me her diamond buckles, vich I should never have seen but for her telling me. She vas in a bit of a flustration at the time, it is true, and so I scorned to take 'em; it isn't, upon my conscience, sir, that ever I behaved vat I calls ill to a voman."

Falkland knew not how to reply, he saw clearly that the *ci-devant* highwayman in his natural love of talking, necessarily long suppressed, and his real delight at meeting with English people, had now confirmed his own former suspicions by unintentionally betraying himself. He feared appearing to understand him, lest he should inflict a wound on one who, in assisting Olivia, had conferred upon himself the highest possible obligation, and he answered only by a slight inclination of the body and a smile, on which Sullivan (though perhaps by nature as physically brave as man could be) felt he scarcely knew why, cowed and confused, became suddenly silent, and looked with a somewhat imploring mein towards Olivia.

The invalid, compelled to divide her attention to their guest with the pain occasioned by change of posture to her arm, perceiving a sudden check to the conversation, observed in reference to the latest words she had heard, "I am sure I would have willingly given you my own diamond buckles, if the Arabs had not taken them."

No greater relief could have been offered, and Mr. Sullivan, (if we may so term a man of many aliases) thanked her in his heart, and ventured to say "that such things were in his opinion mere baubles." Relieved from his late oppression, he then proceeded to speak of the country they now were in, thinking it probably a safer subject than the country they had left. He reviewed its people, habits, customs, religion, weakness, and wealth, and his observations, though given in the vulgar language of an uneducated man, showed much native ability, some dry humor, and a good deal of humanity, which seemed to spring rather from good temper than principle, of which indeed he had little on any point.

Whether even this humanity was resumed for a certain purpose became a doubt to our wanderers, little liable as they were by nature to suspicion, and willing as they naturally were to think well of one who had unquestionably used his power for the kindest purpose to them; but even gratitude could not blind Falkland to the dangerous and hateful character of his visitor, nor the hopes he had formerly inspired, offer any tangible form by which their liberation would be effected. He was persuaded that every thing depended on the success or misfortunes of the British army, and of course his personal reasons strongly aided his patriotic ones in wishing success to his countrymen, but he had no means whatever of learning the state of public affairs. To every inquiry direct, or indirect, on this subject, Sullivan would make no reply, urging, as in the first instance, his aversion to politics, yet betraying in every conversation his situation as immediately connected with them, and enjoying the especial confidence and favor of the governor.

One day, when Olivia was better, and when Frank had undertaken some employment below, relative to her renewal of the basket-plaiting, in which she earnestly desired to engage, the captain (as they usually called him) entered: having seated himself at some distance and looked at her for some time with great earnestness, he "asked her pardon, but hoped no offence, if so be he inquired her age?"

Olivia informed him, adding, that her last birthday had passed in this miserable captivity.

It will be your own fault, miss, if you ever passes another here; but that's neither here nor there. The reason as I asked, was, because that there master Leyton, who was at the bottom of all your misfortunes, told the governor that you were in your fortieth year, and ven a voman at that age stands in six hours' drenching rain, as you did, vy it seems quite reasonable to think it's all over vith her. I have been told since then, it is true, that his object was to marry you himself, seeing his vife was dead; indeed I know a person who knoed he had made up his mind at Mocha to it, but twasn't like you would ever have thought of he? no, no, there's a better destiny afore you, I'm sure."

"What is become of that man?" said Olivia with an alarmed air.

"Oh! you don't need be afeard of him; he's gone to France to get us a few drill-serjeants, which, between you and I, miss, ve vant bad enough. As he's a great horator an' all that, most like he'll stay there long enough to see how he feels without a head, vich I suppose is not a thing to make you cry, though you are one of the tender sec."

"Olivia shuddered, but was silent, a circumstance which did not prevent the captain proceeding to give her numerous accounts of hair-breadth 'scapes from Tyburn tree, by persons "that he had heard tell of." To talk, seemed a necessity of his nature, and he could only talk of "that which he had seen, heard, felt and understood;" for it did not appear that he had ever read, or could read; nevertheless, his memory was equal to giving long speeches verbatim. Olivia thought he might have parodied Monimia's exclamation, and said

"Why was I born with all my sex's courage,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its errors?"

for it was utterly impossible for him to resist relating any exploit in which daring was manifested, or subtlety displayed, however nefarious the transaction. One thing was at least certain—poor Sullivan had never been tried, for he would have unquestionably ruined himself. Falkland, when he observed that misery makes a man acquainted with strange associates, considered this as some comfort to himself in his melancholy situation, but he more and more shunned all share in his company.

With all Sullivan's natural inaptitude for disguise, he was yet discriminating and acute, and was deeply imbued with that suspicious disposition, which belongs to the consciously guilty and those who have lived much with the deceptions. It was evident to both our wanderers that he sought to gain some purpose by guile, which he could not accomplish by threat or even by force. Though formerly leagued with a band of men remarkable for personal bravery, and at an age when personal strength is in its meridian, there was a certain measuring of Falkland in his eye, added to an occasional questioning him, which conveyed to Olivia an idea that he wished to lead him into some scheme for which he held him not yet ripe, or to place him in some situation which might cause him to commit himself so as to insure ruin to himself without blame to others. There was something sinister in his condolences on their sad state, and, although every conversation they had, pointed out some possibility of escape, they neither dared to ask his aid or reveal their own wishes in a direct manner.

It now became Olivia's constant care to prepare Falkland for some overhanging trial to his temper, believing that Sullivan's unrevealed scheme (if scheme he had) might open upon him in such a manner as to throw him off his guard, and induce a quarrel it was their interest to avoid. As it was evident that he shrunk from the manly integrity and gentlemanly sincerity of a man who was different from any he had ever mixed with in life till now, she hoped that a rupture might be evaded, and that some happy change in public affairs might do that for them which they could neither do for themselves, nor trust a friend of his character to do for them, since, although he was ever beating about the bush, he never once proposed to assist them.

One day, when he was gone and Olivia ran to call poor Frank from the solitary place in which he had ensconced himself, she found him in a state of great but joyful agitation: he told her that on the preceding day he had been attracted by the circumstance of a person slowly passing the verandah twice, and looking up earnestly, at the same time shrouding his face from observation. His dress was evidently that of some monastic order, and he felt assured it was a monk from Goa, and one, as he hoped, disposed to help them, as Christians suffering unjust imprisonment. His idea was confirmed within the last half hour from the same person again passing, and looking at him making the sign of the cross on his forehead, which he had answered by imitating the action; after which he had, by gestures, given the stranger to understand that an enemy was then near them, but that in the evening hour it would be possible to converse on any subject he might desire.

"I durst not," added Frank, "come to you till I was certain Sullivan was gone, for I knew that his keen eye would read something extraordinary in my countenance, which was always a tell-tale! you know; but even now I do not know whether it would not be best to make him a confidant, as the

medium of ensuring his silence if not his assistance—he is a brave man, and, as such, after all, I cannot think he would be a treacherous one.”

“But might not his knowledge compromise his safety? We ought in this matter to think for *him*, as well as for ourselves, and it strikes me that if his professions are sincere as to regard (and his humane attentions to our wants seem to warrant that belief) he would have helped us if he could. Consider how naturally he will be suspected, and how quickly punishment follows suspicion in the east.”

“Very true, Olivia; it would be wrong in us to subject him to any evil, even if he could ensure success. No! we will leave it to the management of the good monk, who doubtless enters upon it as a religious duty due from one Christian to another when in the power of an infidel. But how is your arm—how do you find your general health?—should you be capable of traveling, if it turns out that this good man can rescue us?”

“I can do any thing, go any where, dear Frank! let me try to walk. Oh! I am much better;—with your aid and his I can undoubtedly get down to the river, whence a boat will easily take us into the midst of the shipping, and surely either a Dutch or French vessel may be found to convey us to Goa or Bombay.”

“Dear Olivia, how rapidly you conclude;” “I think we have changed characters; for you are far the most sanguine of the two. I must not have you thus excited even by hope. Remember, there must be much *contrivance*, much consideration, before we even attempt to escape. If we ~~cannot~~ use Sullivan as a friend, we shall always hold his presence as that of a spy, and perhaps in doing so positively render him one. There never was a moment in our lives when self-possession was so much called for.”

“That is very true, and certainly Sullivan looks one through and through; I almost tremble under his eye sometimes; yet it is not a look that I feel I have a right to take offence at, for it seems combined so much with *pity*; and besides, I must be a strange object: but then one would think he had been long enough used to me.”

Poor Olivia said truly, she was a strange object, though it was certain on that day the woman who still assisted her had arranged her hair with great neatness, and in the most becoming form used in Calicut, and this circumstance had unquestionably drawn the attention of Sullivan.

When she left the ship on that eventful day which consigned her to captivity, she had arrayed herself in the only handsome dress which she had saved from the Arab robbers. It consisted of a night-gown of pale pink lutestring, and a white satin slip, with blond trimmings, according to the then Parisian fashion. Of course no dress could be less likely to “abide the pelting of the pitiless storm” in the first place, or the dusty couch it met in the second, so that she had good reason to consider it every way likely that the eye of an Englishman might be struck and disgusted by an appearance of dirty finery, which is of all other faults in clothing the most positive one. The unfortunate travelers themselves were so habituated to each other’s misfortune in this respect, that they had ceased to remark or to complain, especially since their late accession; but Falkland now observed on the head-dress of Olivia, and almost regretted “that it made her look as pretty as she did when in *Cairo*.” It was also certain that she looked on the whole much better than

she had done previously to her injury, which might be imputed to the better food and rest it had procured for her.

The hours in which they were expecting, or rather hoping for the return of, the monk, went slowly by, and before they were over a new source of fear, on the score of discovery, arose from the evening visits of the good nurse. After she was gone, poor Falkland had the additional pain of solitude, which is no little one in a case of such extreme solicitude as his. At length he observed the dark shadowy form stealthily winding its way towards that part of the building to which he had by his finger directed him, and he then, with all his school-boy agility, so far scrambled and flung himself forward from the verandah, as to be able to hold a whispering conversation.

This was sustained on the part of the monk, who was a Portuguese stationed at Goa, in very bad French; but Falkland was not slow to comprehend, for in his extreme anxiety to obtain freedom, and in his fear of being heard by the sentinel, who was only removed to a little distance, but happily within the house, his senses appeared gifted with new and peculiar powers.

The monk seemed truly solicitous to help them out of the hands of their enemies, apparently taking it for granted that they were of his own church, since his attention had been first drawn towards them from hearing that they had with difficulty escaped from the Jacobins of France. He said he could procure a boat which would convey them to a vessel bound direct for Bombay, and could answer for the captain's acceptance of them "for the love of God and the Church," but money was absolutely necessary for the hire of the boat, and of this commodity he was entirely destitute, being of a mendicant order, and supplied on his travels with the barest necessities only.

To this arrangement Falkland replied by appointing the morrow at the hour of noon (at which time his guards were least alert) for handing to him the only property they possessed, and which was now about the person of Olivia. He could neither disturb her at this hour, nor dared he to hazard a longer conference for fear of discovery.

The monk, pronouncing a low benedicite, glided away in such noiseless guise, that Falkland could almost believe he had been conversing with a spirit, and perhaps with an evil one intending to betray him. This was only a passing thought, and when he had regained his apartment and assured himself from the perfect silence that all was safe, the thankful joyousness of his heart made him feel incapable of deferring his information till morning from Olivia. He therefore sang in a low voice at her chamber door "All's well!" and heard her answer similarly conveyed, with a sensation not easily conceived by those who are safe and happy.

When Olivia heard the particulars of this important interview, so thankful was she for the kind offices of the good monk, that, had it been possible, she would have coined herself into money for the purpose of enriching his order; and she eagerly recapitulated every good thing she had ever heard attributed to his fraternity. Whatever remained to her that could be turned to account she insisted on Falkland taking, with the exception of her dagger—he alas! had nothing to resign, but took of course her pistols into his possession, and became extremely anxious on the subject of rendering them available for defence.

The last remnant of their earthly possessions was let down by a string to

the monk at the appointed time, together with a note written on Olivia's memorandum book, requesting the purchase of a small quantity of powder and shot, which might be useful to the prisoners at a future period, and an appointment with the monk that day week, as he had said at the first meeting, it would be that time before the ship sailed, and some time must elapse before the watches could be disposed of in a manner likely to defeat or elude suspicion: and as they were very valuable ones, and a property much desired in the East, they were the more likely on that account to awaken attention and lead to inquiry.

During this week of suspense, Sullivan came at his usual hour, talked abundantly, and laughed at his own jokes loudly, without in the slightest degree alarming, pleasing, or offending, those whom he addressed. Their whole minds and hearts were night and day engaged with the absorbing, all-engrossing scheme of their release. His visits were wearisome to them, although they were, in fact, shorter than usual, arising, perhaps, from a sense of his dissertations being every day less attended to than before; yet Olivia, fearful of being understood too well from her absence of mind, compelled herself to appear more attentive than usual.

On the fifth day of this week of years, Sullivan changed his habit, and stayed unusually long, endeavoring to be particularly agreeable, especially to Falkland, to whom he addressed a thousand fulsome compliments, as "being the very finest young fellow that ever trod on shoe leather;"—"born to be a hero, and turn the fate of empires; and it would be a thousand pities he should ever return to the vile countries of wicious Europe."

Frank, as we are all aware, was at one time a vain young man; but there had been no period when, from such a flatterer as Sullivan his spirit would not have turned in abhorrence; but he now accepted the nauseous draught in tranquillity, inwardly rejoicing in the belief that it could not often be repeated, and that at all events, it must be borne with. Of course his quiet smile was misconstrued, and it was supposed that at length an impression was made favorable to the speaker's intention, and Mr. Sullivan, after bidding adieu to Olivia with an awkward familiarity, intending to show easy manners, linked his arm in Falkland's saying, "Come along, my dear fellow, I have a word for your private ear."

Olivia trembled as they withdrew, for she felt sure he could offer nothing to Frank's ear that could be acceptable, and she was now fully persuaded that his conversation had all tended to cajole him into some compliance, which a more upright person would have been aware no man of his class could accept. But, alas! what misery might not refusal entail on them!

Her thoughts were interrupted by high, and as she feared, angry words, or rather sounds, from below, and all her late hopes, her happy imaginings for the future, vanished as a dream before the light of day; terrors, indefinable but excessive, and in her present state of health unbearable, seized upon her, and she was on the point of fainting, when Falkland sprang into the apartment as if by a single bound, and stood before her.

Anger, amounting to fury, evidently agitated him; his features were dilated with rage, the veins of his neck swollen, and his very limbs shook with passion, while his determination to suppress it, gave to his struggle the appearance of both mental and bodily agony. Olivia lost her late fears in a

new and acuter sense of anguish; she flew towards him, and, perceiving that he turned his face from her, she gently laid her left hand on his, saying, "What is the matter, Frank? *dear* Frank, what can I do for you?"

He did not reply, but, throwing himself on the couch where she had been sitting, covered his face with his hands, and from the convulsive motion of his chest she thought he wept; but, certain, that at all events he would rather not be seen during these unhappy transports, she walked slowly towards her own apartment, when suddenly recovering himself, he said,

"Olivia, do not leave me; I have merited your presence, your *affection*, let me say, by such an effort as surely never man made before,—as I can never make again and live."

He paused, but his gasping breath, his eyes which glistened like the tiger's, his clenching hands, the scorn and rage which animated his fine features, showed that he was acting "the battle o'er again" internally which had roused him to phrenzy; but at length he added, in a low hoarse voice,

"Yes, I have, for your sake, suffered the insult offered me by a scoundrel, whom with this pistol, which I was grasping at the same moment, I could have struck dead at my feet; and I would have done it, ay, if the guard's bullet had pierced my brain the next second; God knows I would, Olivia, if the thoughts of you had not interfered to preserve him. This rascal, like Abdallah, may thank you for preserving his infamous life,—you alone."

"Most sincerely do I thank you, dear Frank, for preserving not only him but ourselves, who are probably dependant on him for safety. But did you endure his provocation calmly in the first instance? I heard high words, and I was excessively frightened, having long foreseen something brooding in his mind, to which he had not hitherto the power of giving birth in words, and which was therefore a scheme likely to awaken contempt or anger. The sound terrified me, perhaps causelessly."

"The high words were on his side, and could scarcely be called those of anger, though he did seek to storm, when he found persuasion vain. I see you have been alarmed; you did not give me credit for much self-command."

"Indeed I did, for I have seen you practise much day after day; but knowing the thorough contempt and abhorrence you feel for that class of men amongst whom he is for the present enrolled, and fearing he——"

"Fearing! how could it enter your mind that any human being could have dared to make such a proposal to me,—*me*, who never disguise my sentiments, though I may suppress the resentments they inspire. The rogue is a far greater fool than I gave him credit for."

"He wanted you to take service in Tippoo's army? he thought you could be tempted by Indian wealth. I have long dreaded this."

"But there was much more in his offer for *you* to dread, my dear Olivia. Heavens! that I should live to endure *this*!—but let us say no more about it; my trial is over, let it suffice to prove to you my power of enduring in that point where I am most liable to fall. Sullivan may annoy us—I expect it; but he will not repeat offers so utterly repugnant, so positively unavailing, and which, he must see, were so capable of rendering me a madman, a murderer; out leave me now, dear Olivia; it is unfair and selfish in me to impart

he horror and loathing which effects my own heart, and shocking to exhibit my own feeling at such a time as this."

As he spoke, Falkland paced the room with disordered but less rapid steps, and Olivia retired to her room, and, though still trembling, endeavored to prepare for him a glass of sherbet, thankful that the materials were in her power, though provided by the interference of a man whom she ardently desired never to behold again, but who, she yet felt, had now a power over her far beyond that which he held an hour before. The question was, "How would the late interview affect him? had he enough of that good-temper, for which she had given him so much credit, to enable him to see he had been mistaken, and could do them no good, and would leave them to themselves; or would he make use of the coercion in his power to compel compliance, or to revenge refusal? Would he divide them, plunge them into a close prison?—what would he do?"

Sensible that if she gave way to her dread of the future, she should become unable to sustain the anxieties of the present, on which so much depended, Olivia took the vessel of sherbet to Falkland, urging him to drink it immediately. As he received it from her left hand, his eyes glanced upon the right, still bandaged and helpless, and tears rushed into them; but a smile of thanks played upon his lips, and Olivia thought (as she had often thought before) that Frank had the handsomest mouth in the world, notwithstanding her deep anxiety on the distressing subject which had so lately distorted it with fury.

If such thoughts, at such times, are incongruous weaknesses, yet are they not subjects of derision, for even momentary relief in seasons of intense solicitude is worth accepting; we cannot weep unceasingly in the severest sorrow, nor think incessantly on any subject of an afflicting nature without injuring the very faculties we need for the purpose of thinking.

Falkland's assertion, "that although he had forborne reproach towards Sullivan, yet he should experience some kind of revenge for his looks," appeared in part confirmed from the circumstance of the woman not arriving at the usual hour; but their meal for the evening came as it was wont, which was a great relief to Olivia for Falkland's sake, since she could picture to herself no greater sorrow than that of his reduction to the state of weakness from which her exertions had rescued him in some degree before Sullivan's arrival amongst them. She was glad that he had not found them in their extreme distress, lest it should have suggested the idea of reducing them by the same means; but yet she thought that had Falkland been seen in that dejected and spiritless state to which he was at one time reduced, he would have been less an object of importance to the governor as a soldier. They were both in truth glad of the woman's absence, as giving them the power of arranging for their departure, and Falkland did all for the weak arm which was now wanted, and he took especial care to secure about his own person the liniments and bandages Olivia might have occasion to use in her voyage. There were, however, but few words exchanged between them during the evening, for the storm of the morning having passed over without any immediate bad results, the great subject of thought and care reoccupied their minds with increased effect, since it was now more than ever desirable,

and the necessity of guarding the secret in question rendered of tenfold importance.

It was not until a late hour when Falkland requested Olivia to retire and endeavor to take repose, in order to gain strength for the morrow ; his request was urged in a whisper, and indeed all their words of late had been uttered in a low voice, although no circumstance whatever had occurred to excite their fears, which resembled those of the guilty in some respects, and it is certain no criminals could be more harassed by solicitude on the subject of escape than our innocent and injured prisoners. Hardly durst poor Olivia express her anxiety on the subject of the Hanson family, but yet affection and humanity prompted her to inquire how far it might be possible to assist them when they were aboard the ship bound to Bombay.

Falkland had learned from Sullivan that some of their fellow-passengers had been sent up the country as slaves to the rice plantations, and greatly did he fear these much-valued friends had been of the number, although he learned by the same medium that others of the party were in prison, and much better provided for than himself and fellow-traveler, towards whom prejudice had existed. The former part of this information he had never given to Olivia, in order to save her from the pain it had given himself, nor did he tell her now, but he somewhat hastily observed, "that he could not possibly assist his friends until their arrival at Bombay ;" and it was evident that he did not wish to talk about the Hansons. She left him under the impression that he could not talk at all, and felt such impression in accordance with her own sense of oppression and alarm ; but Falkland knew that, together with this, he had an insurmountable objection to renewing in the memory of Olivia that conversation held with Mr. Hanson, which had had a powerful effect on the minds of both.

The following day, to their painful surprise, the heavy step of Sullivan, and the well-known clink of his weapons, as he ascended the stairs, were heard. Olivia felt ready to expire on the spot, but Falkland commanded himself sufficiently to appear engaged with the only book in their possession, which he had often held in his hand during former visits, without his apparent attention to it eliciting observation from their visitant. His conversation was, therefore, again held as heretofore with Olivia only, but such was her inward perturbation and consciousness, that she had no power to command an answer, or in any degree understand that which he addressed to her. There was indeed a constraint evident in his own manners, and somewhat of a subdued and apologizing air, accompanied, as she apprehended, with a scrutinizing observation of every thing around him, beyond even his usual acuteness of remark ; but this, after he was gone, Falkland assured her was an idea engendered by her own sense of peril and fear of discovery ; a conclusion justified by their circumstances. His visit to them had not been of its usual duration ; he continued some time in conversation with the guard below, but this was not in itself alarming, since he had frequently done so before, and he had gained so few words that could be understood by the man, that much time was consumed in rendering his commands intelligible.

From that hour, unceasing anxiety, doubt, hope, and fear, occupied each bosom, as to the result of their enterprise, until the rising of certain stars indicated the period of the monk's approach. The question with Falkland

seemed only to be "whether he would come or not;" for, once escaped, to his ardent and sanguine mind all would go well with them, his greatest fear being the safe conduct of Olivia; but she herself, with a greater reliance on the monk than he was blessed with, saw much beyond their first difficulties, for she had never been before in such extreme poverty, and she had hitherto met with no people or situation in life, which did not imperatively require money or property. Once at Bombay, she had no fears for the future; but how they should manage to get there, or how be treated on their way, was a matter for painful cogitation.

Olivia retired to the apartment she hoped soon to quit for ever, and contrasted her own feelings with those of other prisoners she had heard of, who had lived long enough in those melancholy abodes to have contracted an affection for them. For herself she felt only a desire to see no more the dreary walls, the hateful birds, the surly guards, the terrific visitant, which had produced the complication of evils that had so long distressed her; but she was still aware that she had recollections connected with this sad dwelling, that were not only inexpressibly dear, but would cling to her through the remainder of life, however and wherever she might be situated.

She tried to subdue all emotion, and to cast herself by prayer on the especial mercy of Heaven, and by degrees obtained a tranquillity which she felt to be especially needful at a time when not only fortitude, but watchfulness and acute sensitiveness to surrounding objects, were so imperatively required. She had just risen from her knees, and was adjusting her veil, when Frank entered her room, (for the first and last time he had done so,) unannounced, saying, in a low voice, rendered such, less by caution than the breathless solicitude appertaining to his situation—

"The monk is below, and I am the more satisfied with him because he has contrived to hand me up the powder and bullets I requested. I have charged the pistols; and now, Olivia, if you are composed and can follow my directions, all will be well: the boat is moored close to some brushwood on the river, the men well-armed, well-paid, and quite satisfied, and the captain of the ship keeping a sharp look-out for us—he knows your father's name, and is prepared to honor it in your person. Give me your hand; how you tremble, Olivia; if you are ill, I will not go after all."

"I am not ill," said Olivia, though her heart beat even audibly; "I am only awkward: I know I must be left alone for a short time; so go, dear Frank; I will observe all your directions as to getting over the verandah."

"But, I charge you, do not attempt to jump: be content to drop; I shall be sure to catch you."

Falkland having led her forward to the place found most convenient for his descent, soon effected his purpose in perfect silence. Olivia followed his steps as far as she could, clinging for support to the balustrade by her left arm, until she heard the sound agreed upon as a signal between Falkland and the monk, which was an imitation of the cry of an insect often heard after sunset. She then left hold, and dropped safely into the haick which was held by her friends below to receive her.

When she regained her feet, this mantle was closely wrapped around her, the sling was rendered comfortable, and they began to follow the steps of their conductor, who moved forward rapidly before them.

Not a single sound was heard from their late prison : the city lay at some distance, apparently in profound repose : there was only little moonlight, and it was fading fast away, and the steps of their guide seemed those of experience as to the path, and assurance as to the success of its issue, and every circumstance tended, therefore, to keep up the spirits of the wanderers. It was, nevertheless, with great difficulty that Olivia followed their conductor ; the weakness induced by her fever, the novelty of her situation, her long want of exercise in the open air, contributed to retard her steps, and Falkland repeatedly entreated her to allow herself to be carried between them. She had just consented to this mode of proceeding, when, to the great relief of all parties, the faint plashing of oars was heard—to them the sweetest of all earthly sounds, the bestower of new hope and strength.

The narrow vessel was pushed near the shore, and Falkland lifted her into it, where the monk in silence received and seated her. This was the first moment in which she could be said to believe in the reality of her escape ; but it was one of excessive agitation. Just as Falkland was stepping in after her, a rustling was heard in the wood near, which occasioned him to turn hastily round and draw a pistol from his girdle. At that moment the word “stand!” was uttered by some voice very near them. Both Olivia and himself knew, it could only be by Sullivan, and felt that all was lost ; it was indeed followed so quickly by a discharge of musquetry that there was no time for conjecture. Olivia sunk down apparently lifeless, and one of the rowers fell dead beside her.

The assailants were in a great measure covered by the wood ; but so certain was Falkland now become that he was the victim of a plot entirely laid by Sullivan, that he sought for instant vengeance on him. Springing towards the place whence the voice had seemed to issue, he fired ; but a man sprung past him unhurt. He then turned towards the boat to punish the monk, but he was struck on the legs by a man now in it, and as he fell partly on the bank, he was instantly seized by numerous hands, and borne away with a celerity that bewildered his faculties. “Olivia, Olivia, speak to me if you live,” were words uttered by him in the phrenzy of despair, as his enemies carried him far beyond the power of hearing a reply.

Yet the words might be said to “pierce the dull cold ear of death ;” for Olivia gave symptoms of returning life. She raised herself a little, and endeavored to disencumber herself from the wrappings around her ; but the power of utterance was still denied, and under the horrible belief that Falkland was hurried away to death, that she had heard his voice for the last time, and been unable to reply to his dying adjuration, she again sank into utter insensibility.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIFE, together with a sense of overwhelming misery, returned to Olivia, in consequence of the pain given to her arm as she was carried through a winding passage, and afterwards up a narrow staircase. Recollection of the past scene did not immediately occur to her memory; yet she knew that some terrible affliction had befallen her, some great danger was impending over her.

She was carried into a room evidently forming part of a prison, but which was not only provided with comfortable furniture, after the eastern fashion, but with certain ornaments, indicating its former inhabitants being people of distinction. The two men who had borne her thither, having deposited their suffering burden, retired immediately, and the haick in which she was wrapped was gently removed by a matronly-looking woman, apparently desirous of supplying her wants and attending to her wishes.

By slow degrees her recollections of what had passed returned. Their endeavor to escape—their joy on arriving at the river—the English word pronounced by Sullivan, the firing and the heart-piercing sounds of Falkland's voice as he was borne away, by degrees broke on her mind, and overwhelmed her with terror and anguish. Looking on her dress, she now perceived a considerable quantity of blood, and in the busy tumult and agonizing fear now awakened for Falkland, no wonder she began with eagerness to search for the wound which had caused it to flow, and which would doubtless soon terminate a life doomed, as it appeared, to misery, and more especially a separation, which she was utterly unable to endure.

With a ready conception of her wishes, as well as evident anxiety on the subject, her attendant assisted in the search; but though bruised by her fall in the boat, no serious injury was found on her person, save what remained upon her arm. It was plain that the blood had flowed from the injuries given to another. It might be that of the poor boatman; she had a confused idea of his dropping near her; or it might be that of her beloved Frank—her only earthly friend, who had perished in her cause, and had been borne away from her in the very moment when he was wounded, probably to be consigned to some wretched dungeon, where he would expire unaided and unconsolated—insensible of the deep, the unutterable regard she felt for him—insensible of her gratitude, her admiration, her power of dying for him, as he had died for her.

That his life had been lost through her means, however innocently she had been the cause, could indeed admit of no doubt, since it was certain he might have liberated himself long since if he had not been encumbered with a female companion. The thought was now rending to her very heart; and, like all persons bereaved by death of the objects of their affection, she forgot all that she had done for him, and dwelt only on the many omissions of attention she had made towards him. Why had she so seldom of late placed before his eyes Adelaide, as the recompense of his sufferings? and why, when it was too evident he turned in pain from this contemplation, had she not revealed her own depth of attachment? why had she nerved her mind, during

the late season of suffering, in which his anxiety had been so painfully exercised, and his kindness called for every reward?

Alas! there was no end to the self-reproach of sorrow so acutely and yet stunningly awakened, and which at once wrung the heart with bitter thoughts, yet appeared to paralyze the mind and stupify the senses. Olivia shed no tear, breathed no sigh, nor knew how time passed, or cared where fate had placed her, until the appearance of a tray loaded with various and delicate food, recalled a new train of ideas and recollections, and she then burst into convulsive weeping, and rising, paced up and down the apartment with the perturbed steps of one almost frantic with sorrow, and, in the infliction of present suffering, rendered utterly regardless of the future.

Her attendant having with silent courtesy in vain offered the contents of the tray to her attention, on a signal understood by those without it was removed, and just as the door slowly reopened, a sound as of many steps was heard on the stairs: the sobbing and moaning of Olivia became checked for a moment, and, with an emotion it is impossible to describe, she heard the words, "O God!" uttered by the voice of Falkland.

"He lived then! in pain probably, and doubtless in sorrow; but he *did* live." At the very moment the voice had so struck on her ear, the door had closed, and the barring of its outer bolts had precluded every other sound, however loudly it might have murmured. But it had changed the current of her thoughts, and her tears fell now freely and silently, as hope, the especial privilege of the young, was awakened in her bosom. "Surely if their enemies had spared him now, he would not be amenable to punishment hereafter. No doubt could be entertained by her of the courage with which he had resisted their assailants, and the anger he had of course awakened in them. "If, therefore, he had escaped the effects of their ferocity when most excited, he might be expected, in a calmer moment, to realize his right to the treatment due to him as a prisoner of war?"

But with these hopes how many fears were mingled, for his present personal sufferings as a wounded man, with none to care for him or cure him; and as these subsided, how did sympathy for his trouble on her account spring up, bringing innumerable proofs of love, suppressed from the noblest, kindest motives, and telling her from recollections of his past troubles, how great must be his fears for her present situation. It was evident that they had gained the prison which constituted their present abode by far different paths, therefore it was probable that he was at that very moment under the belief that she was killed in the boat, or perhaps conveyed to the palace of Sudar Cawn, an alternative which would to him be scarcely less distressing; and in her fears for his feelings she again awoke all that was most distressing in her own.

All night long did her awakened imagination lead her to the cell of Falkland, not only to bathe his wounds with her tears, but to pour into his ear the only consolation she could bestow, the assurance of her pity, her gratitude, her love, the confession that had hung upon her lips a thousand times, though suppressed, not only from a sense of justice due to their mutual friends, but from the firm belief that his welfare demanded the sacrifice.

The desire to effect the little which was possible arose out of the chaotic confusion of wishes altogether impracticable, and when her attendant had

taken possession of a couch in an inner apartment, and pointed out one more handsomely appointed, as intended for herself, arranged close by, she began to control her grief, and the wanderings of her vague conjectures, in order that she might find some mode of informing him that she still lived, and was uninjured by the late catastrophe. She remembered that by singing at her chamber-door a few notes of "All's well," he had given her welcome information at the time when their unhappy scheme was first formed, and thought that by approaching the chinks of the strong but ill-formed door, in the silence of the night, her communication might reach any room in the prison so immediately above her as she conceived that of Falkland's to be.

Alas ! her feeble efforts were all in vain ; her voice refused to aid the efforts of her heart, and that voice which was wont to flow not more melodiously than powerfully, was now either from extreme agitation or previous exhaustion unable to give forth a single sound either capable of reaching the ear of a prisoner, or, happily for herself, alarming the vigilance of a gaoler.

On the following day, every accommodation desirable to one so situated was given more fully. Not only was that part of her dress which was stained with blood removed, as being an unpleasant object to her, but several articles of handsome apparel were brought for her use ; and, on her adopting them with the air of one accustomed to wear them, her kind attendant expressed the utmost pleasure in words to which she was sufficiently accustomed for the purpose of partial intercourse : when, however, she desired, through this medium, to inquire after her fellow-prisoner, the female either could not or would not understand her. In every other respect, her manners indicated less the vigilance of a keeper than the subservience of a menial, whilst, in the care of her health and the requisite attentions to her comfort, she was a skillful and affectionate nurse.

This woman never left the apartment, but another frequently entered to inquire the orders or wants of her superior, and who spoke in a tongue Olivia had never heard before. All hopes of information from her therefore vanished ; but one day their principal meal was brought in by a man whose looks were turned upon her with so much of intelligence and compassion, that she could not forbear believing that he was sent through some means immediately from Falkland. Instantly recalling every word she knew calculated for her purpose, she began eagerly to inquire if he knew any thing of a prisoner who was brought thither at the same time with herself, and who, she greatly feared, had been wounded ?

The man uttered not one syllable in reply, yet she was convinced that he heard and understood ; and, thinking it possible that he might be dumb, since she had heard of many persons being rendered so by Eastern cruelty, she began to repeat her inquiries by signs, but perceived that the eyes of her attendant were so fixed upon the man that it would have been impossible for him to answer. In fact, he seemed in the greatest possible haste to depart, which he did without the slightest signal ; but, in the act of closing the door, the words, or word, "*al well*," seemed accidentally to spring from his lips.

It was a word he must have been taught by Falkland for her consolation ; and the delight it inspired so affected her appetite as to occasion remarks from her duenna which she was sorry to have inspired, trusting that another day might have increased the confidence of the new attendant ; but it appeared

that she had awakened suspicion in her guardian, for this man was seen no more.

Often, in the dead of the night, had she tried to sing a verse of the Evening Hymn; and though the notes issued from her lips in trembling sounds and with frequent pauses, she now hoped that some happy word had caught the ear of her fellow-sufferer, and led him to procure, though at some risk to himself, the momentary visit of the man she had seen. At other times she fancied her ear had been deceived, but she found herself unable to resign even this shadow of comfort, since it was a species of tie to Falkland and to life. She determined, by patience under her affliction, and gratitude towards her hitherto gentle attendant, to disarm her watchfulness and conciliate her friendship, believing that an act of common compassion could not be construed into one of treachery, even in the dominions of Tippoo Saib.

When it was perceived that her arm was quite well, her considerate attendant procured for her a long muslin turban, and the materials for embroidering it, as a means of agreeably employing her time. Olivia well knew the value of the needle, and, during many a dreary hour, in the beginning of her captivity, had fervently wished for the quiet and useful employment it yields; but she now held the gift to be inestimable, since it might be made the medium of tracing words which, if conveyed to Frank, would cheer his solitude and enable him to endure with patience the evils of an imprisonment severer than her own.

The turban itself, she was given to understand, might have the honor of being worn by the great Suder Cawn himself, and she was therefore urged to render it as beautiful as she could, for which purpose not only various silks, but threads of silver and gold, were brought; and when she made signs for drawing materials, in order to trace a pattern, a reed pen, with a portion of red ink, was brought to her for that purpose.

Never, since her boarding-school days, when Olivia's recital of the week's occurrences was demanded by Adelaide, had she been addicted to scribbling; but now her very fingers tingled with the desire to convey not only news of her existence, but her every feeling, to that beloved prisoner, whose heart would respond to her slightest emotion, and whose health might be restored and mind preserved by her communications. To throw before him all her thoughts and all her conclusions in their equally monotonous situation; to advise him, console him, submit to him all of their future destiny which he could control; was not only the one great wish of her heart, but became now such a perpetual subject of contrivance, as to absorb and in a great degree amuse her mind. Day after day passed by, and her hopes were blighted, her impediments increased; but still the one were renewed, the other disregarded. She had neither paper whereon to write, nor cloth on which she could sew; her attendant was too faithful, and she was too poor, for bribery, and the only two human beings she had seen besides, were ignorant alike of her language and her wishes, for the one who had whispered hope, though only half intelligibly, was evidently withdrawn for ever.

Yet, strange to say, under the daily recurring vexation arising from many a cherished contrivance succeeded by constant disappointment, Olivia, without receiving any information as to the sole object of her solicitude, or relief as to the many causes of fear arising from her singular situation, at length

recovered a state of apparent tranquillity. She not only ceased to sing, in order that Falkland might hear, but slept soundly until the hour when her attendant thought proper to awaken her; and she resumed her light labor in a regular methodical manner, uninterrupted by those fond wishes, which had caused her to trace a thousand words of melting tenderness on the unmarked muslin with her needle's point. It could not be said that hope exhilarated her, since she was uniformly pensive as well as tranquil; neither did she exhibit the fortitude or resignation inspired by religion. A kind of uniform dullness, and a happy insensibility to the miseries she had experienced and the dangers which still surrounded her, succeeded to the deep grief and acute apprehension of impending trouble which had harassed her so long.

The nourishing food and refreshing fruits, the comfort of the bath, and the neatness of her apartment, and her clothing, had in the mean time the most renovating effect upon her constitution and person. Her attenuated form resumed its finest contour; her lovely features, if no longer vivacious in expression, were relieved from the sharpness and hue, which pain, want, and fear had combined to give them, and her beauty was restored, though its character was altered.

Leaving Olivia, therefore, in tranquillity and comparative safety, we must look to that unhappy young man with whom her fate had been so long united, and who was now in a far different situation.

CHAPTER XX.

THE wound which Falkland received at the time when he was retaken, was not important, but the violent struggle he had made for liberty, the agony of his mind in fearing that Olivia had received the fire of their assailants, (in which case he earnestly desired to share her fate,) subjected him to the most dreadful sufferings, and occasioned that exclamation, which, although wrung from him by extreme anguish, was in so far happy, that it assured Olivia of his existence. They were both confined in a high tower, in which were numerous apartments, to the uppermost of which he was carried, and there deposited on a heap of straw, without any attention to the wounds he had received—to live or die, as it might happen. His present gaolers had suffered too much from his resistance to be anxious on any point connected with him, save that of enjoying revenge by insuring punishment.

For many hours poor Falkland experienced that terrible turmoil of differing but distracting passions, which were likely to be excited against those he considered treacherous enemies, and by that overwhelming sorrow, and profound compassion, which every thought of Olivia was calculated to create. There were some periods, when the belief that she was dead, that her long protracted sufferings had met with an eternal relief, and her pure spirit had ascended to heaven, gave him a sense of triumph on her behalf; but the effect soon ceased, and the utter worthlessness (to him) of the world without her in

it, pressed his heart as with a weight of unbearable woe that could never be removed. Then succeeded the memory of her unceasing kindness, the gentleness and the energy of her character; all she had endured, not only from circumstances which he could not command, but from his hasty temper, his ill-advised conduct, his deficient virtue; and in his penitence and grief he wept long and bitterly.

The distress of the mind aiding the past exertions he had made, produced in a short time considerable fever; and his mind, in a state of partial delirium, lost the memory of those more immediate afflictions which had befallen him, yet still held him subject to impressions of sorrow. Sometimes he considered himself sinking at sea, at others, falling into the hands of assassins; now bidding an eternal farewell to his mother, but more generally witnessing the death of Olivia in their late prison. This melancholy impression, whilst it harrowed his feelings with the profoundest grief, robbed them of those sensations connected with anger and revenge, which, had previously maddened him, and, combining with his own sense of extreme thirst, and considerable pain, induced him to complain in the most pathetic manner, and in that tone of subdued spirit most likely to awaken pity. In this frame of mind he was found, when visited on the following morning by the person whose turn it was to examine the prisoners, in that part of the building to which he had been consigned by the soldiers.

This man had heard much of his courage and his violence, but had seen its consequences as exhibited by the soldiers without any sympathy, as they were in the habit of treating him as a slave with contempt little likely to be forgiven. When, therefore, he saw the deplorable condition of one whom he held to be infinitely superior to them, pity really touched his heart; and, since they had all prophesied the death of Falkland as an event they hoped for, he determined to keep him alive, if possible, and to render him all the service in his power.

That power was indeed very limited, but, as the prisoner earnestly begged for water only, this he took care to furnish him with abundantly; he also induced him to sit up, examined the bruises he had received, which he gently rubbed for a considerable time, and afterwards so arranged the humble materials which constituted his couch as to render it comparatively easy to him; and he at length had the satisfaction which every humane mind feels when its cares have succeeded, that of seeing the exhausted prisoner sink into a state which insures at least temporary relief and promises essential benefit.

Falkland awoke in his senses, and so far relieved from the fever as to be aware that he must have been a considerable time without food, which he now desired to have. The time seemed long before the keeper arrived, but when he did so, the remembrance (though indistinct) of certain kindnesses came also to his mind, and he addressed him with courteousness, and expressed gratitude for past services. The man became now more than ever desirous of helping him; and, after giving him the half-boiled and half-dirty rice, which was now his only portion, he inquired "what he could do to serve him consistently with his duty, or rather his safety?"

"Inquire what became of the lady? tell me of her, and I will ask you of nothing else, nor desire you to give me any thing more."

It was in consequence of this requisition that the man had volunteered assistance in conveying a tray to Olivia's apartment, but, fearful of his motives being suspected, because it is a well known principle with all servants in the east never to do more than they are hired to do, he did not venture thither again. His first visit, however, did much in restoring the health of the prisoner, and enabling him to bear his hard fate with patience; he could inform him "that the lady was under the same roof with himself, and apparently not suffering from any wound, though she had evidently been weeping, and that she eagerly inquired after him, to which he had his own reasons for not replying."

On farther acquaintance this man was found to be (like the former good-natured keeper) a Hindoo; he had formerly been in the service of an Englishman, in whose language he was tolerably skilled, a circumstance which in his present service he desired to remain unknown. From what he could learn from the conversation of the soldiers and others, Falkland was now led to believe that the monk had been sincere in his endeavors to serve him, but that, in disposing of the watches which were very elegant, and at that time scarce in Calicut, and greatly sought, Sullivan had heard enough to conclude them the property of those whom he considered his prey, and whom he was determined to circumvent or to punish. The man affirmed that one of them, together with a bracelet which he described, was in that man's possession at the present moment.

"I ought to have made a friend of him, bad as I believe him to have been," exclaimed Falkland, with a mournful shake of the head.

"Oh! non, non,—him no love you,—*him* no gif good ting for lady, all come from *great* man for she, as now."

"As *now*, where then is the lady?"

Abbas gave him to understand, that she was still a prisoner, but treated with all respect, and served with every thing of the best; and in reply to the inquiry of why they were treated so differently, Falkland only received answers which reawakened all his fears, and rendered his captivity a state of positive torture, in which every painful passion assailed his heart by turns.

When a sufficient length of time had passed to prove, according to his calculation, that his fears were misplaced, and that he was merely a prisoner of war, and his companion subjected to the same circumstance, Falkland began to rely once more on the success of the British arms as their medium of liberation, and under the assurance that Olivia was well treated, to brace his mind to the endurance of that term, whether longer or shorter, which he must still remain a prisoner. Determined that his enemies should not conquer him through the medium of that despondency which had fastened on his mind at the outset of this misfortune, and which the kindness and reasonings of Olivia alone had dispelled, he cast about for some means of relief or employment, and recollected with joy that he had Olivia's prayer-book in his pocket.

When he first looked at that little volume which she had justly called a treasure, he was overcome with the vivid emotions it awakened; the last portion he had read to her, the comments she had made upon it, the manner in which she had drawn upon his mind for all its better sympathies and more holy aspirations, leading him, as it were step by step, to share in her own

reliance on the Divine goodness, her own faith in the promises of the gospel, and her power of patiently enduring present evils in the sure hope of a glorious immortality. Her very looks, and the tones of her voice, as they presented themselves to his mind, at once consoled and affected him; and his heart, dissolved in tenderness and gentle melancholy, appeared to be divested of every angry thought and discordant feeling. He received his affliction as from the hand of that Father who "chasteneth those He loveth," and, in bending before the rod, he obtained peace as the gift of humility.

In this spirit he read, and was enlightened and comforted; conscious that his duty was his privilege,—for he could too well contrast his present mournful tranquillity with the passions which had formerly "rent him" like one possessed with demons; he struggled to preserve the same spirit, and, to obliterate, as far as possible, the remembrance of past and the fear of future injuries; and when they arose to his mind, he seized on the blessed book as a talisman to protect him from himself. He obtained by this means a power of compelling his faculties to obey his will, by studying and reasoning on the objects presented to his contemplation; and, by this mental activity, he not only preserved but improved the knowledge he had acquired, whilst the despondency inevitable to inaction under such adverse circumstances was completely dissipated. Though sitting on the floor, pacing its narrow boundaries, or striving to catch the oblique gleams of light emitted from its roof, he held himself at all times ready to meet any accuser, to answer any interrogator, or, if it were God's will, to suffer courageously the farther inflictions of his enemies. To assist his necessities he reviewed his knowledge of Arabic, recalled the various pronunciations of certain words derivable from the same root, and, from the aid of a naturally good memory, improved by the absence of all external demands on his attention, obtained in this distressing solitude certainty in many points hitherto dubious; and knowledge seldom attained by those who have the "appliances and means" of which he was totally deprived.

One day, Abbas (his keeper) brought him his usual portion of coarse food, with a face frightfully swollen by a blow which he had received from one of his superiors, and a heart swelling with rage and the unavailing desire of vengeance. Falkland felt for him both compassion and sympathy, and for the first time recollected that the emollients used for Olivia's arm were concealed about his own person. Though they were dry and wasted, the application gave the poor man considerable relief, and, together with the kindness displayed by Falkland, bound him so entirely to the service of the prisoner, that from this time he cast off all fear of consequences, and boldly proposed to effect *his* escape, and *if possible* that of the lady, provided he would take him as his servant to any distant country.

"Without securing the lady," Falkland instantly answered, "he would not walk from his prison; if Suder Cawn himself invited him;" and he assured the proposer "that he was now so totally beggared as to be without means of payment for even the poorest accommodation; how then would it be possible for him to fee the keepers of Olivia who, he had reason to suppose, would not be influenced by the same principles of compassion and confidence which affected him?"

At the time when Falkland put these questions, he felt no reliance on the

professions of Abbas, although he was grateful for the kindness which the man had really shown him, and which he was utterly incapable of rewarding. Disappointment and observation had alike tended to infuse suspicion of all the inhabitants of the East upon his mind ; and, having once adopted opinions of this nature, he was the more inclined to hold them pertinaciously, because they had been long in reaching his mind, and were produced there only by conviction. From being naturally very ingenuous himself, and utterly incapable of any approach to fraud or deceit, it had been difficult to implant on his nature even the most necessary caution on his outset in life : but his generous confidence was now quelled ; a desire to penetrate beyond the surface of all profession had deeply imbued his mind, and, as he thus answered the man, he fixed his eyes upon him with such a keen though not malignant look, as proved at once mistrust and solicitude on the subject which he spoke.

Abbas bore it well. He said he was aware that no money or jewels were in the hands of the prisoners ; but he was spoken of as a person who was well known to the East India governors, who might help him if he reached Bombay, and that Jew Isaacs had released several prisoners on the strength of their written promise.

The name instantly recalled the mention of this person by Mr. Hanson, as being a wealthy and liberal Jew, who lived in much patriarchal dignity in Mysore, one day when they saw the barrier of mountains which divide the coast (whither they were then impetuously driving) from that country. They were at the time in too much trouble and confusion for conversation of any kind to make much impression on his mind ; but all which remained there confirmed the probability of the assertion made by Abbas being true ; and since he said some prisoners had been befriended, it was probable Hanson and his family were amongst the number, in which case they would hardly fail to mention his name, and to vouch for his ability ultimately to reward such a friend as the Jew. He therefore recommended Abbas to make every possible inquiry, but to proceed with great caution ; and if he were so fortunate as to find any agent of Jew Isaac's whom he could trust, to speak confidently on the subject of repayment and reward, at the same time entrusting him with the names of various persons with whom he was connected, some of whom would probably be known to the Jew, as men of importance and honor, residing both in Madras and Bombay.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM this time Falkland found it impossible to apply his mind to any subject of thought, uninterrupted by plans, hopes, and expectations, which he yet dreaded that he must never realize, and his desire to communicate to

Olivia what was passing in his own mind, and the conversation he held with Abbas, was naturally increased to a painful degree. He urged the man perpetually to make some effort for seeing her, and contrived, as he thought, by sending her a few words torn from her Prayer-book, to give her light on the subject of his scheme; but Abbas, to his great mortification, evidently neither entered into his views, nor comprehended the firmness of his resolution respecting her. There were moments which, from his apparent apathy on a subject so vitally connected with their plans, excited in Falkland the most terrible surmises as to the fate of Olivia, but, as the man uniformly persisted in saying she was well and doubtless happy, seeing she had every thing she could desire, he trusted she was safe. Of her happiness, or rather of her uneasiness, he could have no doubt; but this was not a matter to discuss with the keeper.

One morning this poor fellow, whose whole heart was not less in the plot than the prisoner's, entered with looks so wo-begone, that it was some moments before Falkland found courage to inquire the cause, and, conceiving that discovery would hardly fail to compromise the life of the man, he felt more for him than for himself. Abbas was silent, as if from excess of sorrow, but at length told him that, had any thing been discovered, he would have beheld him no more.

"Then what is the matter?" cried Falkland wildly. "What has happened to Olivia?"

"Oh! notting, notting amiss with lady; but Abbas he fear much you see her once, and no more for eber and eber."

"Are they going to remove her then? speak—I am distracted till I know all."

"Suder Ali Cawn himself gib order for you bote to appear dis day before him, and then what will him do?—what will him do?"

"Ah! what will he do?" exclaimed Falkland, as with a quickly-beating heart he cast his eyes to heaven, appealing against the sentence which a worm of the earth might utter.

"For you," said Abbas, making a motion with his hand indicating death;—"for lady de place at him's right hand."

"Never, never," cried Falkland; "if it is God's will, he may murder us both; but, Abbas, you are no worshipper of Mahomet, and you will understand me, when I say the Christian woman dies ere she is compelled to enter the harem of this detestable infidel."

"Poor ting! poor ting! you no know, she no know, but ebery day she take littel, *littel* of de cursed drug; it make ease her heart, it make forget ebery sorrow; it make come back her beauty as rose in spring: often she sleepy, and then cume smile to her lip, and she speaky of Fank, *dear Fank*."

Falkland sank down upon his bed of straw horror-struck, subdued to very misery. Thus to practise on a creature so artless, so virtuous, as Olivia, was a refinement in wickedness for which his worst suspicions had not given his enemies credit, even when they appeared most vile in his eyes. For the high mind, the quick sensibility, the acute perception, and dignified yet unassuming delicacy of Olivia to be thus consigned by hellish arts to the dullness of apathy and the imbecility of premature and unnatural decay, seemed a sin too great for the practice of human nature, even when most degraded; and

he shuddered at the idea of being consigned to the hands of demons with whom he was utterly unable to cope.

This depression did not last long: weak as he was from scanty food and corroding grief, his mind was yet alive, and he roused in himself the powers of the man and the lately attained hopes of the Christian, to meet the fate with which he was threatened, and more especially to consider what would be his duty if indeed Olivia were so reduced in mind as to be unequal to judging for herself. "If he were sentenced to death, would it be right to leave her alive, should her deteriorated mind render her a willing sacrifice?"

He dared not pursue the horrible train of thought in which his mind was engaged by such contemplations, to think upon her future fate, her possible return to consciousness, her reproachful recollections of him on the one hand, and on the other—Oh! he must fly from such expectations and temptations, or he would be utterly unmanned, utterly incapable of performing his duty of whatever nature it might be. He now endeavored to compose his mind by relying on a merciful Providence to give him strength according to his need; and, repeating the words "take no thought what ye shall say," he tried to repose on the arm of Omnipotence alone for help when the hour of extremity should arrive, believing that some miraculous aid would be vouchsafed to one who had not the wisdom to discern his path of duty in a way so cloudy and so distressing.

Suddenly (as it appeared to him) Abbas unlocked his prison door, and in a harsh voice commanded him to follow. This air of newly-assumed authority, though startling, did not seriously alarm him, as he considered it one of the habits of office, to which it was right the keeper should give heed. His bosom throbbed, as he descended, less with the recollection of the tyrant before whom he was about to stand, than of the beloved, the pitied, the injured, yet still half-idolized being on whose fate he had been meditating, whose very death he had in one sense been compassing,—of her on whom his eyes were now, perhaps, to gaze for the last time—for whom, after all her past sufferings, he, *even he* might be called to exercise the most terrific—Oh no! nature forbade him, perhaps religion too.

In a state of mind bordering on madness, the keeper now rudely pushed him into Olivia's prison, and bade him wait a minute. He felt this as a kindness, and in some measure it restored him to serenity. No step met him, no voice greeted him; but, on advancing a few paces, he saw no longer the dirty, jaded, and worn-out partner of his captivity, but Olivia in her glowing beauty, splendidly dressed in the costume of the country, which resembled nearly that which she first put on at Alexandria. She reclined sleeping on a sofa, over the arm of which hung a veil of the finest fabric of Cyprus, and on a table near her was some powder of henna, an embroidered handkerchief, a perfume-bottle, and the reed pen, with which she formed the pattern for her work.

As he gazed upon her, less in admiration than pity, for what could he deem her but a victim decorated for sacrifice, a sudden thought darted into his mind—he seized the pen, which was of course a hollow tube, and filling it with the powder which communicates a red orange color, he gently approached the unconscious sleeper, and blew it through the tube in various portions all

over her face. He was beginning to bestow on her hands the same spotted appearance, when he was suddenly roused by the entrance of Abbas and the woman who usually attended her, in consequence of which he instantly threw the veil completely over her, and then assisted her to rise.

By slow degrees, Olivia appeared to recall to mind the information given her along with her new dress, "that she was about to appear before the Rajah;" but when Falkland bade her cheer up, and remember that he was the companion of her visit, she gave a short shriek of surprise, and sought eagerly to remove her veil, that she might behold him: this, however, he prevented, whispering "that many eyes were upon her, and she must enter the presence of the great man, on whom so much depended, with an air of peculiar modesty and humility."

Olivia answered not, but obeyed implicitly, her steps being gaided by the female attendant on whom she leaned; but Abbas did not leave the prison, from which they were accompanied to the palace by a guard of soldiers.

On entering a kind of saloon, where many officers, both civil and military, were sauntering, the first person on whom Falkland cast his eye was Sullivan, who, from his dress, appeared advanced in rank since he had seen him, and who was at that very moment showing to the person he addressed the hour on a watch, which he instantly perceived to be Olivia's, it being remarkable for the jewellery. A glance of bitter scorn from Falkland was replied to by a look of insolent effrontery on the part of the *ci-devant* hero of Hounslow Heath; and, in spite of the actual weakness and squalid appearance of the prisoner, there were not wanting several, even then, who turned upon the favorite (for such he was estimated) those piercing eyes so frequently found in the East, and which say more than words are permitted to do, the language of which might be read, for once, in favor of him whom fortune had trampled so low.

In a short time, to the great relief of Falkland, they were ushered into the presence of the viceroy of royalty. Much of the splendor so general in his country, and the hauteur too frequently found in the despotic representatives of a still higher despot, were evident in the grandeur and extravagance of the place and in the demeanor of Suder Cawn. Upon neither of the prisoners did these external circumstances produce the least change; and if the tyrant before whom they were brought expected the look or language of deprecation or submission, he could not fail to be disappointed. Falkland stood before him firm, collected, and prepared for whatever might betide; but, well knowing there was a place in his bosom capable of feeling with acuteness pangs in which cruelty might revel and tyranny exult, he fixed his eyes upon his judge, and determined that they should rest there till the farther destiny of Olivia was declared.

The governor was either acquainted with certain circumstances respecting the progress of the British army, which made him cautious as to the injury of the recognized subjects of that country, or he was not exactly the sanguinary chief that Falkland had conceived him to be from the report of his soldiers and slaves. His questions went to ascertain whether Falkland was in the civil or military service of the company; on which he was assured that the former was the service he was engaged in, not the latter; but the prisoner, as if fearful that it should be supposed his desire was towards peace, added,

"that he demanded the treatment of a prisoner of war, due to a man of family and recognized rank, as an officer in the service of an enemy—one whom his country would protect in life and avenge in death."

A look of contempt for a moment agitated the muscles of Suder Cawn, accompanied by a smile that indicated the uselessness of the prisoner's magnanimity and courage, or, perhaps, an approval of the line of self-defence he had adopted. Without regarding the further offer of Falkland that he would remain until an exchange of prisoners took place between the belligerent powers, provided his treatment and that of the lady was consistent with their rank, he, by a motion of his head, commanded him to withdraw to a distance.

When this was done, by the intervention of the soldiers who guarded him, another command, similarly conveyed, brought Olivia to the foot of the throne. If minutes are in some eventful circumstances of human life to be deemed years of endurance, it might be said that Falkland endured an age of suspense, of torture; yet the scene which followed was quickly terminated.

Olivia, leaning almost the whole weight of her trembling frame upon her servant, advanced to the precise spot to which she was motioned by one of the attendants of the harem, summoned for the purpose. Obedient to the whispered advice of the former, she knelt before him whom she was expected henceforth to acknowledge as her "bosom's lord," when the latter, stepping behind her, and, with practised courtesy, averting his eyes, slowly removed the veil, which hitherto completely overshadowed not only her face but her person.

Falkland's eyes were at this moment bent in very agony on the group: far more than life seemed bound up in that moment of agonized inquiry. What did he behold?

Suder Cawn started from his seat; disgust, disappointment, almost terror, were observable in his expressive features. Waving his hand, and giving a hurried command to the soldiers near him, he instantly left the place, and the veil of Olivia was thrown over her with a precipitation strangely contrasted with the slow solemnity and respect with which it had been withdrawn.

In a very short time they were again within the prison, which it is certain they had alike never expected to re-enter; and what appeared more extraordinary, they were at once thrust into the late abode of Olivia, as being the nearer, and left for some time entirely to themselves.

Ignorant of what was to follow, yet sensible of present relief, Falkland soon forgot every other source of anxiety, save that which belonged exclusively to Olivia. He was at once shocked by her apparent insensibility, and thankful that she had been spared by it from the alarm and distress which her late trial would, under different circumstances, have inflicted. Sitting down on the nearest seat, he watched her with an intensity of observation it is impossible to describe, or perhaps conceive, since few persons can imagine a situation of such new and thrilling interest.

For some time she held her forehead, as if to lull pain, or to arrange the ideas that were floating in her bewildered brain. She then rose and traversed the narrow room with rapid steps, as if solicitous to overcome the lethargy which oppressed her, and which she either conceived to be unnatural or in some degree blamable. Whilst thus seeking to rouse herself, she would

sometimes stop for a moment, and, casting a hurried look at him, indicate fear or surprise. At these times her eye, hitherto dim and fixed, would glimmer with unnatural brilliance and wildness, but soon relapse into its former glassy and monotonous character.

After this had continued a considerable time, she stopped before him, and, with the air of one under the influence of a dream, she inquired "Who he was, and why he had been sent to her?"

"Olivia," he replied, slowly, and with a half-suffocated voice, "I am Frank, your own cousin, Frank Falkland; try to remember me, my dear; pray try, my own, sweet 'Livia."

"Livy! yes, 'Livia, I was 'Livia once; my uncle called me little 'Livia; and there was my aunt whom I loved, and cousins, and one—it was Frank, he loved me best of all."

Falkland could make no reply, though she looked at him long and questioningly.

"But we were in the desert; no, not the desert, nor in a ship, but somewhere else, and a bad man came and deceived us, so they took us away.—Yes! I remember now that my poor Frank believed him; so we got out of the place, and they killed my own poor Frank, and—but it is all over now; I did cry very much, but I will cry no more."

As she thus spoke, the tears slowly rolled from her eyes; she sate down on the couch, and appeared for some time to have a kind of half-recollection of events, which, whilst their memory infused a sense of sorrow, had yet no tangible point on which it could dwell.

It was rather uneasiness than unhappiness, but such as it was, it exhibited her in a light the most pitiable to Falkland in which he had ever beheld her. To his unpractised eye, she appeared bereft of reason, yet alive to misery, and he almost thought he could have better borne the extinction of life in her, than that of the more glorious beam which had hitherto given it excellence and power.

Casting his eyes around, he perceived that, allowing for the narrow light, the guarded door, and other characteristics of a prison, on which an air of gloom inevitably rests, the place was rendered very commodious; that it consisted of two long narrow rooms, in which she might take exercise, and from the window of one of them look out on the country. Whilst making this observation internally, the thought struck him that it was singular that he was allowed to remain so long; and fearful of being removed, he began again to speak to Olivia, and, upon her throwing back her veil, to urge the removal of that powder which she was unconscious of having received, and which disfigured her as with some terrible disease.

Olivia obeyed his wishes unquestionably and mechanically, but, having done so, became in a two-fold sense more like herself; the effects of the soporific so insidiously administered, began to wear off, and the melancholy which generally succeeds it appeared more profound for a time; after which, she began rapidly to speak of all she had suffered on the night when she was parted from Falkland, and to express an earnest hope that whatever might betide them, ignorance of each other's fate would not be added to their calamities.

Accurately as she now recollected her fears, and her feelings bespoke their

intensity, she seemed to have little remembrance of any thing which had occurred since, although the dress and preparation for the late interview might be supposed an object too important to be so soon obliterated. Recollecting the terror and anguish she must have endured at a period when she had recently suffered so much, Falkland now considered that forgetfulness of her unhappy state (however produced) might perhaps have preserved her life, or even the reason which it partially obscured; but most ardently did he desire to watch over her for the future, and be alike her restorer and preserver.

Day closed, and neither the late attendant on Olivia nor Abbas appeared, and they began to think that they were utterly abandoned by their gaolers, whether for good or evil they knew not. At length, a man whom neither had ever seen before entered with some food of the same kind as that which had been given to Falkland; but so different from that to which Olivia was accustomed, that she could not for the present be induced to take it. The man departed without vouchsafing them any reply to their inquiries, locking them in together, as if to spare himself farther trouble for creatures deemed altogether worthless.

Some hours afterwards, when the inhabitants of the prison were at rest, Abbas, with great caution entered the apartment. He told Falkland that thenceforward the lady would be subject to the same hard fare with himself, and that it was by chance only that they had been consigned to her prison, instead of the wretched place above, which he had lately inhabited; but he added, as consolatory information, that they would be less strictly watched, and their escape, he had no doubt, connived at, provided the Jew would furnish a small portion of cash to effect the purposes of their liberation; and, as he had forwarded to him the necessary information, he had hopes of succeeding shortly.

This plan was now communicated to Olivia; but her mind was so weakened by the past, and her timidity so much increased in consequence of the late stimulant being exhausted and now withheld, that she was thrown into the most distressing agitation at the bare idea of attempting another escape; and Falkland determined not to alarm her by mentioning it again until the scheme should be ripe for execution. He concluded (too hastily) that Olivia would never again possess the same energy in acting, or the same angelic patience in suffering, which she had hitherto evinced, and that thenceforward it was but too probable she might become imbecile in mind, capricious in temper, and a burden rather than a blessing; but to find her at all, after so cruel a separation, to be delivered from his worst fears on her account, and believe that he had effected her rescue, were advantages so incalculably dear, and for which he felt so truly grateful to Heaven, that he could not repine at any less grievance.

This generous pity and consideration were happily not long called for. After a few days of languor and a most distressing sense of weakness, in which she seemed to suffer a portion of every complaint which flesh is heir to, and during which she took scarcely sufficient food to preserve life, she emerged by degrees into a happier state of existence, painful as were the circumstances under which she held it. She was now told the true cause of her late sensations, and, comprehending the necessity of exertion, in order

to re-establish her mental as well as personal strength, proved to her anxious guardian that she was still the same Olivia, by her strict adoption of his advice and her ready acquiescence in his plan of escape, which she waited to see perfected with more impatience than himself.

That it might be expected to succeed, they were repeatedly though secretly assured by Abbas; and by degrees the manners of their present keeper so far relaxed as to give the idea that he was not unfavorable to their removal, expecting in such case a *douceur* he could not otherwise hope for, knowing their situation. Though generally sullen as well as silent, he one day, with the air of a person who has something pleasant to communicate, informed Olivia that, from the window of her own room, (the inner one being now exclusively her's) she might, on looking a little to the east, see the head of Sullivan stuck on a pike.

Olivia gave a kind of shriek as she exclaimed, "Poor man! why did they behead him?"

The man gave Falkland a look which seemed to say, "What fools women are!" and, although he received no assenting return, he was aware that one of the prisoners at least concurred in a sentence which all around him had long desired to see inflicted on the renegado. It will be readily believed that neither prisoner sought to behold so horrid a spectacle; but the circumstance furnished them a subject of conversation, Falkland imputing their present situation and past distress to this man, and Olivia forgetting his sins towards them in her remembrance of the relief he had procured her at the time she wanted it so much; nor could she forbear casting many a wistful look towards her companion, as Frank observed, "to see whether his head was really on his shoulders or not."

Olivia could scarcely smile, as she was thus drawn more particularly to observe him; for never had he looked so deplorable. It was now many weeks since his beard had been cut in the only way circumstances admitted, and his hair had grown so much as to impart a kind of savage wildness to his general appearance, whilst his clothes exhibited alike dust and raggedness. The "what could she do to help him?" was passing in her mind, when Abbas entered, and proved that what was denied to her could be given to another.

Jew Isaacs now forwarded a paper, which he insisted on both prisoners signing, in order that the death of one should leave the other still amenable. For the sum of three hundred pounds (English money) he engaged to convey them to Bombay, where he would receive his reward; stipulating, however, that he should do it in such manner, and at such time as, from his own knowledge of the country, under the present circumstances of its warfare should prove convenient.

Never was a marriage settlement signed with more pleasure; but, after it was despatched, both parties experienced that depression which the memory of their former disappointment was calculated to produce. They were now not in an open building but a strong prison, guarded by soldiers without, and within by apparently vigilant and numerous keepers. Would it be possible that Abbas could elude their vigilance?—or would the Jew furnish a sufficient sum to satisfy their cupidity?—at what hour would they be liberated?—and whither would they be conducted?—were questions arising every mo-

ment, and only interrupted at midnight by the arrival of Abbas, whose person gave the first appearance of stability to their hopes, by his being evidently equipped for a journey.

They stole down stairs in the dark, and found the doors silently opened by some one on the outside, after which they passed an outer court, where the silver key had been equally officious, as the gates slowly turned on their hinges, and a hand was put forward, and grasped that of Falkland. They began to run with eagerness until they arrived at a more open place, under the light of a young moon, the aid of which they would not long enjoy. Here they were told that the stranger who had led them was Micah, the bond-servant of Isaacs, their future guide and companion, and that in a short time a boy would arrive with beasts for their journey.

The time was indeed short, to their great relief; and they were soon sensible that the prison was at a distance, and even the precincts of the city far removed. When this was ascertained, a sense of safety followed, which likewise brought with it that of awkwardness in the novelty of their situation, and fear that the fatigue would overpower them long before they could repose in safety. The athletic form of Falkland was indeed reduced by famine and trouble of so many kinds to almost infantine weakness, of which he now first became aware, having previously considered any indisposition which he labored under, as arising solely from the want of air; but he was now sensible that suspense, sorrow, and hard fare, had done their work upon him, and almost feared that he should not live to reach the house of Isaacs, where it was understood they must remain, until that person had arranged their removal to Bombay.

After proceeding a long way in the dark, but with increasing confidence in their guide, they made a halt; a lamp was produced, a tent set up of very light materials, and the horses and asses being tied to some brushwood and fed, the travelers also partook of refreshment. This really answered its purpose; the food which, though cold, was excellent, being aided by a portion of rich wine, which operated as a cordial on the weak frame of Falkland, who involuntarily fell asleep almost immediately after taking it, and was with difficulty awakened to proceed on their journey.

Their path lay apparently through a country thinly populated, and their track was so thoroughly understood by their guide that no inconvenience occurred. The food provided was nutritious, though not bulky, being conveyed by one sumpter-ass, and they slowly but safely passed the Ghaut Mountains, near the foot of one of which lay the extensive dwelling of the Jew, (who, by the possession of that wealth which is the sinews of war, dwelt unmolested in a country where levies of every kind were raising, and when the inroads of the British troops were expected,) in peace and plenty.

They had arisen with the sun, (the last day of their journey,) and reached the dwelling of the Jew just at the commencement of the first meal. As soon as they were perceived, the family poured out to receive them, at the head of which were two females in rich and peculiar attire, and, though of different ages, handsome in person, and prepossessing from the kindness and urbanity evident in their manners.

To Olivia, as one of their own sex, whom they had understood to be innocent and suffering, their first attentions were directed, and much was she

pained to find that she was an utter stranger to their language ; for although, with intuitive kindness, they more than supplied her wants, and seemed even to comprehend her wishes in all that related to herself, yet she knew not how to insure their attentions towards Falkland, who, she was well aware, needed them still more than she did. Happily, Micah, who was found to be a man of great consideration in the household, could converse with him, and, having observed how much he was reduced, left no means of assisting him untried ; and, as he was precisely at that period of life when nature possesses inherent powers of renovation, his health was soon re-established, and every day brought an accession of strength. Every thing conduced to the comfort of our long-harassed wanderers ; hospitality, kindness, and intelligence, reigned throughout the mansion of the liberal Jew ; and, the extent of the household, which consisted of between two and three hundred people, the perfect subordination, and yet the freedom which all enjoyed, presented a new view of society alike delightful and interesting. The country around was grand, beautiful, and rich ; it appeared a land flowing with milk and honey ; the Land of Promise bestowed on some favored patriarch, combining at once the freedom attained by the descendants of Ishmael in the desert, and the wealth and refinement acquired by Judah in the day of his power.

Week after week elapsed, and the head of the family, the desired alike of many children and many servants, who held him not less dear as a father than powerful as a master, did not return to his long-expecting household. The Jew yet contrived to convey news of his personal safety, and also of many of those movements in the country of so much importance to the safety of his family and so much interest to his English guests. It will be concluded that the solicitude of our travelers was scarcely less than it had been during their imprisonment respecting the results of a warfare against one whose very name seemed to excite in their present abode almost supernatural terror, and whose power, indirectly, had already cost them so much suffering. As Falkland regained health, and the strength necessary for activity, this subject became the more important to him ; and, knowing that the adjacent country would soon become the scene of exertion against the tyrant, he was by no means desirous of pushing his journey to Bombay, even if Jew Isaacs had thought it possible to do so successfully, under existing circumstances.

To see him regain by degrees his usual appearance, and behold him in possession of the common comforts of life and the enjoyment of its cheapest yet sweetest pleasures, the fair earth and the bright skies, was to Olivia a source of such deep gratitude and sweet serenity, that her long-harassed spirit seemed to find repose alone sufficient for happiness. For hours together she would remain silent, though generally employed in some female occupation ; and when she entered into conversation, even with Falkland, it appeared rather to be for the sake of convincing him that she had regained the powers of her mind than because she desired to exercise them. She spoke of their present rest as a species of Sabbath in the turmoil of life, which she was well aware must soon have an end, but which, for the present, it was right to enjoy in order to recruit themselves for future trials.

In the family of Jew Isaacs there was an ease of manners and a familiarity of intercourse between the sexes greatly resembling that adopted in Europe.

The manners of the women were alike agreeable from their modesty, their simplicity, and the intelligence they evinced; and as Falkland, from possessing much more knowledge of their language than Olivia, necessarily held frequent conversations which she could not share with several young beauties; he sometimes apprehended that jealousy, or at least curiosity, on her part would be evinced in consequence. This effect did not, however, take place, either she had so entire a reliance on the high principles and the hardly-acquired consistency of Frank, which saved her from the fear of his fickleness, or she was herself wholly free from that passion which is allied to suspicion and acute in observation. Perhaps her spirit was so weaned from all earthly objects by her past sufferings and her fear of future trials, or her sensibilities so obtuse in consequence of too much exercise, aided by the drugs administered so long, that she was no longer capable of the same strong attachments and tender inclinations of which she had formerly been susceptible. Life had been indeed to her a draught of exceeding bitterness: and, young as she was, perhaps it was to another state of existence that she alone looked for final happiness.

Thus reasoned Falkland, in consequence of his observations upon her at a time when the very tranquillity she manifested, and which arose from contemplating him in his improved state, misled him as to its motive.

It is true other ideas would mingle with these as to the state of Olivia's mind and affections. Whence had arisen her intense solicitude on the subject of his health?—her willingness to submit, on that account, to any delay in their journey, notwithstanding she was thereby placed near the turmoil she most dreaded, and deprived of that father she still fondly imagined she should find? There were times when Falkland could persuade her to walk out with him alone for a short time, when she never failed to change her usual quietude of manners for rapid utterance and an eager desire to dwell on the beauties or novelties by which they were surrounded, as if she dreaded his addressing her on that theme which was indeed nearest his heart, and, perhaps nearest her own. Why did she avoid this subject, as one on which it was surely right, in any case, that they should now be explicit with each other? Could she still hold their former ties binding as a matter of conscience, or was she insensible to that love which would induce her to seek the means of breaking them? Why did she, at those only times when he could address her, shrink almost fearfully from him, and begin, in a hurried voice, to speak of England and of Adelaide?—to lament the want of letters from Europe, and thus imply her recollection of their bonds, yet in such a manner as to induce him to think they might still, by her consent, be broken?

From these wanderings of the mind in the world of sentiment, our wanderers in various pilgrimage were suddenly called: At a late hour one of Jew Isaacs' messengers arrived with a mission of such importance as to cause an immediate summons to the whole family, with whom Micah communicated on the subject, and who in a short time separated with equal promptitude, to further the orders received. A number of servants were hereby commanded to proceed with a considerable supply of corn and cattle, together with other property calculated for consumption in the army, towards the plain before Seringapatam. The Jew informed his servant, "that the British army

was then rapidly approaching the city in order to besiege it, and would be either accompanied by many native princes, or would be there joined by them for that object; and as, under any circumstances, merchandise of this description must be required, he was desirous of being early in the market." At the same time he desired that the English prisoners should accompany them, as it was possible they would meet with friends in their own army, not only willing to pay their ransom, but undertake their further escort; and with much national caution he ordered Micah to clothe them in the costume of the east, and on no account to take any conspicuous station until the event was known. He observed, that should Tippoo be victorious, any leaning towards the English camp, more especially when combined with the release of the captives, could hardly fail to bring down the vengeance of the sultan both upon himself and the Rajah in whose dominions he dwelt, who, as his tributary sovereign, might be considered guilty of a species of treason.

Although repeatedly assured that the convoy here offered would be stationed at a great distance from the army, Olivia's heart sank at the idea of approaching the seat of war, and she seemed so oppressed by a presentiment of evil, that Falkland, notwithstanding his own ardent wishes led him to the spot, offered to remain with her, or run the risk of prosecuting their intended journey alone. This she was now too well informed to consider practicable, as it lay directly through the enemy's country; and she immediately observed that such a scheme would subject them to all the evils from which they had so happily escaped.

"Then," said Falkland, "perhaps I had better go alone, and leave you here in this place of safety and comparative happiness. I am not less anxious to pay my debt, than the good Jew is to receive it; and although I am perhaps not known personally to one officer in the army, I cannot doubt that such a trifling debt may be as willingly accorded me by the military as by the civil authorities: shall I adopt this plan, dear Olivia, and afterwards return to conduct you to Bombay?"

The question was asked with such a look of solicitude as amounted to anguish. Olivia lost not a moment in answering "that she would conquer her repugnance; she saw the propriety of obeying the Jew's mandate," and she added, with a smile that gladdened the heart of Falkland, "Besides, I will never voluntarily part with you, until I have found either my father or Mr. Orme.

At a time when she required every possible support, Falkland could not bring himself to cast any damp on the hope of finding her long-lost parent, but he did not in the slightest degree share it with her; for all he had seen of the east led him to believe that his uncle had long been the victim of the despotism so universally prevalent, and which he sincerely hoped his own country would be the happy medium of finally destroying. Under this view of the case, he entered on his journey with sanguine hopes and buoyant spirits, inwardly trusting that by some fortunate circumstance he should himself be enabled to lift his arm against the foes of his country. He was now well-dressed, well-mounted, and completely armed, and, by the appointment of Micah, might be considered the captain of their band, which comprised nearly a hundred men and boys, who were necessary for driving the cattle and

watching the carriages, of whom the greater part were provided with the means of defence, and by nature strong and courageous.

Yet, different as were his own sensations, tenderly did Falkland sympathize with Olivia when he beheld her clinging round the neck of Miriam, the fair wife of the eldest of Jew Isaac's sons, and saw the tears of Katurah, his mother, glisten in her mild eyes as she bade the Christian maiden farewell. The impression she had made in the hearts of the strangers, whilst it justified his own preference, told him also how painful it must be to her to leave her own sex, and venture again into scenes which she could but too well appreciate; and in her weakness, her touching dependance, and her perfect reliance on himself, he felt as if he had regained a kind of power over her that was dearer than the conquest of a world. At the same time it was a renewed bond of forbearance towards her, of submission to her wishes, and of patient waiting till the period "when even *her* conscience should be satisfied, and *his* wishes guaranteed," not less by her attachment than her approbation.

CHAPTER XXII.

Our travelers necessarily journeyed slowly, but not therefore unpleasantly, for they passed through a fertile and beautiful country, often rendered grand and romantic by the view of the ghauts, whence descend those rivers which communicate verdure to the plains of the Deccan, and inspire throughout the east a sense of life and wealth. As three other females (the wives and daughters of men employed on this occasion) accompanied Olivia, and were placed like her in the very midst of the *kafila*, she did not require the personal attendance of Falkland, who rode generally at the head of the troop, and, as they proceeded, caught distant views of many hill-forts, which he now first learned had successively yielded to British arms. Their impregnable appearance and generally commanding height seemed to render their capture incredible; but he found several persons in the present cavalcade capable of describing every particular, and thus presenting proofs of the most noble daring and irresistible resolution on record in the annals of mankind. To approach such men, and to know they were his countrymen, awoke all the enthusiasm of his ardent spirit; and seldom could he hear of any singularly glorious exploit, or individual exertion, without turning his horse's head towards the place where Olivia pursued her way, to render her the partaker of his feelings. She was fully able to sympathize in his glowing admiration, and to experience the surprise such accounts might well produce, as the rocky and castellated mound rose in terrific majesty and unapproachable strength before her; but she dreaded the effects such scenes and conversations would produce on Falkland. It was for the purpose of deterring him from actually engaging in

military pursuits, that she had ventured to approach the stage on which they were acting; for although she possessed the pride common to all women, in the courage and magnanimity of one who was certainly an object of incalculable interest to her, she yet dreaded its effects. She had suffered so much that she could not fail to apprehend still more; and although she considered herself in one sense approaching England as she drew near to a body of Englishmen, yet she could not connect the idea of social intercourse with the army, and dreaded the possibility of being seen by any one in it. So long as Falkland was near her, she was not only sure of safety but respect; but if she lost sight of him, if the fervor of his spirit urged him into actual combat, what might not befall them both?

A little past mid-day on the 6th of February, they halted on the spot which Micah deemed most likely to suit his purpose. When the women were lifted from their asses, and led into the tent which was already prepared for them by the more advanced portion of their party, Olivia, to her utter astonishment, found herself one of an immensely spreading multitude, inhabiting, as it were, a mighty, though temporary metropolis of tents. She saw no appearance of soldiers amongst the numerous groups of persons by whom they were surrounded, but rather an assemblage of every species of merchandise, in which the bustle of bargaining, arranging, and exhibiting, was carried on with the eagerness of commercial pursuit, by persons of various color, dress, and even language. The scene was altogether new, and by no means without attraction to her associates; but although she recovered in a great measure from the nervous timidity consequent on her prison residence, she shrank from all contact with the crowd, and eagerly shrouded herself in the tent. In a short time Falkland entered, and after partaking some refreshment with them, offered to take her and Kezia, the sister of Micah, to a place whence they might behold the most astonishing spectacle it was possible for them to witness. Willing to evince her sense of his kindness, rather than indulge a curiosity which was blended with depressing anxieties, Olivia adjusted her dress, and closely wrapping her veil around her, took Kezia's arm and followed his steps in silence.

He led them to a hillock, on which some temporary erection, now in ruins, had left a portion of the building, upon which they could easily climb, and whence they could behold the theatre of war, and all the mighty means collected for the exertion of its magnificent and awful energies. Even the subjugated spirits of Olivia felt the full excitement of the scene, and she eagerly thanked Falkland for inducing her to witness that of which she could never have formed any adequate idea, during the time when it was unmixed with the desolation and undefiled by the destruction to which it would be soon subjected.

The sun was descending, and his glowing beams fell on the towers and pinnacles of Seringapatam, which, surrounded by a triple barrier of apparently resistless walls, rose before them in all the grandeur of oriental pride. The island of Seringapatam, watered by the Cauvery and a number of intersecting canals, enjoyed perpetual verdure, and its beautiful gardens, magnificent mosques, and shady groves, mingled in a singular manner with the glittering spears and death-dealing cannon now bristling for their defence, and apparently threatening the distant multitude. A little to the right, yet

so as to appear in direct defiance to this dreadful and apparently invincible battlement, lay the numerous tents of the British army, towards which our wanderers gazed with those warm emotions of pride and relationship which the scene was well calculated to awaken. Men, officers, and horses, might be seen moving about in all directions, yet in perfect order, and apparently concluding the duties of the day. The general's marquee partook the splendid character given to all Eastern accommodations for the rulers of the land, and led the mind to the contemplation of him as the head of that mighty armament destined to the giant labor of subduing, not alone the lofty walls, but the far loftier spirit within.

Behind, and surrounding the British encampment, lay the gay and splendid tents of the native princes, allied to punish the encroachments and revenge the injuries they had suffered from the mighty tyrant, against whom it appeared that Heaven and earth were at this time leagued, so numerous and various were his foes. Union on this point prevailed between old enemies and rival sovereigns; and Earl Cornwallis, as a master spirit, subjected the refractory, persuaded the weak, and allured the ambitious, binding all in such a spell as rendered them not only obedient to his will, but complaisant to each other, and firm in the purposes of their alliance.

Immediately before, and far as the eye could reach, spread those immense crowds which always follow an Indian army, consisting principally of the Brinjarries, who supply the camp with necessaries in the same manner as the party to which they belonged, and who consist of many nations and various descriptions of character, amongst whom might be found robbers of every description; from the petty thief who would purloin a trifle, to the daring bandit who started not from murder.

An immense crowd, even when drawn together for the most gay and pacific purposes, has something awful in it; and that around them, in its intentions and combinations, had peculiarly this character. No wonder those who had known so long a period of solitude, felt this in a painful manner, together with that sense of it which a great multitude is of itself apt to press upon the spirits of an individual not immediately connected with it. Falkland, whose whole heart was with his countrymen, knew not that he had a single acquaintance in that great body on whom his eyes were bent so eagerly, and for whose fate he felt the deepest interest, even whilst he envied their destination. All were like himself, far from their native land, and many, very many must behold it no more. Happy, thought he, are those whose blood must be drunk by the soil, rather than those who as prisoners may suffer the inflictions of the tyrant! As the possibility of this fate arose to himself should he join the army, he almost determined not to attempt it, and, as he cast his eyes on his companion, owned inwardly that he had no right to do so. All had hitherto remained silent, save when Kezia made an inquiry or conveyed some information; and Falkland could not tell what was passing in his own mind, as he feared to awaken the sensibility of Olivia too much. As she cast a last look towards the English camp, she exclaimed, "In that assembly of brave men there may be many friends of my father's; many, perhaps, who could solve the mystery of his fate, and tell me if he yet lives: some there must be from Bombay, and to them I may surely look for information."

"In this country," said Falkland, "life is so precarious that it is hardly likely *many*, even in a multitude, can recollect a friend so long lost in the country. No! my dear girl, in that army you will learn nothing of your father, I greatly fear, though I shall diligently inquire. In my own opinion, the despot now frowning upon us, and whose walls are less hard than his heart, is a much more likely person to know what became of him."

"In that case," replied Olivia, "I should like to make a breach in his walls myself;—yes! I could shoulder a musket to liberate, or even to avenge, my dear, *dear*, farther!"

"Make me your substitute, Olivia; accept me for your knight. 'He is twice armed that knows his quarrel just;' and since I owe Tippoo Saib reprisals on my own account, and also as a British subject, if you will add a yet stronger motive, *your* wrongs, to inspire me, depend upon it I shall prove a soldier."

Olivia was vexed with herself for giving way to the impulse of the moment, since it awakened in Falkland the very design she had so much dreaded; and she began to cast about in her mind for arguments to dissuade him from the intention he so evidently nourished, and even to gain from him a promise to avoid the field of battle. Before she had time to reply, by a glance under her veil to reconnoitre their way, her eye caught the countenance of a man who was speaking to another, and who she feared to believe was the Arab Abdallah. So great was the shock this gave her, that she forgot all which had passed, and sought only to hurry to the tent, and if possible escape the observation of one who could not fail to be to her an object of dread, since she was persuaded there was in his heart a principle of hatred to Falkland which would only be quenched in his blood; and sincerely did she regret at this moment, that she had interfered in his behalf, and saved him from a fate which she well knew he merited.

The man she feared did not appear to notice herself or her companions; but the person of Frank, even in this crowd, was not likely to escape observation, especially in his present habit, as his turban added greatly to his height. Fearful of awakening his anger towards the intended assassin, she did not mention her suspicions; but she prevailed upon him to change his present covering of the head, for the common red cap and kerchief of the Arabs, which would at least have the effect of rendering him very different from the soldiers of Tippoo's army: and to this he instantly agreed, since with this covering he could be furnished by Micah; but he protested that with the first English soldier's jacket he could lay hands upon, he would discard for ever the Eastern costume.

The moment he had seen the women safe in the tent, Falkland retired to that of Micah, observing that he was excessively sleepily, and hoped to see much on the morrow; and as they had all risen at an unusually early hour, his example was quickly followed by many, who now preferred rest to the evening meal which was preparing.

Little had our party thought that the business they had observed going forward in the British camp was preparation for immediate attack on the city before them; but it did so happen, that on the very night after their arrival, Lord Cornwallis having ascertained the presence of all his auxiliaries, the spirits of his soldiery, and all those other points of importance so necessary

to one in a situation of such vast responsibility, determined on instant attack.

No part of the execution of this bold enterprise was communicated to the allies till after the columns, which were divided into three bodies, had marched; and when they found that Lord Cornwallis, like a common soldier, exposed his person to the enemy, and led the attack, they deemed success impossible, and foresaw only ruin to their hopes. They were not aware of the value of surprise to their brave leader, and in restless anxiety awaited through this eventful night for the results they dreaded to learn.

So sound was the sleep of Falkland after his journey, or so distant was the spot where Micah had pitched their tents from the lines of circumvallation, that the musketry of the British troops failed to awaken him; but when the heavy fire of Tippoo poured out its terrific reply to the assailants, he started up, and became instantly aware of what was going forward. Having lain down, as usual, in his clothes, and with his arms beneath the cloak that served him for a pillow, he instantly rushed out, and made his way quickly through the canvass town around him, unimpeded by the busy multitude by which it was lately occupied. Recalling every circumstance to his memory by which he might ascertain the path of the soldiers now engaged, he pressed forward, under the happy conviction of securing his object,—a conviction necessary to those who pursue an object by uncertain light and devious paths; and as the tumult increased, and the bellowing thunders of the fort were most loud towards the left, with increased ardor and quicker steps he hastened to the hottest scene of action.

The fortress was entered by three bodies. That commanded by General Meadows met with the greatest impediments, and suffered the greatest loss; and it was this division which it was the chance of Falkland on this eventful night to join.

At the time when he reached his countrymen, and with feelings indistinguishable heard his own language spoken on every side, they were assailing the Cad Gah, a redoubt defended by eight guns and a numerous garrison. Placing himself among a file of men, he obeyed with precision the commands given to them, and took every opportunity which the exigence of the moment allowed, to prove he was an Englishman determined to share the perils and partake the glories of the field. The little band, who quickly hailed him as a countryman, were soon dispersed, and lying dead or wounded near him; but he pressed onward, and, gathering knowledge as well as vigor from the desperate circumstances of the division, which seemed to call on every sense for preservation, (whilst it stimulated every effort of boldness,) was amongst the foremost captors of the redoubt, in which not less than five hundred of the defendants were slain.

With a celerity and regularity, of which perhaps British troops alone are capable, the columns were again formed into line, and an officer, who, like many others, had noticed the bravery of Falkland, and was rejoiced to find him a countryman, placed him next to himself. They now crossed the river, and penetrated into the island of Seringapatam; the citadel of which they would instantly have entered, but for the precaution of raising the drawbridge, taken by the pursued fugitives at the moment of their entry. The division, foiled for the present in this object, forcibly entered the town, which had been

almost abandoned by the inhabitants for the defence of the batteries, and contained in itself little of the splendor and beauty so remarkable in the more ornamented parts of that beautiful island, on which the cares of the sultan had been lavished.

As yet, there was neither light nor time for observation. The lines of Tippoo were forced, and resistance in this part suspended, when the troops of Colonel Maxwell, with whom they had coalesced, and who were in advance, gave a shout of mingled horror and astonishment. Every one instinctively rushed forward, to see the object which had thus shocked his comrades.

It appeared that a prison had been forced in which were found no fewer than twenty-seven Europeans, not only cruelly laden with chains, but reduced by famine to such a degree that every countenance was frightfully cadaverous, every form that of a living skeleton. The eyes that gazed on this scene of protracted suffering, seemed frozen at the sight. The blood curdled, the heart quailed, in the bosoms of the brave, as they witnessed such evidence of the tyrant's wickedness, such proof of unimaginable cruelty; but quickly did that blood rush anew through the veins, denouncing vengeance, and stimulating the work of rescue or destruction. Every one did his utmost to evince compassion towards the sufferers, even whilst dealing death to the captors; and never before did a field of battle awaken such a conjunction of the sternest and gentlest emotions so intimately blended.

At the time when Falkland effected his entrance into the prison, many of the wretched captives had been born away, and all appeared in the hands of those eager for their release save three, to whose aid he instantly applied himself. The first was an aged man, who, from some contraction of the limbs, seemed unable to rise from the ground where he sate. To him Falkland instantly gave the aid of his strong arm, saying, as he lifted his trembling frame, "Be not afraid, father; I will carry you safely."

"*Father! father!*" repeated the attenuated old man, "it is a salutation I never hoped to hear again. God bless thee, my son!"

There was at this moment a press towards the narrow entrance of this dungeon of death, and Falkland feared to injure his feeble prize, who clung round his neck like an infant, he was also solicitous to secure a musket which had been given him early in the fray, and which in his hands had well performed its bloody service: he therefore paused, though impatient to reach the door, for the very air of the prison chilled his blood, and brought home to his heart all that he had escaped, and all which he might have suffered. In a few minutes he was so happy as to find himself outside of the prison, and, as day had now risen, he looked eagerly around for the officer who knew him, but, in doing so, received a blow apparently from a bludgeon, which laid him prostrate and senseless on the earth, though still supporting the helpless and clinging prisoner.

So completely stupid had the blow rendered our venturesome friend, that for some time after a soldier had good-naturedly raised him, and, giving a hearty curse to his head-gear, covered him with the helmet of one of his late comrades, he continued to gaze vacantly around, unable to recall the events which had placed him in such a situation. The discharge of musketry to the right, from Lord Cornwallis's division, restored him to recollection, and he arose apparently little worse for the blow, except the swelling of his eye;

yet was he certain that it had been aimed by a practised hand, and dealt on the temple as a sure mark. Neither himself nor the soldier could imagine who had so dealt it, since neither a soldier nor an inhabitant of the town was near them when the prison was entered or evacuated : there was, however, no time for thought. The poor captive had evidently been carried away during his insensibility, and he hoped it was for kindly purposes : had the blow been given to *him* all had been over ; that it was aimed at him seemed very probable, and no one near knew whether the old man had been murdered or released.

Whilst Falkland had thus passed the most memorable night of his hitherto eventful life, Olivia had been listening to the distant firing, praying for her countrymen, and thanking God that, from the unexpectedness of the attack and the distance of the assault, Frank had not been engaged in it. As soon as it was light, Micah, who had been busy gathering news on every side, entered the tent to inform the women of what he had learned, and assure them there would be further news soon, seeing that the young Sheikh (his usual name for Falkland) had been absent for hours.

From this moment until that when he appeared before her, the overwhelming fears and distressing suspense of Olivia amounted to very agony ; but when she beheld him, (disfigured as he was by a livid and swollen face,) she was too thankful for his safety to reproach his temerity, or blame him for seceding from that duty to her, which he had hitherto performed with unparalleled care and unceasing vigilance. She hastily sought for every emollient which could assuage the pain and remove the appearance of his wound ; and she listened to his details of British bravery, and joined his exultations in its success, with the thrilling emotion and the proud triumph they were so calculated to excite ; yet with an interest so intense, as almost to produce fainting, as well as tears. So deeply was she moved, that Falkland forbore all mention of the prisoners, lest she should entertain the idea that her father might have been under the same circumstances with them ; and the more he believed it possible that he had thus suffered and died, the more he was anxious to keep the existence of such atrocities for ever hidden from one whose sensibility they must inevitably excite so much.

That he was right in this conclusion became the more apparent, when he mentioned the manner in which he had been struck ; as she then burst into a fit of hysteric weeping, exclaiming, "It was Abdallah, Abdallah who did it." On her becoming more calm, Falkland, learning that she had seen this man, became of her opinion ; and as he did not doubt his being now amongst the followers of the camp, described his person to Micah and the rest, all of whom promised to watch over Abdallah's movements ; and he assured Olivia in the most solemn manner, he would do his utmost to guard against an enemy so insatiable and determined.

As, however, this promise did not include general self-preservation, in the course of a few hours Falkland was again a volunteer in the siege of the citadel, sharing a second night in those fatigues and dangers which had on the first been almost too much for veteran soldiers. His bravery was now conspicuous to all, and as he was known for a countryman, and his name and situation in India mentioned to several, as opportunity served, many officers treated him with the most friendly attention, and in the course of a

few succeeding days he became as much an Englishman in appearance, as he was in affections and manners.

The British army was now in possession of the town and principal outposts of Seringapatam, and Tippoo Saib, after an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Lord Cornwallis, saw, that, in order to preserve any portion of his dominions, he must purchase peace at a price fixed by a successful but generous enemy. During the last three weeks, various actions had taken place, all confirming the success of the allied armies: negotiations had been entered into, and the two sons of Tippoo being demanded as hostages until his fulfillment of the payments he had agreed to make, the 26th inst. was fixed upon for the reception of these princes in the British camp.

As the road to Bombay was now open, and Falkland was aware that he had been long expected there, and could instantly command any moneys he had occasion for, he preferred paying an additional gratuity to Jew Isaacs on arriving there, to borrowing from the English officers; a plan in which Olivia heartily concurred, as she was anxious to remain completely unknown till she should reach her native place, and be recognized by Mr. Orme; seeing that all the inquiries hitherto made left her no hopes of finding her father. During the late period of perpetual warfare, or preparation for it, Olivia saw little of Falkland, but sufficient to assure her of his safety, (the first great wish of her heart;) and she now looked forward to a successful issue of her long and perilous journey—so far at least as the realization of fortune went, and the power most dear to her, that of blessing those who loved her. Yet “shadows, clouds, and darkness,” rested on the future. Could the wise distribution of wealth—the just rewards due to disinterested affection—the determination humbly and vigilantly to perform her duty to God and man, render her happy? Could they “erase some written troubles of the brain” which were perpetually obtruding? and, above all, could she consistently evince her gratitude to him, whom at least she might hold dear as a brother, without betraying that fondness, that deep, endearing interest, which, in despite of her unceasing struggles, would be uppermost in her bosom?

This period of Falkland's frequent absences, and, in one sense, return to the world, from which he had been so long divided, often awoke the thought that his former affection and ambition, his sense of gratitude and honor, would return with that which reunited him to his countrymen; and Olivia endeavored earnestly to persuade herself that she hoped this would be the case. Hard, indeed, is it for a young and tender heart to build up the hopes which belong to its *principles*, against those which have become a part of its very being, and form the links which bind it to existence: yet we well know that all lovers suppose they can resign the most beloved object to another, provided he or she is thus rendered happy. On this principle, Olivia tried to make herself believe that Adelaide would render Falkland so; and that it was desirable he should now begin to bend his mind to the contemplation of that state, into which, sooner or later, he must enter, and which she, therefore, once more sought to bring before him. It is perhaps, difficult to say, whether it was to her satisfaction or mortification, that Falkland met these observations with extreme and undisguised chagrin, not unmixed with looks of reproach, as conduct which he deemed on her part cruel and unmerited.

Situated as they still remained, Olivia was not disinclined to think herself that "there was no occasion to afflict each other needlessly;" and that at a period of general joy, and when particular gratitude was called for on account of Falkland's escape from various and reiterated danger, it could hardly be necessary for either of them to contemplate the future sorrows which might remain to them from far-distant causes. "It was evident that Falkland could subdue, or at least repress his passion so far as to preserve silence upon it, and, therefore, in time he might conquer it." Over this conclusion Olivia involuntarily sighed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the 25th instant it was understood that the Sultan had fully acceded to every demand, and was engaged in giving orders for the ceremonial of presenting his sons to the commander-in-chief, with suitable grandeur, and that elaborate expense which is peculiar to Eastern royalty. Falkland, by appointment, took his forenoon meal (or tiffin) with a party of officers, but proposed returning in a couple of hours, in order to conduct Olivia and Kezia to the fortress, and point out the particular objects of admiration on the island of Seringapatam.

So anxious was every one, either to watch the movements of the Sultan, the preparations of the allied armies, or to explore those places where devastation might be seen or victory had been obtained, that Olivia, who had now been many days a close prisoner, became extremely desirous of a walk, in which she was little likely to be impeded, seeing that all around them were embarked in similar pursuit; and she felt not only disappointed, but alarmed, when hour after hour passed by without bringing Falkland. It was in vain that Kezia, who alone remained in the tent, represented the probability of his having prolonged a pleasant engagement. She was confident that his stay was involuntary, and since he had gone in the direction of the fortress, notwithstanding the cessation of hostilities, was convinced that some treachery had been practised upon the little body of troops which abode on the spot to which he was invited. Eagerly did she at length walk forth, followed by Kezia, in the hope of meeting Micah, or other of their own men, whom she could despatch in search of him; but none were stirring near the spot, and to strangers she could not explain herself so as to ensure her object. At length, emboldened by the terror which increased the longer her suspense remained, she seized the arm of her attendant, and directed her steps towards the place where she had understood that he was going, forgetting her own desire to be unseen by the English—her fears of the Nizam soldiery, who were continually scouring the country in all directions—her distance from the fort, and the approach of night. Falkland in danger, imprisoned, perhaps wounded or slain! alone was present to her mind.

She had walked a considerable distance, and was winding her way in a little coppice of brushwood, which from chance remained on the ground, where so much of the weaker parts of vegetation had been trampled down by men and cattle, when something shining from the reflected beams of the setting sun caught her eye. It was the buttons of a military dress, the owner of which lay stretched on a little hillock; and Kezia, observing "that they had not buried all the men," was hurrying her away, when the sound of hoarse breathing and stifled groans met their hearing, and they saw a dying man exactly in the direction they were taking. He had no appearance of belonging to either army, and, as his dress resembled that of their own tribe, the young Jewess regarded him with pity, and eagerly stooped towards him. Olivia was ready to assist in raising or consoling an object so deplorably situated; but who shall speak her horror when in the face of the dying man she beheld the livid and distorted features of the dreaded Abdallah?

In a moment the terrible truth flashed upon her mind: they had fought, and Falkland's was the dead body she had avoided! For a time she stood as if root-bound, gazing on the shocking spectacle before her: then, with a loud shriek, she cried, "Frank, dear, *dear* Frank!" and fled to the spot she had just passed. At this instant Abdallah gave one sign of recollection: he essayed to raise his head—his teeth gnashed—he fell back, and, with a loud groan, expired.

Yes! it was indeed Falkland, the long-loved friend of her infancy and youth, the more than friend of many a weary month, whose body lay stretched in death before her. An icy chillness seemed to gather round her heart, as she looked closely on his face, and she believed that death itself was about to relieve her from the agony under which she labored. But she suddenly became aware that his blood was yet flowing—the body yet warm with life—and a new pulsation was felt in her own veins. Raising him by an effort of strength apparently beyond her power, she called loudly on Kezia to assist her; and recalling the battle of the Desert to her memory, eagerly sought to staunch the wound whence issued the springs of life, being now aware that his insensibility proceeded from fainting. With ready aid Kezia took up his helmet, and hastened to the Cauvery, (near which they were walking when thus dreadfully interrupted;) and returning with water, they sprinkled it on his face, and bathed his forehead. A slight shudder announced the return of sensation; he raised his hand instinctively to press the wound on his neck; it fell on that of Olivia, who was employed, as well as she was able, in compressing the part from whence the blood seemed to be flowing. She was now upon her knees, and his head supported on her shoulder.

"You are very kind," said Falkland to his unknown assistant, with difficulty; "but since your cares cannot save my life, let me entreat you, as an act of charity, to seek Micah the Jew: he may be——"

"Hush! hush, dear Frank," cried Olivia, as her heart beat even audibly; "speak not a word, lest it exhaust you: we shall soon have help: it is Olivia who holds your head—your *own* Olivia!"

"Olivia! my poor Olivia *here*! O God! I thank thee! And yet—and yet——"

The emotion with which these words were spoken caused the blood again to gush forth impetuously, and again he fainted. Kezia said "that all was

over," and tried to offer condolence to Olivia; but far from giving credence to this assertion, she vehemently declared that "he lived, and might soon be well;" earnestly beseeching the distressed girl to return towards their tent, and induce the first men she saw to assist them in removing him, even whilst he remained in the swoon. With difficulty the faithful sympathizer in her sorrow was persuaded to quit her in such a situation; but Olivia's entreaties became commands; and the higher energies of her nature rose in proportion as the sad circumstances of her situation called for them. Alone she sat on the cold ground, with glazed eyes, watching the pale countenance which she now supported on her lap, ceasing not to staunch the wound, and allowing neither word nor sigh to escape her that might again disturb the feelings or excite the recollection of the helpless one in whose welfare all the wishes of her heart and her hopes were centered.

Happily Kezia was soon met by her brother and several others of their own people, who were seeking and blaming the fugitive maidens. Her sad story instantly turned the language of reproach into that of compassion; and they all ran eagerly to the spot, and with their haicks soon made a convenient litter, into which the still insensible form of poor Falkland was laid, and borne away with the utmost tenderness. The pale, wild looks of Olivia induced Micah to propose that she also should be carried; this she not only resisted, but moved exactly as the bearers did, not for an instant losing sight of Falkland, and guarding them against every stone or shrub which could by their motion be the cause of annoying him. Long before they arrived at the tent, he showed signs of returning animation; when she gave him a cordial provided by Micah, applied increased pressure to the part where he was wounded; and then, insisting on his silence, again proceeded to the only place where they could insure him due attendance and a comfortable couch.

Micah was himself no despicable proficient in the healing art, as practised among his own people; but so deep and terrible appeared the wound he now examined, which had been given by a cimeter, and doubtless intended to strike off the head, that he hesitated whether to apply the ordinary styptics he was wont to use or seek in the English camp a better surgeon. Falkland urged him to use his own skill in the case, the more so as it might be difficult at the present late hour to find other help. Though extremely weak, he was perfectly collected, and thankful to find himself among friends, and was particularly anxious to reassure Olivia as to the nature of his wound, which, he affirmed, was not dangerous; but at her earnest request he forbore to speak farther respecting it.

That the wound had been given by an enemy who followed him to strike a coward's blow, was evident; and no doubt could arise in the mind of Olivia that it had been greatly increased and lacerated by the combat which had followed, and ended in the death of the assassin. That he *was* dead was now a comfort; but what had he not inflicted ere he fell? She could not now look on his victim, and hope to save him.

During the time that Micah's painful duties were performing, Olivia safe on the floor of the tent, weeping bitterly but silently—her heart re-echoing every breathing of the sufferer which indicated increase of pain, yet grieving that he suppressed the expression natural to such a state lest he should increase her anguish. Within a short time afterwards he pronounced her name; and

hastily wiping her eyes, she advanced to him, and spoke in a low but cheerful voice: he begged her to give him her hand, and she immediately complied with his request by placing her left hand in his, which enabled her to use the right in fanning him, and otherwise contributing to relieve his pain. Though his mind now wandered frequently, he appeared never to lose that sense of comfort which was inspired by the presence of Olivia being thus tangibly ascertained; and even when, towards morning, he was for a short time relieved by sleep, he still held fast his treasure; or if it were removed, awoke startled and uneasy.

So much had the frank and generous disposition, the manliness, and courage of Falkland, won upon all the inhabitants of Jew Isaacs' establishment, with whom he was now associated, that, as they returned to their tents and became aware of what had occurred, every one was afflicted for his injuries, enraged at his assassin, whom they stigmatized as "the son of the bondwoman, whose hand was against every one," and eager, by offers of service and expressions of regard, to enter the tent where he lay, and thus learn the present state of his health and symptoms. During the whole night, Kezia answered these inquiries, and repeated the details already given, to the great relief of Olivia, whose mind was so entirely fixed upon the sufferer as to be utterly unable to turn even for a moment to any other subject, sincerely thankful as she felt towards all who shared in her sorrow, or estimated the worth of its subject. Indeed, at this time Falkland appeared to her in a light at once so exalted and so pitiable, so excellent and so unfortunate, as to impress her with an idea that she had never estimated him justly till now, never loved and honored him as he merited till the time when she must part with him for ever.

That Falkland considered his situation hopeless as regarded life, she was convinced, from his entreating her to give him her hand, and retaining it in his grasp. During their long journeyings and imprisonments—their times of relief, when joy sprang up in the midst of sorrow, and unlocked suddenly every warm and tender emotion likely to spring in the breast of youth and hope—or when new and overpowering misfortune fell upon them, and crushed every sense of comfort save that of mutual support, which was momentarily threatened—Falkland had alike preserved towards Olivia the most comprehensive delicacy and personal respect. This profound and exquisite sense of what was due to her and demanded from himself, increased the more as distance, and time, and sorrow parted them from all other objects, and rendered them perforce the world to each other. In her sickness and dependence, her solicitude for him, (which, at times, elicited in a bosom not less artless than modest those decided emotions which bespoke the nature of her attachment to him,) she became, to his noble and generous breast, only the more hallowed. Not less enshrined by *his* honor than her own purity, she moved as if surrounded by a halo protecting her even from the eye or the voice of that admiration which she yet evidently inspired.

On the confines of another world, reduced to a sense of infantine weakness, and unblessed by the presence of parent or friend, save her, Falkland relaxed from his peremptory demands upon his own forbearance, and allowed himself an indulgence in holding Olivia's hand, which he felt to be a right not less than a consolation. Perhaps he might have spoken also, described the unconscious deviations of his heart from Adelaide to herself, and termed one passion

the infatuation of beauty, the other that sober growth of affection and esteem which never can decay. But this was denied; for such was his weakness that he knew any exertion which awoke either his own sensibility or that of Olivia would prove instantly fatal, and he dreaded giving her an additional pang. By the slight pressure of a finger he indicated life and gratitude; by a faint murmur he expressed his desire to assuage the thirst that afflicted him, and a smile, perceptible perhaps only to Olivia, repeated thanks. That he suffered pain was evident from the changes in his countenance; but no expression of it passed his lips.

Abbas, who held himself as Falkland's servant, and Kezia, who deemed herself Olivia's friend not less than attendant, watched in silence through the night the issues they dreaded; but when day appeared, deeply interested as both were for the sufferers before them, curiosity took its natural share in their minds, and inquiries as to the preparations and the procession passed in whispers between them. Each left the tent for a few minutes at a time, and perceived that the whole population around them were leaving their's, and disposing themselves to witness the humiliation of the mighty despot at whose name most of them had trembled. When Micah visited the tent previously to leaving it, he earnestly approved of Kezia's professed intention to remain, and promised to search for an English surgeon who would render to his countryman the assistance wanted so much; but whilst he spoke, Falkland, who had slumbered a little, awoke, and declared that he would allow no one to touch his wound save the speaker, whom, from his present feelings, he adjudged to be skillful. In saying this, he cast a look at Olivia, which explained to her his wishes to fulfill her request of remaining unknown. Against this conclusion she would have protested, if she had not herself placed confidence in the simple applications which she had known to perform cures that, in her eyes, seemed wonderful; and had she not been, above all other things, anxious to preserve her patient from the excitement belonging to this eventful day.

Sensible that she must control her feelings and support herself in order to support Falkland, Olivia, whose experience in sorrow was far beyond her years, consented to take some portion of the morning meal urged upon her by Kezia, for which she received the whispered thanks of the sufferer, who then first released the hand he had held, and seemed as if he somewhat regretted the selfishness which had induced him to hold it so long. At this moment it was with the utmost difficulty that Olivia refrained from throwing her whole heart, with all its weakness and fondness, before him. Not for herself, but *him*, did she refrain; and terrible indeed was the agony to her inmost soul which forbade her to bless, by any possible means, the man for whom she could have died, but whose death she dared not accelerate even through the medium of his happiness.

Were there not also claims on her forbearance, her fortitude, even her *love*, of infinitely higher import? In the midst of youth, and health, and hope—at a moment when his intercourse with a gay and prosperous world was renewed, and his prison thoughts and serious contemplations were perhaps too likely to be obliterated, he was suddenly called upon to meet his God. The truly attached and Christian woman can alone estimate the feelings of a sister in the faith so situated: she alone can sympathize in the throbbing solicitude of a heart, one moment ascending in prayer to the Redeemer, the next watch-

ing with trembling compassion the weakened frame and pallid brow of the sufferer; now considering it a duty of the first importance to warn the fleeting soul of that great change about to place it in a state whence there is no redemption; and now aware that the slightest emotion, the very effort to recommend its penitence to Heaven, may destroy the hopes of life which still remain, and send to its eternal audit a being yet capable of life and all its holiest duties.

It is not in the hour when the body's suffering suspends the powers of the mind, that the spirit of man can ascend to the God who gave it, and plead with humility and faith for acceptance: and in such a state of incompetency either to feel or to think, it is probable Falkland for many hours remained. Towards noon, Olivia was grieved to perceive him more restless: his lips frequently moved, but no sound issued from them; he sometimes raised his head, but the pain that motion gave his wound compelled him to resume his position. Convinced that something was the matter which he yet sought to conceal, she earnestly entreated him to tell her by what means she could relieve him.

"Dear Olivia, I must tell you the truth—my wound is again bleeding. I wish, earnestly wish, at this time, for an English surgeon; on many accounts it is desirable that I should see my countryman: send Abbas or Kezia, I beseech you, to the English camp."

Both were willing to set out, and in a few moments they had departed together, each perhaps unconscious how much the desire of witnessing the exhibition of the day mingled with the better feeling of procuring the relief of those whom they sincerely loved and pitied. Olivia, who had forgot every thing in existence save Falkland and his sorrow, or rather her own, in a few moments became at once conscious that she was alone, and that he was sensible of increased danger; she rose, and exclaimed hastily, "They are both gone—what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Sit down, dear Olivia; I want only you: I am no worse—I do not even feel the trickling of blood, which made me desire a surgeon; and should the worst happen, doubt not that you will be supported by Him who has sustained you through so much."

"I do not doubt," said Olivia, as she knelt down by the humble couch from which she had risen; but her lip quivered as she spoke.

"Then, dear Olivia, since I know you are praying *for* me, try to pray *with* me."

Sincerely, fervently, she did try so to lift her own heart to God in humble petition, that he, for whom she besought mercy, might indeed partake her prayer; but it was long before her words fell on his ear, for it was with "sighs which could not be uttered" that her thoughts first arose to the throne of mercy. But even then Falkland was enabled to repose in spirit on her conceived expression of his wants—to know that his past faults, his present necessities, his awful situation, his hopes and wants, whether for life or death, had in her *heart* an organ of utterance;—that, as a second self, she would "bewail and lament his manifold sins and infirmities," not less than his sufferings, and implore the confirmation of his faith and hope as fervently as his restoration. Believing as he now did that death was inevitable, he desired to find her mind, for her own sake, exercised in religious supplication, as the

only medium by which she could attain the aid her situation demanded ; well aware that fortitude in herself, not sensibility towards him, was what she needed, and for that his own weak accents inwardly pleaded. Hard was the task to suppress the expressions of endearment, the confessions of his long-felt attachment, his glowing gratitude, which rose continually to his lips ; but he *did* suppress them ; for he well knew that the recollections might sadden many a future hour, and embitter the performance of duty to her—knew too, that he ought so to control his own emotions, as to leave nothing undone whereby her future path might be made easy, and her present safety secured. But to this he was now unequal ; he could only be silent.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Kezia and Abbas had got clear of the tents, they pressed forward towards the fortress, threading their way as well as they were able through a multitude composed of all the various nations that people India, who were assembled to witness a spectacle in which the heart was not less interested than the eye was dazzled. Beyond this body, the native troops in alliance with the British army covered the ground for an immense space, and presented a barrier which it seemed little likely they should pass. As, however, the discipline was never strict, and on a day of holiday and triumph could not demand the solid masses and unbroken lines required on more professional occasions, Kezia, light of foot, and blooming in youthful beauty and native grace, (revealed when best it might conduce to her purpose,) proceeded with a celerity surprising to her attendant. Nor were British soldiers less yielding to the fair Jewess, who, between eagerness to witness the procession, and danger from pressing where she had no business, became an object of interest to the body amongst whom she had intruded ; and whilst Abbas was driven away from point to point, a goodnatured serjeant placed her in safety close to the entrance of the commander-in-chief's marquee, amidst the folding drapery of which she shrank concealed.

The guns of the fort at this moment fired a royal salute, and as it was thence understood that the sons of Tippoo Saib had set out, every head was bent forward in that mighty multitude which formed the vista through which they were expected to pass, and every heart throbbed with pity for the royal children, or of exultation at this conclusion of their father's defeat. It was well known that their mother, a beautiful and delicate woman, had died in consequence of her terrors during the siege, and her sorrow for the loss of a brother who was slain in battle—known too, that the keenest sorrow had pervaded the breast of the Sultan, when he contemplated parting with these his bosom's dearest treasures. Even now he stood on the gateway beneath which they were passing, to indulge himself with a parting look, and felt

that, however splendid the pageant was rendered, it yet bore away the sons for whose aggrandizement he had toiled, and whose return he could alone purchase by a restitution that humbled his pride and bounded his ambition.

Kezia beheld advancing innumerable standard-bearers, sumptuously attired, and carrying the green flags by which the Sultan assumed the honors of a prophet not less than a conqueror. They were followed by a troop of camels, which, with their riders, were richly caparisoned, and, as they approached the tent, filed off to either side, when the two young princes approached, each seated in a silver howdah borne by enormous elephants, whose trappings of scarlet and gold glittered in the sun as they descended to the ground. After them came their father's head vakeel, Guman Aly, with a numerous retinue, followed by a hundred pikemen, whose spears were inlaid with silver; and the procession was closed by a guard of two hundred sepoys.

But the woman's heart that beat in Kezia's breast drew her eye exclusively towards the youthful hostages, whose general appearance was not less captivating than brilliant, displaying the elegance which results from mental culture combined with the grace so long acknowledged as peculiar to oriental motion and manners. They were arrayed alike in red turbans, and flowing dresses of white muslin, ornamented in every part with emeralds, rubies, and pearls, and so brilliant in their general effect as to realize the descriptions of romance. Abdul Kalic, the eldest, was of dark complexion; but his fine features beamed with intellect, though their character was pensive: the younger was fair and beautiful, and his countenance radiate with confidence and ingenuousness. As they passed into the tent, Kezia hardly refrained from calling for a blessing on their heads; nor could she forbear to listen, though with imperfect comprehension, to the manner in which the faithful* minister of their father presented them to Earl Cornwallis, or to weep when she heard his reply, and, by a stealthy look, beheld the noble boys seated on either hand of the victor, gazing with delight on the glittering watches with which he had presented them.

In a scene of such extraordinary excitement, beheld in a situation which she dreaded to occupy, no wonder poor Kezia for some time forgot her actual errand, and the sufferers in the tent whom she had forsaken so long. Every moment dreading discovery, and attaching to the presumption of holding the place she yet occupied an expectation of condign punishment, it was impossible for her to demand from the great ones by whom she was surrounded help for their suffering countryman, even though she held him to be noble as the best: she therefore eagerly cast her eyes around, as the retinue of the princes retreated, in hope of discovering the courteous soldier who had given her the means of gratifying her curiosity, believing that he would also help her to the person whom she now ardently desired to engage for Falkland's service.

Whilst thus employed, two officers passed by her in earnest conversation, in which the name of Falkland was twice distinctly pronounced. On looking at one of them, she perceived that he wore that very dress, the distinctive badges of which Abbas had endeavored to impress upon her mind, in

* His words were—"These children were this morning sons of the Sultan my master. Their situation is changed; they must look up to your Lordship as their father."

order that, if discovered by her first, she should secure his service. Timid, and even terrified as she was, her humanity, and perhaps her conscious dereliction of duty, prevailed over her fears, and, stepping forward, she threw herself on her knees before him, and with hands upraised in supplication, whispered, in language that he could not understand, some appeal in which the single word "Falkland" alone was recognized.

This was, however, sufficient, for the name was already important to him; and as the suavity of his manner gave courage to Kezia, between *her* scanty English and *his* lately acquired knowledge of those country words which are expressive of pain and injury, he learned that an English gentleman, dying of wounds given by an assassin, entreated his assistance.

We will not say that the dark melting eyes of the young Jewess, partially seen from the foldings of that veil which she certainly drew closely around her, or the soft tones of a voice which faltered with fear and confusion, did not aid the compliance of Mr. Snowden, for few men are proof against such influences; but we may safely assert that, when at length he reached the tent where our dear suffering Frank was laid, sincerely did he rejoice, for his patient's sake alone, that he had allowed himself to be brought. Micah had entered just before him, and begun to explain the case; and as Abbas returned during this time, Olivia, taking the arm of Kezia, silently withdrew to the adjoining tent, awaiting in agonizing suspense the examination and report of one who seemed to hold much more than life in his hands.

Mr. Snowden ascertained the nature of the wound without subjecting the patient to any acute pain, since he found the discharge of blood, which took place in the morning, so trifling as to afford a proof of the skill displayed by Micah; but he had great fear, both from his own observation and the account given by the men, that the wound had bled sufficiently for the murderer's purpose in the action of dealing to him the death he merited. Though he prohibited all exertion, and especially speech, to the patient, there was a necessity for making some inquiries as to his sensations and the manner in which he had been carried home; in consequence of which he observed, "Then the two girls who are just gone out discovered you, and, in fact, preserved your life?"

"The *two girls*" jarred on Falkland's sense of propriety, however natural the observation might be, and strictly true as it undoubtedly was. With an eagerness and energy not allowable in his present situation, he replied with an accent that could not be mistaken,

"Miss Falkland knows more on the subject than I do. She was walking, attended by the young woman who brought you hither, when I was discovered apparently dead."

"Miss Falkland, Miss Falkland! How very odd!" exclaimed the surgeon, involuntarily as it appeared, for the next moment he insisted on silence in his patient, telling him at the same time "that his life was in his own hands, and depended on his obedience, since he was convinced that his wound, though painful and even dangerous, was not necessarily fatal;" and to this information he added proper directions to Micah, and a promise of returning early on the morrow.

Falkland would have passed a restless night, if a draught had not shortly afterwards been sent to him by Mr. Snowden; for he did not yet know

whether he could make of that gentleman the friend that Olivia required, and his assurances that he was capable of recovery he held to be merely professional flattery. As she gave him the medicine, his troubled countenance distressed her, for she thought it indicated increased pain; but on this point he reassured her, and she had soon afterwards the satisfaction of seeing him sink into slumber. But who may tell what passed in her bosom, as she scanned those pallid features so lately glowing with health and radiant with hope and energy, yet bearing evident marks of past suffering, of deep reflection, and subdued passion, and offering to her contemplation all that was endearing and estimable in character, combined with an attraction of form rarely equaled? Of this, perhaps, she would not have thought, if it had not been immediately connected with the history of his mind. The conquest of vanity, the renunciation of female admiration, the attainment of a solid affection, and steady constancy of attachment, as opposed to transitory and selfish passion, the pride of coquettish conquest, and the fickleness of youthful susceptibilities, are no light grounds of praise to a man so highly favored by nature, and rendered by circumstance so interesting to woman, as Falkland unquestionably was. A gradual change (and one therefore to be depended upon) had taken place in all that might be deemed the weak parts of his mental constitution. Misfortune had done her proper work upon him, making him certainly a "sadder and wiser man;" yet leaving him capable not only of firm but cheerful fortitude, a temper frank and kind, as in boyhood, but no longer liable to the sudden sallies of anger, and utterly incapable, from principles implanted by religion, of revenge.

As Olivia traced these gradual improvements in his mind, and connected them with his conduct towards herself, and those feelings which she could not doubt he entertained, how could she fail to dread his departure; to hang with very agony on the alternate hopes and fears which were presented by every change of his voice or features, and earnestly to pray, "that her own fate might be bound up with his, whether for time or eternity?"

So much was Falkland relieved by the quiet rest given for many hours, that when the friendly surgeon visited him, he took in a trifling degree the embargo from his lips, and, by proving the really deep interest he held in his recovery, inspired the invalid with a confidence in him which was most essential to his comfort.

Under the persuasion that he addressed a man of honor and feeling, he mentioned the situation of Olivia, and whilst he explained his own agreement with the Jew, who he doubted not would convey her in safety to Bombay after his decease, he yet sought to ensure her a friend, who would soothe her sorrows and forward her views by introductions to proper persons at Bombay, their own letters having been all lost in the many disasters of their journey.

To these requests Mr. Snowden paid most friendly attention, but lamented that his own situation afforded comparatively little means of doing the good he wished. Falkland then proceeded to entreat "that he would make his *will*, as his desire to secure Olivia the little it was in his power at present to bestow, was a paramount consideration;" and in all that related to this part of his request, his medical friend readily agreed; but it was deferred till the ensuing day, seeing "that he was already exhausted."

In fact several days elapsed before this necessary document was begun, partly from the surgeon's fear for his patient, and partly from the regular though slow amendment in Falkland's progress rendering it less urgent as a duty.

During this period Mr. Snowden had several times seen Olivia, for she had become herself somewhat of a patient; and although the peculiarity of her dress, and her habit of using the veil, made him scarcely a judge of her person, he yet considered her very like some one he had lately seen. At the time when he actually began the *will* in question this circumstance more particularly struck him, and as she left the tent, he observed, whilst preparing his pen for writing.

"It is a very singular circumstance that I should have so much to do with persons of your name, Mr. Falkland."

"I remember your mentioning the name with surprise," said the invalid; "but of course I could not conceive your reasons."

"Why, sir, the fact was, I had not returned to the camp one hour from escorting to Bombay a party of Tippoo's prisoners, when your pretty messenger arrested me. The person of the greatest consequence amongst these captives, bore your name, Francis Falkland; he was so ill as to merit my utmost care, and so amiable as to merit attention from every one. Indeed I understood that he was once a man of great consequence as a merchant, and by the way in which his friends at Bombay gathered round him, and in which he rewarded me, I apprehend his fortune is still princely."

Whilst the surgeon spoke, so great was the agitation of Falkland, notwithstanding his reduced state, that he could not forbear rising in his couch, and exclaiming as the tale unfolded,

"Oh, it is indeed my uncle! my dear father's brother, and the very man I carried myself; I am sure, quite sure of it, for the weak faltering voice ran through my veins. Olivia, poor Olivia, thou hast a father!"

"Hush! hush! or I will refuse you another word: if you have the least value for your life or for the lady, calm yourself. Little did I imagine I should be the cause of so much mischief."

"I will be tranquil, indeed I will; only tell me did you leave him better? Can he, at his age, recover the effects of his long captivity, and its horrible attendants?"

"He will always be subject, I fear, to rheumatic affection perhaps, but in England, whither I have urged him to hasten, I really think he may yet enjoy many years of life: and it seems he has family connexions there of great value; indeed, by one of those extraordinary occurrences we must call providential, his only daughter arrived in the harbor at Bombay the day before that on which I reached it with him and two others similarly situated."

"His daughter! that is impossible, for Miss Falkland is his only daughter, the very lady you have just prescribed for: she was born in Bombay, and is (as you know) returning thither to claim his property, little hoping for this joyful surprise."

"I now recollect that the lady, whom I only saw once, is a good deal like your Miss Falkland; but I only saw her once, and dress makes a good deal of difference. You will excuse my saying, that perhaps the lady now here is only what we call an *Indian* daughter, though evidently born of an English

mother, (such things will happen,)—pray do not answer me: I only beg to add, that such is the integrity, the honor of Mr. Falkland, that I am certain he will provide even nobly for the less fortunate daughter of the two.”

“But my Oli—— I mean the lady you have seen, is, I can assure you, his only daughter, the child of a most excellent mother, known to thousands in Bombay; he lost two sons in infancy, and——”

“So he told me, poor man, and adverted to his long-lost wife with a sensibility uncommon at his years. But why should I name years? the poor soul has had his measured by Tippoo Saib, who is worse than Time a good deal, for he more than doubles his transgressions. But farewell! I entreat you neither to talk nor think,”

Falkland obeyed the first injunction, but the second was wholly impracticable; for what a subject was before him! Sincerely did he thank God for the wonderful and unhopèd-for restoration of that dear relative, who, although never yet beheld by him, had been associated with his affections from very infancy, first by his father, and afterwards by Olivia in the days of her childhood. Proud and happy did he feel in the belief that he had been permitted, after numerous dangers, to penetrate with his countrymen into that abhorred dungeon where so many innocent Christian men pined beneath a species of suffering he could so well estimate; and especially that he had, as he trusted, actually carried out in his arms, and pressed to his heart, the brother of his father—the father of his beloved Olivia!

Most happily, an affair in itself so deeply affecting, and on which imagination, awakened by sensibility, might find so much to lament, by no means added to his disorder, but rather accelerated his amendment, by promoting him to submit to every injunction, and cheerfully accept every kind of help in order that he might fulfill his promise to his friends of presenting Olivia to her father.

During the whole evening he refrained from speaking; but, when Olivia offered him the sleeping-draught, now regularly prepared, he could not take it until he had spoken to her on a subject of such infinite moment, and one which it was particularly necessary she should know as a medium of support in this period of sorrow and anxiety. He was, however, so much agitated when he uttered the words “I have something very good to tell you, Olivia,” that she became exceedingly alarmed, and earnestly begged that he would not say another word; she would hear it with pleasure tomorrow.”

“No, no—I cannot sleep till you know it. I have been thinking for hours how best to tell you; and if, dear Olivia, you can bear joy as well as you have born sorrow——”

“Joy!—what can you mean, Frank? We have had no letters from England, and here there seems no source of joy for me, except your restoration, which cannot be hoped if trifles are allowed to agitate you.”

“True; but this is no trifle. I durst not tell you, though I found Micah did, that certain captives of Tippoo’s were liberated the first night we stormed the town, when, you remember, Abdallah struck me senseless—Amongst them——”

“Ay! amongst them—say only one word—was there my own poor father?”

“There was, dear Olivia! Mr. Snowden himself took him and others to

Bombay, conveying them of course with the utmost care, and was but just returned from that mission when Kezia met the young man, having of course hastened to see the sight. Now give me the draught, and then, my poor trembler, dare to be happy."

So much did this wonderful news surprise Olivia, (though in the early part of her journey she had frequently indulged the hopes which she now found realized,) that it was many hours before she could obtain power so to believe and enjoy as to be able to thank God for it; but a sweet sense of Divine goodness by degrees flowed in upon her mind, and she again experienced that hope for the future which of late had entirely deserted her.

Whilst these circumstances were passing in the tent, the armies and their followers were rapidly withdrawing from the scene of triumph, and the vast multitude seemed melting away like icicles before a noonday sun. Olivia had long seen only one object, known only one subject of contemplation, and to him her every care was still addressed; but her desire for his amendment had of course received the only addition which could augment it, as she could not fly to the father whom she so ardently desired to see until Falkland was capable of being removed. They were alike her world, her all, she said to herself; and, most happily, at this time the wound of the latter was declared to be in a state of great amendment.

Meantime, Micah, well satisfied with his merchandise, had sent back nearly all those of his master's household who came out with them, retaining only his sister, and four men who were necessary for the management of the animals; and, having received advice of the arrival of the Jew Isaacs himself at Bisnagar, he was become exceedingly anxious to commence his journey thither. They were thus situated, when Mr. Snowden (whose stay, most happily for our friends, had been protracted in order that the wounded might receive due care in their sickly state, and eventually travel under his guidance), entered the tent abruptly, and instantly addressed his patient—

"I have just found a most happy opportunity of removing you, my dear sir, in the only manner by which it can be safely accomplished. Mangalore, which, you know, was formerly in our possession, is, it appears, ceded in the late treaty, and three of our invalid officers, with a proper complement of men, and one of my own assistants (Mr. Edwards), set out this evening, and will be glad of your company. I have secured you an easy litter and bearers."

"But—Miss Falkland?—we cannot be parted."

"I cannot secure any further accommodation, for the palanquin I speak of has been obtained with great difficulty: besides, I learn that Micah is impatient to set out, and has provided the means of doing so at an hour's notice; and as he means to proceed from Bisnagar to Goa, it is very probable that the coasting-vessel which takes you from Mangalore may touch at Goa, and convey you to Bombay together. I am certain that when Miss Falkland considers the great importance to you of traveling by dak in preference to riding, which you must not attempt for a month, she will not hesitate in seconding my recommendation."

In this conclusion he was perfectly right; for however Olivia might grieve for the necessity of parting, she saw the value of this friendly contrivance in too strong a light not to insist on the propriety of adopting it, though a

sense of bereavement to them both fell heavily on her heart. Could Kezia have accompanied her, she would have followed in the route of the English at the risk of any possible fatigue ; but Micah would neither permit this, nor himself lose sight of either one or other of the captives : on whose original agreement to be governed by his master in their journeys he positively insisted. As it was therefore an act of kindness in him thus to indulge the invalid, and in every preceding circumstance he had behaved not only with scrupulous fidelity but with patience and liberality, it evidently became a duty in Olivia to pursue her journey in the manner which best enabled her to fulfill the terms of their mutual agreement with the Jew.

It was however happy for both our travelers that they were compelled to immediate decision on the one hand, and to the conduct demanded by integrity on the other. Considering the circumstance as inevitable, and satisfied above all by the continuance of medical help to Falkland, (which she had of late hourly dreaded to lose,) Olivia exerted herself to the utmost to console and support him, and whilst her heart was rising to Heaven in prayers for his safety, and tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, she spoke only of their happy meeting in a short time, and the delight they would both enjoy in finding her father at Bombay.

Falkland had never mentioned the unaccountable assertion of the surgeon, "that a daughter of Mr. Falkland's had been seen by him at Bombay;" he concluded that any mistake which had arisen, or any imposition which might be practised on his uncle, must vanish when they arrived ; and he was much too weak to enter into explanations, or recite histories, in order to prove the identity of Olivia to Snowden. Nevertheless the necessity of his own interference in her behalf had never ceased to actuate his mind, and indeed so to rouse his spirit as greatly to conduce to his recovery. Whilst he was earnestly pressing upon her his desire of their meeting at Goa, and that "there was a necessity for their proceeding to Bombay together," the bearers arrived ; he was removed out of his couch into the easy carriage provided, and amidst the directions of his surgeon and the friendly adieus of Micah was borne away almost before poor Olivia was aware of their movements ; it being the determination of Snowden to preserve him from the agitation of a formal adieu.

Micah allowed but few hours of repose to his party, and these were spent by Olivia in a kind of surprise at her own situation, which she felt to be desolate and forlorn, not less than anxious and full of doubt. Her dread of what Falkland might suffer in his journey, her certainty that he would pine after her in his present state of weakness and depression "like a sick girl," rendered her easy as to all that concerned herself ; and she set out on another long journey, in which there was much to apprehend from bodies of native troops who were little better than robbers, and from many companies of wanderers who had been drawn together on the late occasion for purposes of plunder, and might be expected to intersect the country through which they were now passing, with little fear and no reluctance.

Micah was however a wise guide, as well as a clever one ; he gave to the present appearance of his little party an air of such positive poverty, that they were deemed unworthy the trouble of robbery, and as the weather was fine, and abundant provision was carried with them for themselves and cattle,

the journey passed off with comparative comfort ; and on their arrival in the suburbs of Bisnagar, they were received by a Jewish family with a hearty welcome, and Olivia was soon after introduced to the man who by enabling her and one still dearer than herself to escape from captivity, had become entitled to her warmest gratitude.

Jew Isaacs was a man of noble person and courteous bearing, combining (to the eye of Olivia) the simple dignity of patriarchal manners with that extensive knowledge of the world natural to him as a merchant, and that sense of power which is irrevocably attached to conscious wealth. He was habited in rich but not gaudy apparel, made in a form between that of the Turks and the Arabs, and rendered remarkable for its extreme delicacy and cleanliness. His complexion was rather ruddy than brown, and in early life he must have been comparatively fair ; his eyes were dark, brilliant, and penetrating ; his nose and mouth finely formed ; and a long silken beard of snowy whiteness gave a character of venerableness to his countenance, and rendered him a perfect representation of manly beauty so far as it is compatible with age. His reception of Olivia was that of a tender father, and to her infinite delight he informed her that he had known merchant Falkland, the late prisoner of Tippoo, before she was born, and that his knowledge of the name, and his dealings with so just a man, had influenced him at the time when he afforded aid to the prisoners of Suder Cawn, adding however, that "he had always understood the worthy man in question had been left a widower with only one child."

"He has only *me*," said Olivia ; "I am his only daughter."

The Jew had heard of another, and after he had held half an hour's conversation with Micah, and learned that young Falkland had taken a different route, notwithstanding his being described as a wounded man under the care of a surgeon, certain doubts entered the mind of the generous Jew, who had necessarily seen much of the bad part of the world.

The surprising discovery in the dungeons of Seringapatam had necessarily been much spoken of, and in general wherever mention was made of poor Mr. Falkland's restoration to society, the circumstance of his daughter's arrival had been dilated upon, and both had reached Isaacs at Bisnagar long before they were revealed by the surgeon to Falkland.

The youth, beauty, and unprotected state of Olivia, moved the compassion of the old man, and the grateful and affectionate way in which she spoke of his family could not fail to be pleasant to him ; nor was the esteem in which Micah and Kezia held her, light praise in his eyes. He could also conceive the possibility of her having strained a point whilst in the prison, in order to escape from it ; but now he had unquestionably a right to expect that she would act ingenuously, and throw herself on his mercy. She might be a relation to Merchant Falkland, as such he was willing to assist her ; but where confidence had been so full as his own, the shadow of deception was hateful. Surely, when she had seen more of him, she would explain all ?

Poor Olivia said nothing, because she had of course nothing to confess. Jew Isaacs was as silent as Falkland had been as to the rival daughter, and it was impossible that the most unsuspicious of human beings could imagine such a thing. She, however, saw an air of discontent in the Jew, together with a keen and penetrating look cast towards her which distressed her

exceedingly, and caused her manners to become shrinking and timid towards one to whom her heart could have expanded with all the warmth and gratitude of her confiding nature.

Anxious on every account to proceed, she urged the possibility of their crossing the mountains to Goa; but the Jew not only had a dislike to this place, but being fearful that he should not be paid more than half the expense already incurred, after much thought decreed, that she should proceed on her journey by land with Micah only, and she was of course compelled to abide by his decision. The burthen of a creditor was upon her.

Nevertheless, she so earnestly implored for Kezia's company, that the really kind old man could not refuse a part of a request which rendered her more amiable in his eyes; and well had the light-hearted Kezia seconded her request. He recommended the same appearance of poverty which had been hitherto assumed, secretly told Micah his fears that Olivia was not Merchant Falkland's daughter, and that some difficulties might arise as to the repayment of her obligations to him, especially if the young Sheikh had died; but yet gave him ample means for providing for Olivia whatever she wanted befitting her rank in society, *provided* he found she was the person she pretended to be, the daughter of his former benefactor, the long-lost Merchant Falkland.

Olivia was by nature so bland and ingenuous, that she had scarcely during her whole life known what it was to be treated with coldness and suspicion; and to perceive herself regarded as a kind of impostor by one whom she could have loved and honored as a father, and to whom she felt the deepest sense of obligation, hurt her far beyond her power to express. If she had been directly charged with deceit, she could have exculpated herself, and perhaps gained advantage from the explanation; but her accusation lay only in the cold and altered manner, the keen glance, and the frequent absence of mind of the Jew, by which he appeared to be revolving something mysterious and annoying.

Believing at length that this must proceed from his own fears as to the legality of his claims, which she held to be wholly unnecessary, she yet became willing to encounter any fatigue, and incur any danger that should speedily obviate his anxiety on this point. Sweet as it would have been to join Falkland, and to be presented by him to her father, it was a duty she owed to both herself and him, not less than to the Jew, to proceed without further delay. After therefore addressing letters both to Goa and Mangalore, in order to apprise Frank of her incapacity of fulfilling his wishes, she resigned herself to the necessities of her situation.

In passing through the Deccan, some actual and many threatened dangers agitated the spirits of Olivia so much, as again to affect her health; and before her arrival in the vicinity of Bombay, she felt as if the long-desired land of promise would only furnish her a grave. Her reason combined with the dejection caused by her exhausted strength to present her with painful expectations. "How could she hope to find her father living after suffering so much? or if alive, would he not have left the country in search of his daughter? and could Falkland survive a journey so trying in his weakened state? If both were well, if her best hopes for them were verified, alas! what hopes had she for happiness?" "Shadows, clouds, and darkness," still sate upon the future.

CHAPTER XXV.

"AND am I indeed in Bombay, my native city, where my infancy was nurtured with the tenderest care, and all the comforts and elegancies of life surrounded me!"

Such was the exclamation of Olivia, when she dismounted late in the evening at the door of an apparently humble habitation in the suburbs of Bombay, at the end of a long and toilsome journey, in which she had experienced so much fatigue as to have greatly injured her health, following as it did too closely the alarm of Falkland's wound and the long solicitude and watching to which she was subjected.

The new abode which they now entered was by no means either poor or incommodious, when they were fairly installed in the inner apartments; but the inhabitants were by no means like those of Jew Isaacs' establishment, though of course of their profession: however, the night was spent in tolerable composure; but on the following morning, Olivia awoke to a sense of anxiety and agitation so great, that she might indeed be said to experience the truth of the assertion that some

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Sensible that even if her warmest wishes were realized, and her dear father were still in Bombay, she ought not to intrude suddenly upon him in his present weak and nervous state, she despatched Micah to make inquiries of every kind respecting him, and, if possible, to see the servants nearest to his person, and consult with them as to the time and mode of mentioning her arrival.

During his absence, Olivia surveyed her faded form and mean habiliments with more mortification than she had ever felt from such a subject before. She was now in an English city, and she desired to be attired as an English woman; and having always understood that she resembled her mother much in the lower part of the face, and in her height, she wished to appear in such a manner as might recall that dear connexion to her father's mind, and thus give her a twofold interest in his heart; but, situated as she had lately been with Jew Isaacs, she could not request Micah to advance money for this purpose, even if it were found that her father was on the spot.

Besides, who could say how much that beloved father, on whose person and manner she had long dwelt so fondly, at all resembled that which was rather imagined than recollected?—who knew how suffering, such as he had endured, might have altered him? He was doubtless in appearance an aged man, and most probably deaf, if not blind or maimed: perhaps his temper might be soured by suffering—his feelings callous from long imprisonment—his mind imbecile. Alas! he could be no longer the good, and generous, and energetic man she had pictured to herself so often, and on whose actions her dear uncle had dwelt so fondly. But not the less for this gloomy view, which came over her heart so cruelly, did she determine to be unto him the kindest, tenderest daughter that ever watched decrepitude and cherished the remnant

of existence. But he must be henceforward the controller of her fate, and to what might he point it?

Olivia saw that she was looking at the gloomy side of her situation, and blamed herself as ungrateful to Heaven for doing so; but she felt, from the long absence of Micah, such a cause for fear that some new trouble was arising, that it seemed only prudent to nourish those impressions which might prepare her for the worst. Should all be well with her dear father, how much had she to fear for that too beloved one who was even now on the bosom of that faithless element which had never failed to be stormy when Frank was aboard.

Kezia, generally gay, and willing, either by singing or speaking, to beguile long hours and lighten dark thoughts, was herself low and unhappy in consequence of her brother's absence, which precluded her from seeing the city; and long before she had prognosticated every possible evil, and when at a late hour he returned, her upbraidings for a time delayed the information Olivia was so eager to receive, but which came slowly from a fatigued and disappointed man.

"If you will both listen quietly," said Micah, "I will tell all I have learned: how I have got my information, and how much trouble I have had in obtaining it, is another affair."

"My father is here, you say, Micah?"

"Pardon me, lady, I did not; I said Merchant Falkland is still at Bombay: he has taken a bungalow and engaged an army of servants, as all such men do; but it is expected that next season he will go home to England."

"His health, good Micah, only tell me how that is, and I will not interrupt you once more."

"Most likely you will not, for I have that to tell which is of a very silencing nature: but this is no answer. He is afflicted with partial lameness from contraction of his right leg; sometimes he is tormented by violent pains: but he bears all with the patience of Job. His only child, a *daughter*, lives in his house, together with her friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer; and they entertain his company, receive and answer his letters, and are the only medium of access to his person."

Such was the information conveyed by Micah, and though cross-questioned by Kezia in every possible manner, he did not vary from it in a single word, nor elucidate it by a single circumstance.

Olivia, during the long painful cogitations of the day, believed that she had schooled her mind into resignation for whatever could befall her; but she now found that for such astounding news she was utterly unprepared, it fell upon her as the shock of a thunderbolt—unexpected, terrific, fatal.

For some time she sat so immovable, breathless, and apparently stupid, though not appearing likely to faint, that Kezia was really afraid for her senses, and began to weep aloud; but checked herself as by slow degrees the bewildered girl began to speak.

"My father, my poor deceived father, has taken an imposter to his arms and his heart! He knew not his little 'Livia from another, changed as I must be. Doubtless it is a scheme of those wicked Mortimers to palm on him some daughter of their own."

"That cannot be, for ~~they~~ are a young couple newly arrived from your

mother-country. To tell you all the truth, we knew of this at Bisnagar, and my master hoped you would have confessed your real situation to him—in which case he would not have deserted you; but thought indeed all the better of you; for who would not get out of prison that could? All the world cry up Merchant Falkland for his honesty; but if a well-told story could have fished him out of the tyrant's hold, I warrant he would have been out long since. Israelite or Nazarene would have done it alike; and right too, for so says the prophet, or I mistake him."

"Neither Francis Falkland or myself have told a lie or sought to deceive you," said Olivia, solemnly; adding hastily, "Mr. Orme will not have forgotten the child he protected so kindly. I will apply to him immediately."

"He is collecting debts in various parts, and will not return hither till the best season for sailing to Europe."

"There were Captain Rees and Mr. Wilmington?"

"The first is with the army, the last died six weeks since."

As Micah answered each interrogatory, he fixed his eyes on the countenance of Olivia, in the same manner as Jew Isaacs had done before him, and Micah was no mean judge of character.

His own subtil race, the wily Arab, the supple Hindoo, and the silent Mussulman, had long been known to him in all their varieties of fraud, cunning, and equivocation; and not one line of similarity in voice, gesture, countenance, or conduct, met his eye or awoke his fears as to Olivia, who stood before him in all simplicity, integrity, and purity, as one injured and deceived probably as to the fact of her birth, but unquestionably guiltless herself of all deceit.

Under this belief, when he had also, to the great increase of his good temper, taken supper, and not refused wine, his manner became greatly altered. He told her, "that, however appearances might be against her and the young Sheikh, he believed them truly upright; and though impatient to return, he would remain in Bombay till the morning of the third day from that time, partly in hopes that the vessel might arrive with her friend, and partly because in that time some access might be gained to him whom she termed her father, as it was said he was so far convalescent as to have premised to accompany his daughter to a friend's house on the morrow evening." To this he added a strong exhortation "to keep up her spirits, to recall every circumstance in early life likely to aid the recollections of her father in her behalf;" and admitted that, "although his master might have appeared somewhat austere, he had entrusted him with money for her apparel, in case she wished to appear suitably attired in her father's presence."

This offer was now as nugatory as in the morning it would have been welcome. Olivia's head was distracted by pain; yet she saw the necessity of obeying the counsel of Micah, and recalling all the stronger points of her history in early life; nor was she without hopes that her hand-writing would be remembered by her father; for it had been at one time a subject of his warmest praises. All young ladies write well now, but few did so at the time we speak of; and although it was little likely that our long-unpractised wanderer should do herself justice, her conclusion was perfectly natural; for where is the person whose heart has not bounded at the sight of even an unsealed letter directed by the friend they loved?

Early in the morning a short letter was penned by Olivia, who was now so ill as to be scarcely equal to any exertion, but whose dread of being left by Micah and Kezia amounted to agony, and who again urged the former to visit the quay, even before the bungalow of her father, not doubting that with Falkland she should easily procure admission to his presence at least, since his name was well known in Bombay and his arrival had been long expected; so that the nephew must be admitted—though, under existing circumstances, the daughter were refused. She might be termed an impostor—he could not.

In England, a young creature so situated, even if a personal interview was necessary with the highest of the land, would find the means of penetrating into the most sacred boudoir, the most splendid drawing-room; but in India, the number and variety of servants to be passed through, renders approach of every kind so difficult, that it was not surprising Micah deemed it impossible for Olivia, and nearly so for himself, who had, from various circumstances, much the better chance. He took the letter, with a determination to spare no pains whatever in the matter, being still more anxious for the reception of Olivia than the receipt of his master's money, which, as a truly faithful servant, and one well convinced of the legality of the claim, he properly claimed.

The single coin, and the last ornament she possessed in the world, were given to Micah, although they had been long reserved as a parting present to his sister, in order to expedite her letter to that idolized father, for whom she had from her cradle cherished unbounded, and even romantic affection; that father who appeared to have risen from the grave in answer to her prayers, and for whom she was willing to make every sacrifice which it was possible for a tender and grateful heart to offer.

Micah was too faithful a messenger, too much interested in the success of his mission, and moreover too well instructed in the mode of application, to omit using every practicable means of attaining his object. After proving from observation that no vessel had arrived lately from Goa, he again appeared at the mansion of the princely merchant; and finally, by dint of entreaty in some quarters, and that silver key which has unlocked the strongest fortresses in others, succeeded in procuring this important letter to be placed in the hands of Mr. Falkland himself.

A very elegant young woman, dressed in the height of the mode, had entered the room not a minute before; and casting a withering look at the sircar who had, in offering it, disobeyed her orders, she laid her hands upon it, saying, "I conclude I had better read this letter, as most probably either myself or Mrs. M. must answer it."

"Pray do so, my dear; and should it prove, as many have done lately, a request for assistance, if the case is urgent, yield it freely."

"In my opinion, sir, you give away a great deal too much. I shall obey your orders of course, but I think you are frequently imposed upon; at least, there is no occasion to give so much."

"Oh yes, yes!" cried the invalid; "I have known every description of want, and should therefore feel for every description of suffering, and be thankful, very thankful that I have the means of relieving it. Read the letter,

Olivia, pray, for my eyes are very indifferent, (but God be praised that Tippoo left me any eyes!) and we shall then learn who the writer is, and what he requires."

A single glance assured the reader not only that the requisitions could not be granted, but also that the writer must be silenced, and, if possible, for ever. But that she should exist, that she was even now in Bombay, that the rumor of yesterday respecting Micah's visit should be thus proved, was altogether of so agitating a nature, that it was no wonder the lady declared, "This was a case of unusual importance, and that she would see the bearer of the letter immediately."

Mr. Falkland heard this determination with great pleasure, for he wished his daughter to enter into his views and partake his feelings, and this was a pleasure he had seldom hitherto enjoyed.

Such, however, were the young lady's tremors and anxieties on this momentous occasion, that Micah did not enjoy the personal interview she purposed in the first instance to honor him with; but he was, through the medium of a servant high in favor, questioned closely as to the age, person, and situation of the writer; and therefore did not hesitate to recapitulate all he knew of Olivia, particularly specifying her obligations to the Jew his master, the circumstance of her parting with a wounded relative then on his way from Mangalore or Goa, and the improbability of his surviving the wound of an assassin. From this information the inquirer was led to believe, that the claimant being alone and unsupported—having suffered much, and being unknown to all around—might be induced to withdraw claims she had not the proper materials for enforcing, accept in her distress some temporary aid, and finally return to the distant scene of her past sojournment.

But, as it is difficult for the young and unpractised to become suddenly very wicked and very cruel, even when a terrible necessity arises for the energy of their perverted intellect, the new heiress was long in concocting and writing the answer she deemed necessary. Sometimes she thought it desirable to pay Olivia's debt to the Jew, on condition of her returning to Europe; but this scheme involved a sum of money beyond her own means of supplying, and which her supposed father would not grant without examining himself the claims of the petitioner; for, notwithstanding her assertion, she well knew that he was neither an incompetent judge, nor an extravagant donor.

"It was said the man spoke with pity and respect of his master's debtor; probably a further motive had influence with him, seeing she was young and fair. Perhaps, although himself a Jew, he might take her with a scanty portion; at all events some means must be tried: not only did ambition, but fear demand the attempt."

In consequence of these meditations and resolutions, Micah was entrusted at length with a note and a purse, both of which were sealed, the former ran thus:—

"The young woman calling herself Miss Falkland, and attempting to pass for a person of that name who died in the deserts of Arabia, is hereby informed, that her imposture is fully detected, and that any further attempts on the credulity or humanity of Mr. Francis Falkland will answer no other

purpose than that of ensuring her own punishment. The means are remitted which may enable her to return with the bearer to his country, as he is become the only proper husband for a degraded adventuress."

Long suspense, in addition to past fatigues and anxieties, had rendered Olivia really ill before Micah presented to her this fruit of his labor, which, like the apples of the Dead Sea, though looking fair to the eye, was full of bitterness. After reading the note, no wonder she spurned from her the purse with indignation, protesting that no power on earth should prevent her from forcing her way into the presence of her father, and claiming her birth-right. It was now however again night, she was several miles distant from her father's dwelling, and could attempt nothing for the present; but she could not think of retiring, and hour after hour was spent in questioning Micah as to every particular in the observations he had made, and in reading again and again the cruel letter he had brought, and which she at length offered to his inspection.

On reading, so well as he was able, this ingenious composition, Micah got light on the purport of various questions put to him during the time of his attendance at Mr. Falkland's, and which, in the first moment of this elucidation, induced him to smile. He had been long engaged to a maiden of his own tribe, and Olivia knew that he had a lover's impatience to return: but towards that part of the letter referring to the possibility of her union with him, he had too much delicacy to refer. He spoke only of the certainty the actual possessor must have in her present situation, and the power she held either to baffle inquiry, or actually outface the real daughter, if she did succeed in obtaining an interview with her father.

It now struck Olivia, that Frank was not ignorant of this usurpation of her rights, which had probably been revealed by Mr. Snowden with other things relative to her father, and that it was the cause of his being so urgent on the point of her journey to Goa. Bitterly did she for a time repent that she had ever consented to part with him; but the recollection of her own fatigues, her present sense of weakness, and even illness, arising from it, showed her that it would have been impossible for him to have endured so much in the state to which he was reduced. This reconciled her to the conduct she had pursued; for even now, much as she wanted his assistance, she could rejoice that he did not share her misery, more especially as it was of a nature to excite all the stronger passions, and perhaps lead him into warm expostulation, and unwarranted blame of that father who was in her eyes alike sacred both from relationship and suffering.

Notwithstanding her first natural burst of indignation, which produced an assertion that she would seize her own rights, she would have delayed, had it been practicable, any attempt to penetrate into her father's presence until the arrival of Falkland; but her first words were held by Micah as a promise to him, and her conduct in such an effort as due to herself, and which he would assist to the uttermost. It was evidently his policy to stimulate her to do that which, if successful, would lead, he doubted not, to a full settlement of his master's claims, and, if unsuccessful, would prove to that master that he had left no means untried for the accomplishment of this object. How to manage, in case of Olivia's complete expulsion, he knew not; but as it was evident she had not strength to bear the journey back to his settlement, and

the contents of the rejected purse would afford her subsistence till the arrival of Falkland, or perhaps the return of Mr. Orme, he determined to find her some kind of humble residence in Bombay. Micah was the more anxious to conclude his painful and perplexing mission, because promised happiness was awaiting his return, and his young and beautiful sister was too attractive and too volatile to be to him an agreeable traveling companion.

Under these considerations, at an early hour the following morning, he sought to raise the drooping spirits of Olivia, who was in truth too ill for any exertion, though he did not suspect that she had any complaint beyond that produced by watchfulness and anxiety; and they set out all together, Kezia being of course with them as a proper attendant, and a proof that Olivia had never been without one during the long journey with Micah, to which the base letter had alluded. The heart of the young Jew was penetrated with the sincerest pity for her whom he looked upon as a disinherited princess, and no small indignation against one who had hinted at the possibility of his own betrothment to a stranger, who, whatever might be her merits, was not of the faith of his fathers.

The greatest portion of the way they traveled on their asses; but these at a certain part were committed to the care of those with whom they sojourned, and, taking the arm of Kezia, Olivia prepared to enter the house of her father,—the splendid home of which she had the right to be mistress, in the most humble and even surreptitious manner.

It had struck Olivia, from the first hearing of this strange case, that the Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, named as friends of the pretended daughter, were at the bottom of the plot, and she in vain racked her memory to recall such a name amongst her uncle's country friends. It was evident that the writer of the note knew the circumstances attendant on her own setting out, and she thought it very probable that reports, as to her having perished in the desert, might have been circulated, since it was certain that there had been no power of transmitting letters to England since that time, save those very lately despatched. It was possible that the impostor, believing her dead, might, from less culpable motives than the mere desire of wealth, seek to prove a daughter's love to a man so singularly situated as her father; and therefore she wished to see her in the first place; but Micah would only hear of a visit to the father at all hazards. He insisted, that "when women were wicked, their boldness and subtilty always went beyond men, who, when bad, were yet more sincere; and he was confident that if the father's eyes and recollections were appealed to by the true daughter, her success could not fail, though he granted it would be a severe trial to him, and from this his tender child earnestly desired to save him.

Poor Olivia well knew that she had not, and never had, the faculties necessary for contention of any description; from her very earliest recollections in all cases where she had been subjected to blame, or called on for defence, she had looked to others for assistance, and never had she wanted a champion till now. In her days of childhood Percy Luttrell had been this friend; afterwards her dear Adelaide; and since then, Frank, the unfailing and unequalled one. Alas! how far distant were they all! she knew not that any one of them was even living, and the dear father who had risen as from the grave, was denied to her who so long "had sought him sorrowing."

Oppressed by these reflections beyond endurance, she burst into an hysterical flood of tears, and, leaning against the fences of a garden they were then passing, appeared utterly unequal to proceeding. Kezia affectionately threw back her veil to give her air, and by every endearing and consolatory word she could use, endeavored to soothe her spirits, and brace her mind to the necessary exertion. The remembrance that she too would be quickly torn from her increased the agony she felt, and her fear of parting with one she held justly dear, broke from her lips as if it were the more immediate cause of distress; but it did not therefore elicit any observation or promise from Micah, who only said, that "indignation was a more natural emotion than sorrow at such a time as this; he would be bound for it, the false Miss Falkland knew better than to spend her time in weeping, when she had so much to think upon and to do."

Olivia raised her head, struggled against the enervating effects of sorrow, and felt that Micah was right; this was no time for obeying even the most natural impulses. She raised her head and wiped her eyes, endeavoring also to lift up her heart to Him who alone could sustain her, and who, she believed, had so done in times of greater danger, though not greater difficulty, than those under which she now labored. Casting her eyes around as if to find in external objects a relief from inward depression, and see in the beauties of nature somewhat to invigorate her depressed spirit and exhausted strength, she beheld before her a house, lawns, and pleasure-grounds, which appeared to her not only exceedingly beautiful, but to a certain degree familiar to her mind; and she gazed upon them, point by point, as if recalling something of great importance to her recollection.

Her companions, sincerely pitying her situation, and alarmed by the rapid changes in her complexion, patiently waited until she should find herself able to proceed, and were glad to perceive that in a short time she had conquered the difficulty which had oppressed her; she had found the true reason of that attraction which had held her as by enchantment.

"Yes! here was the home of her infancy; in that very room she had sate upon her father's knee; beneath that verandah she had played a thousand times. Even the memory of her mother, a fair and fragile being, with looks of love and words of tenderness, seemed to glide before her sight and thrill her hearing. Lalee, too, her own beloved Lalee, had here attended her rambles, obeyed her childish wishes, and gone thence with her to that far distant land she had left so unfortunately, for one which was no longer a home for her. "Where was now Lalee, where the other servants of her father's house; the friends who crowded his table? was there none to remember, none to succor her, who was then almost an object of idolatry to all?"

As these thoughts pressed upon her mind, and her eyes bent upon the scene before her, she became confused in her thoughts, and her sight was obscured. For a few moments she clung instinctively to the nearest object, but soon relaxed her hold, and with a long convulsive sigh sank on the ground in a state of utter insensibility.

Kezia shrieked and wept, in the utter helplessness of surprise and sorrow, whilst Micah, though exceedingly shocked, endeavored by every means in his power to raise and restore her. In this endeavor he was seconded by the servants from the bungalow near them, who had been attracted by the

gestures of Olivia, and who, after administering various restoratives in vain, assisted Micah to convey her to the house of a native at a little distance, who, being poor and a widow, might possibly be enabled to accommodate her, and wait upon her, at such an expense as the party before them were likely to afford.

Micah was thankful for any asylum in which he could place her, and apply to her use the little skill he was possessed of; but he found it by no means easy to prevail on the mistress of the humble dwelling to receive one whom she considered a dying guest, if she were not already dead. Having, however, made her a handsome present, the Jew proceeded in a manner forcibly into the house, deposited his burthen on the only bed in it, and proceeded, with the help of his sister, to take some blood from the arm of the sufferer.

While this was going forward, the owner again spoke, lamenting her incapacity to attend to the invalid, as she had a sister whose husband was killed at Seringapatam, and who had come a broken-hearted wanderer into her house the very night before, worn down with the travels of ten weary weeks, and having no human being to whom she could look for a portion of rice, and the shelter of a roof, but herself.

The travelers had seen the poor widow in the outer room, but in their trepidation took little notice of her, nor could they now attend to her sad story, for Olivia opened her eyes, and gazed on them so wildly, that Kezia was certain her reason had forsaken her, or that she had been laboring under a higher degree of fever than they had suspected, and was become delirious in consequence of over-exertion.

The first word she uttered was that which was passing her mind at the moment when she fainted—it was the name of her former attendant Lalee, and she pronounced it repeatedly with a thrilling and melancholy sound.

The mistress of the humble habitation they had entered, with an air of great surprise, turned towards a female, who, completely wrapped in a bournouse, had hitherto sate apparently overcome with sorrow, or indifferent even to stupor, and called her attention to the sufferer. She rose, and approached the couch just as Olivia again pronounced the name, whilst pressing the hand of Kezia as if applying it to her.

In overwhelming astonishment the woman threw back her wrappings, and exclaiming "It is her own voice," eagerly gazed on the face, the hands, the hair of Olivia, and on being told "she was an Englishwoman, and her name Falkland," answered, "She knew it well, for she had been her servant, and was married in her father's house to the husband she had lost at Seringapatam;" adding, "Her dear mother brought me up; her father was the best man in the world, but he was murdered many a year since in Mysore."

Of course the widowed Lalee was now informed of the happy change which had befallen Mr. Falkland, and which she knew would be most important to herself; but so grieved and alarmed was she by the evident danger of her beloved young mistress, and the strange history which accompanied her restoration, that she forgot alike her recent miseries, and her expected relief, and thought only how best to devote herself to one whom she had ever held in her memory as a dear daughter, yet as a honored mistress.

It was evident that Lalee, and the sister to whom she had returned in her widowed state, were alike poor, and therefore Micah lost no time in commit-

ting to the former that purse which had been sent from Mr. Falkland's house the night before, desiring that it might be applied to procure the invalid, every comfort, more especially that of a medical man of her own country, and for whom the sister instantly set out. He then circumstantially recapitulated his own ill success in obtaining notice from Mr. Falkland, placed the letter Olivia had received in Lalee's hands, and concluded by saying, that "since Olivia had found a friend and attendant, who could prove her right to be acknowledged far better than he could, it was his intention to take his sister, and set out for his return that very night;" adding, that "if she died, his master must find the younger Falkland out, and claim his due from *him*; if she lived, he knew that she would pay him, for she was as righteous in her intentions, as guileless in her assertions."

Lalee made light of all impediments to her good master; but she turned the letter round and round, as if, in examining it, she could discover the writer; and though told repeatedly "that Micah had not seen her," she persisted in making inquiries as to her person, manners, and dress, which no one could answer who had not beheld the subject of her suspicions. But when he said she was reported as a beauty, she observed, that "she was satisfied; if her young mistress recovered, she would see the beauty soon, and bring the beauty down."

But Kezia was not satisfied with arrangements made so hastily, and to her so cruelly, for she loved Olivia most fondly; and though she did not doubt the attachment Lalee so decidedly manifested, and rejoiced in the attainment of so sensible and good a nurse for the beloved sufferer, she could not bear to leave her so suddenly, and at a period when, from the wandering state of her mind, she could not be rendered aware of the friend she had attained, but might be too sensible of her loss in themselves. The utmost, however, she could obtain was that of deferring their journey till the following evening, during which time little change took place in the patient, whose case the English surgeon pronounced one which might not reach the crisis for several days, and which placed her in imminent danger. Finding, however, that she was an Englishwoman, and according to all their accounts highly connected, he determined to watch over her with the most sedulous attention, notwithstanding her apparent poverty.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WE leave Olivia in the hut of poverty, stretched on the bed of sickness, devoid of that reason which might assist her faith and her fortitude, yet sensible of the sorrow arising from her disconsolate situation,—to inquire after the fate of that fellow-traveler who could best have softened her afflictions and removed their principal cause.

Most happily, every circumstance connected with the journey and voyage of Mr. Fancis Falkland was as favorable as could possibly be wished ; and although he felt his first hurried parting severely, and cast many a lingering look over the mountains that soon separated him from Olivia, yet the hope of speedily renewing their social hours under far happier auspices sustained him, and he became only anxious on the score of his arrival at Goa, which he sincerely hoped to find the place of their reunion ; but if it were not, he should the more eagerly desire to arrive first at Bombay, and by that means avert any unpleasantness arising from the introduction of the fictitious daughter.

Every circumstance connected with his journey was pleasant ; his bearers were well practised, and, in the most difficult passes of the mountains which he recrossed, never shook him ; the country was new and beautiful, and the officers whom he accompanied were found to be highly intelligent and agreeable companions at those periods when he could enjoy conversation, and to crown his good fortune, the day after their arrival at Mangalore, he found that a coasting trader had come in, which was bound for Bombay, and the captain of which promised to touch at Goa.

Abbas immediately secured a passage for his master and himself, though he found a numerous compliment of passengers ; and one of them, whom he supposed to be an officer, on hearing the name of Falkland, made many anxious inquiries respecting both him and the lady. This was of course pleasant information to the invalid, as it promised some attention to his situation from a countryman, which would be the more valuable, since he must now part from his medical friend, who of course remained with the officers.

But little had he anticipated that the kind inquirer should prove no other than his valued friend Hanson, who welcomed him on board, and conducted him to the cabin, where his excellent lady and Miss Osborne received him as one dropped from the skies, or risen from the dead ; for the husband had not informed them that he had seen Abbas, in order that he might enjoy the surprise of all parties.

The "What became of you, and where were you confined ?—and how did poor Miss Falkland sustain her imprisonment ?"—produced of course a long and melancholy detail from our wounded man ; whilst, in reply to the same question on his part, Mr. Hanson answered thus :

"If you have to complain of a great variety of suffering, we may think ourselves equally injured in the monotony of our troubles. On arriving at the palace, Suder Cawn received me seated on a splendid ottoman ; and having ascertained that I had served only in a civil capacity, ordered that myself and my wives" (observe the plural) "should be conducted to that very prison where undoubtedly you spent the latter part of your captivity. I grieve to add, that he ordered our military friends to be sent immediately, under a strong guard, up the country, for the purpose of rendering them slaves in the rice-grounds."

"They could not suffer more than we did," said Miss Osborne.

"That is more than you know, unhappily, Gertrude, for I have every reason to believe that both have died under the sickness and other inflictions they met with ; whereas you and I have really improved our complexions by this affair, though I confess we have not added much to the elegant fullness of our contour ; *n'importe*, we improve daily, and our Calicut abstinence will

give us the higher relish for Bombay dainties: if for the time to come we are neither gluttons nor epicures, we may claim to be philosophers."

"Dear Mr. Francis," said Mrs. Hanson, in a self-pitying accent, "we were almost starved to death; we had nothing but rice, rice, rice, and frequently not enough of that. Sometimes we got a mess made of herbs, and sometimes a little coffee; but we were in a sad situation—could see nothing but ourselves, and, what was far the worst, could never learn when the English would come to release us; and although Hanson runs on so now, I promise you he was often so low-spirited that really I did not know what to do."

"Don't say so, Maria; for you did know what to do, and did it: you cheered my spirits by supporting your own and your sister's, and called upon yourself for the exercise of talents and abilities which in the common run of things I might never have given you credit for; you convinced me that you were the only woman upon the face of the earth, who, under such circumstances, could have kept me in tolerable composure. Of all other miseries, captivity is the most annoying to a man; don't you think so, Falkland?"

"I am certain of it; there is nothing so sinking to the heart, so trying to the temper; it made me feel at the same time dejected and ferocious."

"It is of course equally trying to a woman," said Miss Osborne; yet Hanson always complained if we were low-spirited: what would he have said had we been also ill-natured?"

"I deny the premises, Gertrude: women are, from various causes, comparatively inured to captivity, and it does not gall and fetter them in the same proportion that it works on the free spirit, the pride, and activity of man. But don't think I mean to lessen your merit in bearing it; for I am grateful to you both for sustaining me as well as yourselves; and be it your comfort to know, that the same happy provision will enable you, by and by, to sink with more ease into that season of life which will in due time come to us all. Women grow old with much more ease to themselves than men do. There is something to me exceedingly affecting in a fine man who is going downhill, saying, 'I cannot do such a thing now-a-days.' The loss of athletic power and agility can seldom trouble women, who can only have enjoyed it in a very trifling degree."

"But how did Olivia bear it upon the whole?" inquired Mrs. Hanson.

"Like an angel, to be sure!" said Falkland warmly.

"And you are so far from being tired of her, that you wish to be her prisoner for life, I see very clearly."

"And can you blame me for this, Hanson?—I ask you seriously, can you blame me?"

"Indeed I can *not*; but there is much to consider: and, speaking on this subject, I must tell you that we have heard from Gertrude's lover, and hope he will join us at Bombay. I think, too, we ought to tell you, that, when Calicut was ceded to the English, Suder Cawn did restore us a part of our luggage, amongst which is a small portmanteau of yours, which must be brought up, for you probably want it."

Few things could indeed have been more welcome than this package, for Falkland was thoroughly sick of obligation, and the single suit of English clothes which it contained was held a prize at the present period. But the

time passed delightfully, and the circumstance of his being a nephew to one of the victim prisoners in Tippoo Saib's fortress, gave him an interest in the eyes of all around him; although, Hanson observed, "it was in itself a most provoking circumstance, and reduced their own sufferings to a mere holiday variety in life, by showing the one party as a bleeding hero, the other merely in the light of a whipped schoolboy."

"On arriving at Goa, which they did very early, being favored by the wind, Mr. Hanson volunteered to seek his valued young friend along with Abbas, considering Falkland as yet unequal to the personal exertion which might be called for, and which he was the better able to effect from being well acquainted with the place. He was much disappointed in not finding her; but he tempered this to Falkland by the assurance that no Jew would go thither on account of the Inquisition, which had been fatal to many, and, undoubtedly, she was now on her way to Bombay from Bisnagar.

The remainder of their voyage was equally pleasant, and nearly as rapid as the past; but as they approached Bombay, to the surprise of the ladies, though not of Mr. Hanson, the countenance of Falkland became frequently overcast, and he evidently suffered much mental inquietude. This seemed the more surprising to them, because his wound was healed, his strength restored, and his mind had regained that power of anticipating good so natural to his temperament and his years; but his friend was aware that as he drew near the place, and approached her with whom his hopes were garnered, he also at once dreaded and wished to receive letters which had long been awaiting his arrival—letters both from Adelaide and Percy Luttrell; and how far they might influence Olivia and her father, he dreaded to think; yet that her heart was with him, he felt impossible to doubt.

So severely was he affected by the suspense in which he still held himself to be placed on the most momentous subject that could agitate his mind, that, when at length they entered the long-desired haven, he dreaded landing, and, as the ladies also wished to defer it till towards evening, he remained in the ship with them. Mr. Hanson, however, landed, in order to make their arrival known to their friends; and Abbas, who was well acquainted with Bombay, was eagerly despatched to that dwelling in the environs which Micah had named as the place of his own sojourn. Falkland sincerely hoped to find himself the first arrived, since the wind had been so much in their favor; but, at all events, it was right to despatch without delay, a note for Olivia, informing her of his safe arrival.

Abbas had far to go; but Mr. Hanson was presently in the midst of friends, who were all eager to congratulate him on his escape from prison, and welcome him with that fullness of hospitality and kind consideration for which Bombay has been always celebrated; and on his meeting one by chance, he insisted on returning with him to his ship, not only for the purpose of being introduced to the ladies of his family, but of taking them back to his own bungalow.

When Mr. Hanson returned thus accompanied, he had various kind messages to deliver from other friends, which, as having been given first, he thought it right to mention to Mrs. Hanson; but Mr. Silchester, (the friend who accompanied him,) claimed a stronger, if not a prior, right to have his invitation accepted.

"I am going to have a small party at my house this evening to meet the beautiful Miss Falkland, who is quite the queen of the day with us; and what, in my opinion, is a still stronger inducement, the good old man her father,—he of whom you must have heard as one of Tippoo's captives for many years—promised me, if possible, to accompany her."

"Then Olivia really has arrived," exclaimed Frank, who was in the cabin, and forgot, in the pleasure of Olivia's safety, the story of that usurpation which had troubled him so much.

"You know the lady, I apprehend, sir, and are the friend of Hanson; and you will therefore, I trust, accompany him. It is indeed probable you are a competitor for the prize; but have a care—*have a care*, young man—for it is understood that wealth alone can win her, who is already richer than, in my opinion, a woman ought to be."

"Dear Silchester," cried Hanson, "you should have allowed introduction to supersede advice. This is Mr. Francis Falkland, the nephew of the venerable captive, whom he is impatient to see."

In a little confusion, but with all the frankness of a warm-hearted Irish gentleman, Mr. Silchester advanced to Falkland, who met him with the utmost cordiality, though he could not forbear casting a look towards Mrs. Hanson, which she perfectly understood, thinking with him that it was strange any human being could suspect Olivia of avarice or ambition. Many an hour had she mourned over the loss of Olivia's society; she now rejoiced in the prospect of again seeing her; and when Mr. Silchester was gone, in order to prepare conveyances, expressed her delight to Frank with the utmost sincerity.

But by this time he had recollected the subject which had so long annoyed him, and had only been banished by the joyful confusion of the moment; and he could not doubt that the Miss Falkland in question was the person who had dared to assume the name. He was, indeed, certain that at this period his long-suffering, long-harassed Olivia, could not be considered a beauty, where beauties *par excellence* are regularly imported; and as she could not by possibility have been more than about a week at Bombay, she could not have been seen or judged of as Mr. Silchester had mentioned. No! the bold manœuvrer was still holding her place in the manner Snowden had described, and deceiving the father, who could not possibly recollect his child after the lapse of so many years, and so many sufferings upon his mind and senses.

It now struck him that to see her in the house of another person would be better than confronting her in that in which she had entrenched herself as a home, and that the presence of those who knew the real Olivia so well as the Hansons, could not fail to overwhelm the pretender at once; and he greatly rejoiced that the painful *eclat* of such a scene should be spared to Olivia, whose gentle heart was incapable of punishing the most guilty, and who would arrive, he trusted, at the time when her father would feel in an especial manner the value of her presence. He was also glad that in the course of their numerous conversations he had never mentioned the report of Snowden to this family; a circumstance which undoubtedly arose from his extreme hatred of all deception, and his consciousness of being unable to speak calmly on the subject.

The idea of publicly abashing the daring impostor who had assumed the name and rights of her whom, whether still beautiful or not, he held to be the first, as she was the dearest of her sex, now possessed him so entirely, that he

would not have taken care of the very little he had to secure, if his friend had not been more provident. Indeed, he was very anxious to wait till the last moment for Abbas's return; but the arrival of palanquins and the bustle of departure permitted him only to charge a sailor with a message to that faithful servant, who he well knew would visit the house of every Israelite in the vicinity, in the hope of finding the lady whose arrival was of such importance to his master.

Every thing Falkland could observe of Bombay realized what he had heard of its beauty; and on arriving at the bungalow of his new friend, he first found those luxuries and elegancies peculiar to the East, and of which he had heard so much and seen so little. He found every possible accommodation provided for himself as an invalid and one stripped by various robbers, with the kindness of even brotherly affection, and the munificence of almost princely wealth; and, when dressed, he joined that which Mrs. Silchester called a small dinner-party, but which to him appeared a large one, and which he soon found to be composed of many of the most agreeable of his countrymen. The abundant dinner, the cordial welcome, the hilarity with which, in this far-distant land, stranger met stranger with feelings of good neighborhood and even friendship, could not fail to awaken similar emotions to a considerable degree in one so open to all the impressions of generous confidence; but still he was abstracted and anxious: he sincerely admired and esteemed all around him, but he did not dare to be happy. He had Olivia's battle to fight, and Olivia herself to seek; and he was on the point, perhaps, of rendering the present social party alarmed and disunited. "Had he a right thus to encroach upon the family who had so liberally received him?" This it was difficult to answer.

To him it was a relief to adjourn to the drawing-room, not because it was endowed with all the means of solace from the climate, but simply as a change of place; for where the heart is ill at ease the frame is restless. It indeed rather increased his discomfort than diminished it; for his busy thoughts made him unequal to the attentions demanded by his situation, yet not unconscious of what was required; and his looks were often directed with a distressing expression towards Mrs. Hanson, who could not imagine what was floating in the mind she had expected to see even exultingly happy.

At length his own name was announced, and there was a general movement towards the door, which was thrown open at the farthest end of the noble apartment. But Falkland did not—could not move: there was a beating in his heart, a throbbing of his temples, that utterly confused him; and the universally-murmured admiration of those around served only to increase it.

Long and earnestly had he desired to behold his honored relative, to add to his comfort in every possible way, and receive from him the only gift which could make life valuable; yet he was compelled to tear from him one who had, perhaps, become dear from her attentions, and even valuable from her services, short as they had been. "Would it were a man," thought Frank, "whom I could meet as such! But with a woman—a young and beautiful woman—one, too, who is helpless and dependant, what can I do?"

It was evident that the newly arrived were drawing nearer, and he became sensible that he heard Hanson, who was advancing towards them, say to his Maria, "Surely this cannot be Miss Falkland, strangely as dress alters people who have lately come from Europe. The hair, the eyes, the forehead are like

her's, and she is just the same height; but the mouth—Oh no! that is not Olivia's mouth!"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Hanson. But at this very moment Mr. Silchester whispered to Frank, and he found himself drawn towards the group on whom every eye was fixed, but who were of course far more interesting to him than they could be to others.

The most striking object was a very beautiful young woman, glittering with jewels, and elegantly attired in an European costume, which was totally different to any thing he had seen until the present day, and in which her person was much more exposed than that of any other lady,* and in a manner, certainly, which his unaccustomed eye disapproved. He could not, however, fail to admire her beautiful hair, which, undefiled by powder and expanded by pins, fell in natural curls upon her marble brow, and was bound up on the crown by bands of diamonds with classic elegance. But, though the head-dress was new, the features were familiar; so, too, was the expression, the very step of the advancing female. A new light instantly darted on his mind, and accounted at once for the mistake which had distressed him; he started forward, forgetting every painful and angry feeling in the sense of a sudden reunion with his own long-lost home and all its inmates, exclaiming, "Dear Olivia, how I am surprised and rejoiced to find you!" despite of forms, he pressed a brother's kiss upon her lips.

A shriek of astonishment, not joy, was the answer; and so completely was Miss Falkland overcome, that she was nearly fainting. With all the warmth and sincerity of his nature, Frank blamed himself for having rushed so thoughtlessly towards a sister who probably believed him dead, and in his self-accusations his voice naturally adopted those tones of energetic pathos which had once broken on his uncle's ear. The venerable man, who was leaning on the arms of a servant and a friend, now pushed forward, as well as he could, saying, with much agitation,

"Who are you, young man?—where did I hear your voice before, for surely I have heard it?"

"I too have heard your's, dear sir;—yes! I heard it in the dungeon of the tyrant; for it must have been you whom I raised and carried out, and whom even then I called *father*, from some recollection, doubtless, connected with your voice. I was in a moment afterwards knocked down and lost my prize."

"My own memory has been always confused on that point. The man appeared an Arab, but he spoke pure English. I have sought for him in vain."

"Dear uncle, I had escaped in that disguise from Suder Cawn, who inflicted on me imprisonment for a short period, almost as bad as that you suffered for such a length of time; and what was still worse, your excellent daughter shared these sufferings. She was a captive also, and we escaped through the aid of Jew Isaacs, to whom at this moment we remain debtors."

"Olivia! my daughter in captivity? impossible! She came direct from England with this gentleman and his wife."

The friend on whose arm he leaned confirmed the assertion.

* The extraordinary change in dress at this time has not been equalled by any which have since taken place.

"Yes, *this Olivia*," cried Frank, "my sister;—but your *own* child, the daughter of your long-buried wife, is now on the road to Bombay, after undergoing sorrows and hardships innumerable, which you alone can soothe and recompense."

"I should be loth to doubt the words of one for whom I have anxiously sought as my deliverer, and still more should I grieve to find my own nephew, if you are such, capable of deception; but surely *this* must be my daughter; she came from England, I know, at the instance of Mr. Orme, towards the close of her minority."

"She will not, she cannot say so; she is the child of your own brother, and when did a Falkland condescend to lie? Ask her if I am not her brother? But, no; I ask *you* to look at me. I am a taller man than my father, but, unless my wounds, my travels, my grief for the sufferings of that unhappy girl who is *indeed* your daughter, have grievously changed me, you must see in me a likeness always deemed remarkable in England."

"I do believe you are my dear brother's son—I do *indeed*,—but yet—"

"I cannot only vouch for that fact," said Mr. Hanson, advancing, "but also add that both myself and these two ladies (my wife and sister) knew your daughter well, since we all traveled together from Mocha to Calicut, and we are certain this is not the same lady, though very like her, save that our friend Olivia was not then quite so fair, and I should say several years younger. We were parted at Calicut, and consigned to similar imprisonment; but in consequence of rejoining your nephew, I have learnt all the particulars of your daughter's eventful journey, and earnestly do we all hope soon to receive one we esteem and love sincerely."

Whilst Mr. Hanson was speaking, Frank had flung himself on a sofa, completely overcome with agitation; and Mr. Falkland, bewildered and distressed, was an object of pity to every one, especially as Mr. Mortimer, to whom his looks appealed, by no means answered them satisfactorily. Whilst this was passing, Miss Falkland had been receiving those attentions she evidently required, for she was trembling in every limb, and alternately pale and flushed, as if on the point of swooning. Yet her power of attending to what was passing was evinced by the motion of her head, not less than the changes of her complexion; and when Mr. Hanson ceased speaking, and Mr. Mortimer had begun to reply, she arose and instantly threw herself on her knees before her uncle, saying, that "she had acted wrong from the desire alone of adding to his comfort, by announcing herself as his daughter. Herself and all her family believed that Frank and Olivia perished in the Desert, and the appearance of the former had been to her as that of one risen from the dead."

"I knew," she added, throwing her fair arms round the old man's knees, "that, next to your own lost Olivia, you would ever hold me dear, since I was always said greatly to resemble her, and you had yourself given me the name her mother bore; therefore I suddenly and blamably assumed her station, as my friends know, at the time when I was assured of your life and your return, in the full belief that my own father would bless me for sparing you the knowledge of your Olivia's loss."

The words were spoken in broken accents, amidst tears and sobs and burning blushes: and the feeble gentleman, feeling her at this moment more

worthy of being his child than he had ever done before, raised her as well he was able, and fondly pressed her to his bosom, nor could any one witness the scene without being affected by it, though many differed in their opinion of the fair penitent's conduct. Frank, however, fully allowed how probable it was that reports of their death should be circulated and believed, nor was he sorry that such had taken place, save for the sake of his own parents; and although he could not think her conduct excusable so far as her own family were concerned, knowing as he did her natural inclinations, he yet admitted every thing that appeared amiable in her motives towards one so long bereaved of all, and trusting she would derive pleasure from the information, he now told her that "her cousin Olivia would arrive in the course of a few days, if she were not already in the neighborhood."

A deadly paleness overspread Miss Falkland's face at these words, and several persons observed that she would faint; on which he added, in a low voice, an assurance that he would not mention the past circumstance to Olivia, who would rejoice to find her at Bombay. But she was evidently unable to hear him, and was conveyed by Mrs. Silchester into another apartment; and she soon after went home in extreme disorder.

Recalling a thousand instances in which he had lamented the insensibility of his daughter, and his mortification at finding every trace of his kindness to her in infancy utterly obliterated, although he had taken his present dwelling as near the one in which she was born as he could procure, in order to renew her memory and awaken her former feelings, poor Mr. Falkland could not fail inwardly to rejoice in a *denouement* which he hoped did not disgrace his brother's daughter much, and which promised in his own the realization of a father's wishes. At all events he had found a nephew of whom he could be justly proud, and whom he could not lose sight of for a moment, having a thousand inquiries to make respecting the unhappy travels of his Olivia along with him; and he especially wished to learn where she was at the time when his own prison was unlocked, and the pitying stranger struck apparently dead whilst bearing him into the air.

Of-course they returned together to Mr. Falkland's mansion, and were soon afterwards followed by Abbas, who had for several hours past been seeking his master from place to place, even though he dreaded revealing that which he hastened to communicate.

Impatient to learn tidings from Olivia, or of her, and fearful of adding any new cause of agitation to that which her father had experienced on that eventful evening, Falkland claimed the privilege of an invalid, and retired to his apartment, where he found Abbas not less solicitous to impart information than he was to exact it.

But who shall speak the alarm and sorrow which followed his sad details, whilst he related as much as was known of the affair by the person who had received Micah and his party, and who said that "he had returned two days before, having found it impossible to procure the reception of the lady (who was daughter to a great Englishman) by her father."

"Left her! in God's name, when did he leave her?"

Abbas proceeded systematically, as the relator must who steers between two languages. He went on with a narrative which gave comfort by the mention of Lalee's name, and gained approbation by saying that he had, not-

withstanding very vague directions, at length reached this woman's residence, and found Miss Falkland.

There was in Abbas at this moment a dropping of the voice, a confusion of countenance which was almost maddening; but, perceiving from the looks of his master the severity of his fears, he added that "she was not dead *yet*,—she had *only* a bad fever and loss of reason."

Frank (for so we must sometimes be permitted to call him) felt as if he could have taken the wings of the wind to fly to her relief; but so terribly had he been affected during this narration, and so much excited previously to it, that for a time all energy failed him, the weakness he had so lately conquered seemed to have suddenly returned with new and distressing power, and, despite of his feebly uttered commands, Abbas wisely disturbed the family, and brought even Mr. Falkland himself to advise and assist him.

To save this dear relative from comprehending the true cause of his indisposition, and so reassure him that he might be induced to retire, became now so much an object with Falkland as to prove beneficial to him, by diverting his mind in a slight degree from the cause of severe sorrow which he undoubtedly had in the illness of Olivia. Whilst his couch was surrounded by attendants, Abbas took the opportunity of retiring to rest, which he greatly needed; but at an early hour he presented himself to his master, who, being left to repose, which he found it impossible to take, was now able to arise and seek Olivia, which Abbas well knew was the great desire of his heart.

They reached by a shorter route than any known to Abbas the preceding day, that humble dwelling where Olivia now lay in happy insensibility of her situation in its more painful particulars, yet alive to many of its miseries. Little introduction served with Lalee, who perfectly recollected the features of young Falkland, since they were rendered much more juvenile from the effects of his late confinement and loss of blood; and, though she wondered how he became so tall, was not the less rejoiced to receive him as her old friend, who often laughed at her, but was always good to her notwithstanding.

The inquiries he was about to make were checked by the sound of Olivia's voice, since her poor couch was only divided by a slight partition from the outer room of the mean dwelling of the Hindu windows. He listened eagerly, and heard her lament "the loss of her *dear* Frank, who was murdered by Abdallah, and could never more be her support and comfort."

Every word thrilled the brain of the unhappy hearer; he thought she must be expiring from the low yet piercing tones of her silvery voice, and in another moment he was kneeling beside her, and gazing in despair on the faded beauty of her bland and gentle countenance.

So fragile did she now appear, so evanescent seemed the spark of life still fluttering in her weakened frame, that, although it was the first wish of Falkland's heart to remove the impression of his death under which she was evidently suffering, and convey to her mind some assurance of his safety, and, if possible, of his presence also, yet he could not venture as yet to utter a single word. The sighs that rose almost to suffocation, the throbbings of his breast, alone bespoke the conflicting sorrows and the actual presence of him she invoked.

By degrees her attention was drawn to the sound of his breathing, and the faintly murmured prayers which by degrees broke from his lips. She looked towards him inquisitively, then drew her hand across her eyes, as if to ascertain whether she was dreaming, for again she looked long and earnestly. Lalee had never seen such symptoms of interest before, towards any one who had approached her; she instantly said, in a soft voice, and as much with Kezia's accent as she could assume, "It is Misser Falkland, your own good friend, who come to see you."

Again Olivia closed her eyes, and then rubbed her forehead, as if to awake herself, when she looked smilingly on Frank, and said, "Don't seem so sorrowful—I am not so very ill. I believe I had a fall, but I am very little hurt."

So decidedly did these words bespeak the return of sanity, that Falkland could not doubt they indicated some turn or crisis of the fever to which Lalee had alluded as being expected by her medical attendant, so that he judged it right to despatch Abbas immediately for him. He then ventured to speak to Olivia, to lead her mind by degrees to recollections which might enable him to assure her that all mysteries were cleared; and all mistakes explained, and that a tender and worthy parent was impatient to receive and to bless her.

The attentions of the medical man had been naturally quickened by the information of Abbas that Mr. Falkland was now at the bed-side of the sufferer. On his arrival, he spoke favorably of the change which had taken place, and professed an intention of watching the patient for some hours. Thankful for this offer, Falkland withdrew, conscious that some rest was exceedingly necessary for himself, and desirous to consider the best means of breaking the matter to his uncle, so as least to awaken his natural indignation towards the sister whose false assertion had doubtless been the cause of Micah's desertion, and of a distress so dreadful in its effects.

He told Lalee that "in two hours' time he would again be there, and—" He was interrupted by her placing in his hand the letter sent to Olivia, which she told him had been the cause of all her trouble, and requesting that, since he appeared to be an inmate with the vaunted beauty who was unquestionably the writer, he would (to use Lalee's own words) "throw it into her teeth."

Though perused at this moment with an absent mind and a smarting eye, yet Frank saw too clearly not only that it was the hand-writing of his father's daughter, but the dictates of a determined enemy and daring impostor,—trembling for herself, it was true, but seeking to crush the party she had injured, by means more cruel than death. His soul shuddered; his heart revolted; indignation shook his frame; and shame, yes, blushing shame, (for the sinner was yet his sister,) paralysed even his anger and his justice. He reached home under a sense of grief, disgrace, and resentment, such as had never before afflicted him in all his days of sorrow, mortification, rage, and disappointment.

When young Falkland again shut himself up in his chamber, to "commune with his own heart," and, if possible, to tranquilize its agonizing emotions, and so to act that the guilty might be punished, the innocent be spared, and the injured restored, so acute were the feelings under which he labored, that

years seemed added to his countenance, and his lately recovered strength abstracted from his stooping form. He sternly forbade all approach, and resisted every offer of assistance; and in the opinion of Abbas, who was now an intelligent reader of his expressive features, had now reached a climax of sorrow that must recall all the sufferings from which he had so lately emerged and probably with the addition of a fever, under which he would soon sink into the grave, now opened apparently for her he loved so tenderly.

It will not be supposed that Frank slept when he retired, or even that his aching head sought refuge on his pillow from the evils which assailed him. Many—indeed *all*, who had known him three years before, would have deemed it utterly impossible for him to have refrained from rushing instantly into the presence of his uncle and Olivia, his niece, taxing the latter with her crime, describing its dreadful consequences, imprecating curses on her head as a murderer, and calling on the household, its master, and his friends, nay! the wide world, to stigmatize her as false, treacherous, cruel and wicked, a disgrace to her sex, her family, and human nature in its most degraded state.

But at this time Falkland had learned to endure as well as to suffer, to control his passions, and to discriminate between their impulses and the action of higher principles in the mind. He had also learned that in humble prayer, in tranquil meditation, an unquiet and afflicted mind may best find the guidance it requires in moments of great excitement, when the path of duty is rendered difficult from agitation, and when even virtuous intention and firm integrity require that aid which religion alone, as the guide and guardian of our erring nature, can bestow.

In about four or five hours, Falkland had conquered his impetuous indignation so far as to enable him, with a subdued tone and pallid countenance, to inform his uncle that his own beloved Olivia had arrived at Bombay, but so completely exhausted by her journey, as to render her further removal at present impracticable. He then proceeded to write a line to his sister, requesting that she would immediately accompany him to the miserable hut which she had rendered the abode of her uncle's daughter, in order to afford her as much assistance as was now in her power, and thereby prove (so far as remained possible) not less the humanity, than the sincerity, of her last night's declaration.

Miss Falkland well knew that her cousin was dangerously ill; for Micah, previous to his departure, had trumpeted her miserable situation through all the ranks of the hundred and forty servants of the rich merchant's establishment; and so much of his information on this occasion had reached the ear of Mr. Mortimer, as to awaken his suspicions, and induce his wife to remain at home, instead of accepting Mr. Silchester's invitation. His acquaintance, and that of his lady, with the supposed heiress had commenced at Bath, when they understood her to be the daughter of a Mr. Falkland, of Staffordshire; and although many circumstances led them to believe her voyage to the Indies was unsanctioned by her family, and the consequence of a legacy, which she chose to appropriate to that purpose under the auspices of Mrs. Mortimer, to whom she appeared much attached, they had no idea of any mystery in the affair. On their arrival, the great victory and its consequences were detailed before their landing, and amongst other things, "the arrival of Mr. Falkland

from his long captivity, and the restitution of his property under the care of his friend Orme, who the relator lamented was now at a distance, but had always done his best to provide for an event little likely to occur, and which had revived the hope that a daughter, said to be lost, might yet be restored to him."

The bold design of personating this daughter instantly entered the ambitious mind of one who had long contemplated that of securing a portion of her inheritance, and the extreme agitation evident in her changing complexion whilst listening to the story of Mr. Falkland's release, prepared them for the assertion "that ~~she~~ was the daughter in question." Scarcely, however, had she made it, when the difficulties of maintaining it, added to the reproaches of her conscience, completely overcame her, and she fainted on the spot.

This consequence of her falsehood being considered as a natural proof of her sensibility, not only confirmed their belief of its truth, but gave her an interest in the eyes of this worthy couple, which neither her beauty, nor manners, during the voyage, had awakened, though they had, when their acquaintance* with her was slight, and confined to ball-rooms and routs, admired her exceedingly.

During the retirement which naturally resulted from her indisposition, she digested her plan, indulged in the dreams of ambition and luxury which originally moved her to the voyage, convinced herself that the long-lost Frank and Olivia never would reappear, that her own upright, but inert, father would never inquire into the particulars of her uncle's will, or would readily allow his right to adopt a favorite niece bearing the name of his wife and daughter.

Mr. Mortimer in the mean time hastened to see the infirm but active-minded father, and reveal to him the happy assurance of his daughter's affection and arrival: he was, under the care of his friends, entering a house ready for his reception, within a short distance of one which he had formerly occupied, and therefore he warmly received Olivia, and her friends, who became stationed there before the departure of Mr. Snowden. Mr. Falkland's sight had been so much injured by his confinement, that there was nothing in the face or form of the pretender that might not have been looked for in his little Olivia arrived at woman's estate; but often did he sigh for the loss of virtues on which his memory had fed during many a melancholy hour in his dungeon, and bitterly did he now feel the effects of their long separation, and his own consequent inability to check the growth of evil, and nourish the promise of good, once given in her young bosom.

We have no room to dwell on suspicions arising in the breast of Mrs. Mortimer when she found the age of the real heiress, or those of her husband on observing the affected indifference, but real alarm, manifested by Miss Falkland when some of the old servants of her father appeared: we pass on to her receipt of her brother's note, and the information it conveyed, from which we deviated.

Miss Falkland was a delicate woman, troubled with many symptoms of that pulmonary complaint which had been fatal to her mother; it was no

* Forty years ago it was as easy to procure invitations to India as it is now difficult.

wonder, therefore, that she really felt ill, and might with great truth have pleaded inability to go. But she was acquainted with Frank's high spirit as it used to be, was convinced that he would impute her refusal to those fears which were indeed influencing her, and imagined that if Olivia were either dying, or raving, the secret in her possession might still be safe; she therefore ordered her palanquin, and signified her intention of immediately visiting her cousin.

On this occasion Frank rode also; but, before their arrival at the mean abode of the invalid, he helped Miss Falkland out of her vehicle, and insisting upon their attendants remaining at a distance and observing silence, conducted her to the house, and in another moment to the couch of the sufferer, as he was invited by a motion from Lalee, whose scornful glances at his companion proved that she recollected her features and comprehended her conduct.

Olivia at this time lay stretched on her miserable couch in salutary sleep, but from her position, her paleness, and her closed eyes, (the effect of all which was aided by the darkness of the room and its exhibition of poverty,) Miss Falkland concluded that she was actually dead; and although this was a consummation she had been ardently desiring for many hours, she recoiled with horror from the sight, and sank trembling on the mat which Lalee had quitted, saying,

"Oh, God! what, what shall I do? Is she really dead, Frank?"

"I trust not quite dead; but should it prove so, you, Olivia Falkland, are her *murderer*! This letter, the result of deliberate falsehood and resolute cruelty, no less than positive dishonesty, has been to that wretched girl a dagger, compared to which that of the assassin is mercy."

"Letter! letter!—I did not know!—I could not tell what to do!"

"Add not to your guilt by new invention; neither by boldness nor cunning can you now escape the exposure of your crime. I am willing to grant that you had, in my uncle's supposed loss and known weakness, an excuse for the lie which sought to enrich yourself at the expense of your father's family, whom you might nevertheless have assisted—I will allow for this; but when poor Olivia came from the grave, as it were, to claim her own, and, from her very situation, proved how much she had suffered, how could you dare to refuse her rights?"

"But I did not know she was Olivia! I did not see her, you know, nor even her messenger."

"Knowing yourself to be an impostor, you might therefore suspect another, I grant; but you know you ascertained the truth not only of her existence, but mine, though you trusted I might die and she also; and you dared to offer her, who was so good to you and every one, a pittance from the purse of her father, whilst you wore the jewels purchased for his daughter! and as if, not content with stabbing, you must lacerate your victim, you dared, with most false and unwomanly insinuations, to bid her marry Micah!—Ah! fie! fie! fie!"

"Spare me! spare me, Frank! I was so terrified—so involved! Have mercy on me, for my father's sake! for the sake of your own excellent mother, do not pursue me thus! have some, *some* mercy!"

"Nay, nay, Olivia Falkland; cling not to me, (whom from very infancy

you hated,) nor ask from *me* for that mercy you must seek from the God you have offended. If I had not sought to touch your heart and awaken your conscience, rather than to *punish* your sins, I should, by proclaiming them in my uncle's house, have performed an act of justice not less than of vengeance. But, thanks to that suffering angel, I am not the man I was: if she recovers, I may conceal the guilt I cannot pardon; I may destroy this witness of your crime, either from that forgiveness as a Christian to which at present I am unequal, or from that regard to my family which induces me to spare even an unworthy member. But you must promise——"

"I will—I will promise any thing, every thing; but do not expose me to *her* rage! do not permit *her* to triumph over me!"

During this time, agitated as he had been, Frank had spoken in a distinct but low voice, controlling his emotions so as not to disturb Olivia, whose slumber he considered the promise of life, and whose welfare was of infinitely more importance than any other object. The words of his half-sister at this moment startled him from "his propriety." As he eagerly reiterated "*her* rage!"—" *her* triumph!" Olivia awoke, and looked earnestly towards them both, with surprise, but not dismay.

To hurry Miss Falkland to her palanquin, return, and ascertain the tranquillity and the improvement of Olivia, was but the work of a few moments; and, blighted in its beauty as appeared the fair flower before him, since every observation tended to confirm hopes of its speedy revival, his own spirit was renovated by the prospect; and all that he had suffered and feared failed to produce the injury threatened to his health. In early life there is a rapid power of restoration to the most injured constitution, unknown to a more advanced period; and in the course of a single week Olivia was so far convalescent as to be removed to her father's house, and to bear the affecting excitement of their meeting with little injury; but since no doubt could be entertained that the sight of her cousin would in itself inform her who had been the usurper of her name, and the cruel cause of all which followed, she was spared her presence. Under the kind influences of her offended but considerate brother, Miss Falkland had removed to the new home of the friends who brought her, until Olivia should have recovered sufficient strength to bear a proper explanation of past events.

So thankful was Olivia for the change in her situation, that she cared little for explanation which would necessarily awaken resentment toward others; and she was willing to cast into oblivion all the past in her calm and grateful enjoyment of the present. To gain strength for the fulfillment of her duties, as one called to "rock the cradle of declining age," to dispense help to all who needed, and, above all, to offer not only his just claims, but her own rewards to the benevolent Jew, were the great objects of her desire. To rejoice in the convalescence, the absolute restoration of Frank to health, and to recount his kindness and display his virtues to her father, the sweetest employment of her life. In the practice of both, she returned insensibly and speedily into the possession of health and beauty, accompanied by a kind of mental repose, necessary for one so long harassed by painful circumstances and conflicting wishes; and at the same time proved by all the virtues she possessed, and the affections she exercised, that she was in very deed a daughter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THIS happy tranquillity did not subsist long. As the bloom of health began to revisit her cheek, so did care return to her heart; for it was evident that, from the very anxiety with which he watched the progress of her convalescence, Falkland was impatient to pour into her ear the dictates of a passion now animated by hope; nor was it less evident that her father's affection and approbation for one he every day esteemed more highly, would render the task before her more difficult.

The restoration to English society, and more especially the presence of his sister, notwithstanding the distress she caused him, had in one sense abated the hopes of Falkland, by placing him again in some degree of contact with the world he had so long lost, and bringing forcibly before his mind's eye persons once held so dear and esteemed so highly as Adelaide Beaufort and Percy Luttrell.

That both, however, had long considered Olivia and himself as lost was evident from Miss Falkland's conduct; and it was little likely that persons at their season of life would remain long without some second attachment. Percy indeed might; he was a likely man to do it; and as she had said "his health was not good, and he was traveling in Italy when she left England," perhaps he might be pining after his early love; but Adelaide, the gay and wealthy Adelaide, must ere now be wooed and won, he was certain. "God grant she might! he admired and loved her memory, and was truly grateful for the distinction she had honored him with; but his heart had been long married, and could not be divorced."

As it was at this time more easy to think on Adelaide than Percy Luttrell, Falkland did not suffer his still-beloved friend to occupy so large a portion of his thoughts as her. But he was conscious of this as a fault in himself; and at times dwelt on Percy's memory with the fondness of boyish recollection and the steadiness of manly attachment, until his heart was moved to its inmost core: the idea of Percy drooping and dying in Italy for Olivia, stung him to the soul; and he longed for wings that he might fly to him, and tell him of her safety—tell him, too, "that he had been her faithful guardian—her fond, ardent, but unassuming lover—and claim from him the relinquishment of a hand which he considered as purchased by years of solicitude still greater than his rival's."

One day they were agreeably surprised by a visit from the Jew; for Olivia was anxious to clear herself fully in his sight, and to inquire after Kezia, whom she sincerely loved. All this had, however, been done by Mr. Falkland, when he remitted him the money due for their liberation, and that which *he* held to be *additionally* due. Congratulations on the happy change in their situation occupied the old man until the moment of his departure, when he expressed audibly his surprise "that the youth and the maiden were not married to each other."

"On this hint," the lover at length ventured to declare that which he knew afforded no new information, and rather asked by looks than words the en-

couragement he sought ; but the eyes of Olivia were averted, and her bosom heaved with sighs, which were the prelude to tears.

"Dear Olivia, I would not distress you ; but, surely, you must have long known the force of my attachment, long been aware that nothing less than the peculiarly embarrassing circumstances of our situation precluded me from urging a suit, to me far more important than the restoration of life, or the acquisition of fortune. But you know all this—you cannot only read my heart, but control and mould it to your wishes."

"Dear Frank, I must not, dare not listen to you : we are both engaged, honorably, happily engaged to two persons of extraordinary excellence, and——"

"They have both long ago resigned us, they have both wept over us as dead, and, undoubtedly, ere this have formed other attachments ; for that it is possible to love a *second* time we ourselves form a proof. Not indeed that I consider your attachment to Percy to be other than girlish affection to an excellent young man who loved you ; but I confess that I was desperately, madly in love with Adelaide."

"And if you saw her now, Frank, you would again love her ; for she has every quality you can desire, not less than every virtue you must esteem. I used to think you made for each other : I have often——"

Falkland interrupted Olivia by turning on her a beseeching, yet penetrating eye, as he said, in a voice thrilling with deep emotion, "Olivia ! *dear* Olivia, can you, do you in *very truth* desire to see me the husband of Adelaide Beaufort ?"

Every pulse in the still fragile frame of Olivia beat with treble force ; she rose, sat down again, blushed to very crimson, and then became pallid as marble. Not only the open, ingenuous disposition she had received from nature, but the love, the gratitude, the thousand fond and tender sensibilities which constitute the affections of a devoted woman's heart, swelled in her bosom, and urged her to confess the truth in all its overflowing fullness of feeling ; but she had thought, and she believed she had resolved to follow the path of duty ; and as soon as she was able, she replied,

"I am at least certain that I *ought to wish* it, but I confess myself weak, very weak : indeed, it would be folly for me to deny, to pretend, that I am not as sensible of your merit, as grateful for your goodness, and if I could evince my—my—my——"

"Olivia ! beloved Olivia ! my guide to heaven, my companion on earth—in prison and in sickness—in sorrow and in joy—say, I beseech you, say, my *love* !"

Olivia sank on the nearest seat, covered her face with her hands, and remained silent and absorbed, yet inwardly contending with strong emotion.

Frank respected her struggles, for he knew the purity of that source which gave them birth ; he blamed his own impetuosity, and dreaded the effect of so much agitation on her health ; but still his intense desire to believe that he had not deceived himself, to be assured that he was the preferred of her heart, prevailed, and after a long pause he could not forbear to say, though in the most subdued voice, and with the gentlest tone of expostulation,

"Surely, Olivia, you may so far cheer a man who has idolized you so long—who has repressed the expression of his feelings so painfully, with that one

little, *little* word, compared to which the treasures of this boasted India are dust and ashes, even if you deny the blessing, which should follow the confession?"

"Spare me, Frank, spare yourself; you know not what you ask."

"Oh yes! I know full well; I ask for that assurance which would be as much life to my soul, as the springs now recruiting in my veins are life to my body. I seek to know whether the hope—the sweet and cordial hope—which sustained me in the solitary prison at Calicut, and in the bed of sickness near Seringapatam, was the dream of self-deception, or the discrimination of sympathy? It is at least certain that I did flatter myself I was beloved; and yet under that illusion, if such it were, I made no protest, I urged no claim, I forbore even the requests of a dying man rather than take advantage of your compassion and obtain from the excitement of the hour a promise or a confession. Your own heart, Olivia, will be the best judge of mine, for, as I said before, you have moulded it to your will. Can you, dare you trust me? or have you nothing to trust me with?"

Olivia removed her hands from her face, and fixed her eyes for a moment steadfastly on his as she answered in a firm but low and mournful tone:

"You are right, Frank, in supposing that I do justly estimate your unerring propriety, your undeviating goodness—that—that—in short I have long—*long* loved you—loved you, indeed, even from the time we crossed the Desert, perhaps before."

Frank fell at Olivia's feet; he took her hand and held it to his heart, his lips. But it was now his turn to be silent, to feel the tear of joy and gratitude suffuse his eye, yet entertain a dread of hearing too soon that which must quench his joy, and dash from his lips the cup of consolation which he dared not quaff.

"If I delayed assuring you of a fact which I must often have revealed in spite of my efforts, it could only arise from the consideration that I was thus cementing a tie which must nevertheless be broken, and that, however gratifying it might be to you at the present moment, the time would inevitably come when you would lament that the wife of your friend should have confessed a predilection for yourself."

"Wife of my friend! Olivia, talk not thus. No two human beings were ever situated as we have been: Percy is too wise, too just, not to see the impossibility of my living without you, and *you* alone—deriving from you the very means of existence, informed by you of the promises of immortality, receiving from you as a guardian angel comfort in life and hope in death;—not to acknowledge that Heaven itself had bound us to each other. You know enough of his temper and his principles to see that he would concede you to me even if he had loved you as I do, which I firmly believe he never did."

"But, Adelaide! noble, generous Adelaide, what would she say of her recreant knight? I know *her* well; you must remember how often I have said that her love, once fixed, was fixed for life. Consider how much I owe to her friendship, with what generous confidence she threw open her heart to me, rendered me the guardian of her happiness, and believed that I should watch as the friend and sister of you both, over her betrothed husband. Did she not also ask and *obtain* a promise from me that I would on no con-

consideration marry you? Alas! she foresaw at that moment my weakness, my *culpable* weakness."

"Do not weep, Olivia; I cannot bear you to be accused even by yourself: surely it was very natural to love a *little*, one whom you were compelled to pity *much*? Remember our long and lonely travels, our captivity, our sufferings, every incident of which forms a link in that chain which binds us together in a manner in which perhaps no other persons since the creation have been. Cheer up, dear Olivia, and let us dare to admit our right to the exercise of affections so natural, so inevitable. As I am certain that circumstances have justified both Percy and Adelaide in giving their hands and hearts to others, we may claim the privilege we grant, surely?"

"The rule does not apply, for they have reason to believe we are both dead, whereas we have no right whatever to think they are. Besides, the distance of time is not so great as our eventful journey and our wearisome captivity render it in our eyes; we look at our sufferings and believe that we have passed a life of trouble, yet in fact it is scarcely three years since we set out. How many are there now in Bombay who preserve their allegiance under a far longer absence. Let us not forget Mr. Hanson's assertion, that 'in the fulfillment of an honorable engagement happiness might be found, even after the heart had wandered from its duty.'"

"I will remember his words, and also the tone in which they were spoken; for in that I became aware that his little history was his own, and was impressed not less with the integrity of his conduct than the acuteness of his sufferings under it. Anxious to imitate the action I revered, from that day I began to struggle earnestly against the feelings which affected me, and which not having been long experienced, might therefore perhaps have been eradicated. When, however, circumstances rendered us so entirely dependent upon each other, or rather when I became solely dependent on you, in consequence of the unmanly despondency into which I sank; when you not only cheered but fed me; when gratitude, esteem, almost veneration, were added to love, what power could I possess to defend myself from your attractions? How could I desire to rend from my heart that affection which appeared even to my understanding its most virtuous impulse? Knowing what I know, I should even now despise myself if I loved you less.—But, Olivia, hear me; I do not dictate to you, much as I may desire to influence you; I will not, ought not, to press you on a point which you deem one of conscience, but I may ask you to submit the whole affair to your excellent father. I may venture to hope that, in a case where so much is at stake, you will be guided by his wisdom and affection. You will allow me this?"

"Dear Frank, I will tell you all I think, and have thought,—to tell you all I have *felt* is impossible. Though I have watched jealously over both your heart and my own, and strove to keep alive in each the fidelity they alike owed, yet, like you, the time came when I was no longer capable of stemming the torrent;—ay! I may say the *torrent*: and undoubtedly at the time when you were wounded, there were no vows I would not have made freely to *you*, notwithstanding my promise to poor Adelaide. Even when you left me, and I had time given to reflect, so fondly did my heart follow you, so impossible did it seem that we could be parted, that beyond the period

when letters should be exchanged from England, I should not have desired to prolong our parting ;—but since then—”

“ Go on, dear Olivia, *since then* what has occurred to prevent the union you evidently contemplated ?—what can I have I done ?”

“ *You* have done nothing, dear Frank, to grieve me, but much to enhance my esteem ; but *I* have experienced in the rejection—the apparent rejection of my father, a disappointment so heart-rending, so far beyond all my former troubles, that I have no words capable of conveying my sense of the infliction. It is enough to say, that I cannot, dare not, subject another to the possibility of experiencing similar sorrow ; least of all Percy Luttrell, whose form, like his claims, may have faded on my memory, but whose virtues and kindnesses are deeply engraven in my heart. And it is certain that, if he has nourished hope, despite of report, that I lived and might be his, or if he remains a bachelor for my sake, first shedding tears for my death and afterwards for my falsehood, I never could be happy—no ! even your love would fail to make me so. I have shown you all my heart in this matter, and I know yours too well not to believe that you share in my sentiments ; in fact, you never could forgive yourself if you injured your friend, for never did a stronger or more endearing friendship exist between man and man than that which bound you to each other.”

Falkland paced the room slowly with averted eyes ; his heart swelled with emotion as the beloved companion of his boyhood was thus brought before his view, and he recollected with what unbounded confidence one so thoughtful and prudent had yet placed on him a reliance that his own character as a gay and impetuous young man had little warranted. A thousand times since he left England, had he felt that Percy Luttrell’s thanks for his conduct towards Olivia would be the proudest, the sweetest recompense the world could bestow ; a thousand times he had exulted in the consciousness of meriting the esteem of a man so honored by all who knew him, and who, in selecting him as a friend, not less than loving him as a relation, had surprised many who saw only Frank’s exterior.

Had he the power to yield to Olivia’s pleaded reasons and evidently agitated feelings ? Could he who had done much, do more, in subduing ardent passion, and what might be termed the habit of loving, and of living for her alone ? No ! love makes many sacrifices, but at last it proves a selfish solicitude, even in the most generous bosoms. He could not bear to argue with Olivia, because it was to distress her ; and it was certain he was angry with her because she could not, like himself, believe that they had purchased by past sorrows a right to seize on present happiness. This very anger yet arose from an innate sense that she was right ; for his own perception of all that was excellent in moral conduct and religious obligation was not less acute than her’s at this period of their lives ; and much of his vexation arose from his fear of her future suffering, not less than his own. Unable to endure the contending emotions of his own heart, and to witness the silent grief which this and many similar discussions awakened in that of Olivia, he at length laid all fully before Mr. Falkland, omitting only the main spring of Olivia’s resolution, as having arisen from a deception which had nearly lost her to them all, but on which Olivia had been silent even to Frank, save

when she was pressed in such a manner as to compel her to reveal her reasons for a refusal of him whom she loved so fondly and regarded so highly.

Mr. Falkland was grieved to the heart to learn the existence of circumstances binding on both parties to a great degree, but in his opinion almost absolved by events, since he considered it unlikely that a wealthy and beautiful heiress could have held fealty to one she had reason to believe either dead or false from so long a silence. And although he felt grateful to Percy Luttrell (whose letter Olivia in all her wanderings had preserved), since at the time of his writing it they had been parted two or three years, he could scarcely believe that he still retained attachment to one from whom he had been so long divided. "If the young man were of so extraordinary character as thus to preserve for the companion of his childhood that long enduring affection of which both Olivia and his generous rival believed him capable, such a man, in his opinion, must have a decided hold on the heart of his daughter, notwithstanding the recent services of her fellow-traveler might render her more alive to his claims. Should Percy Luttrell be the faithful lover they apprehended, undoubtedly the gratitude of Olivia would in a short time restore her heart to its former sense of allegiance."

When Mr. Falkland gave this as his opinion, Frank was almost beside himself, and he declared, that "Olivia never had loved Percy as she even now loved *him*, notwithstanding her cruel endeavors to supplant him by an *ideal* rival;" adding with warmth, "Your daughter, sir, knows that she *ought not* to be the wife of any man living but myself."

"*Ought not!* What do you mean, young man? what circumstance in my poor girl's conduct gives you this right?"

"I say '*ought not*,' because she never can be to another man what she has been to me. Had you known, dear sir, what a coxcomb I used to be—yes! a vain conceited coxcomb—had you any idea how passionate, nay, even furious my temper was—how decidedly I was a mere man of the world, delighted with its lowest frivolities—how unequal to bearing with common fortitude the evils of imprisonment, desiring continually rather to brave death than learn the duty of resignation; in short, did you know, could you conceive even one half of my faults, then might you be aware with what kindness and wisdom, what gentleness and forbearance, she ameliorated the ferocity and consoled the despondency of my nature—you would then at once say with me, that as no other man could by possibility owe her so much, it might be expected that no other man could be so fondly attached to her, so grateful, so exclusively devoted, as I must ever be."

Mr. Falkland took the hand of his nephew and pressed it between his own shaking palms, but there was a painful sensation in his throat which forbade reply, and Frank in great excitement resumed speaking.

"Olivia may go to England—she may;—yes! she may marry Percy Luttrell, (who is young, virtuous, handsome, and deserves her well,) and who will receive in her (beloved, even idolized as she has been by me, impassioned and faulty as I am,) a creature, pure in person as in thought, uncontaminated as the nun of Europe, or the bride of Africa. But since I hold it impossible that a woman can have done so much for a man as Olivia has done for me, without feeling in him a deep, absorbing interest, such as ought

only to be felt by a wife, I may say she cannot be justified in taking any other husband. Will not her affections follow the exile she has nourished by the labor of her own hands?—the wounded man by whose couch she has watched through many a solitary night?—the dying sinner, for whose eternal welfare she has poured her soul in prayer?—the weak, imperfect christian, whose faith she has sought to strengthen? Oh yes, she never will, she never can forget me, nor can she offer the remnant of such a heart as her's, to such a man as Percy Luttrell, since he merits the most exclusive affection, and is too wise and good, at the same time, not to allow for the peculiar circumstances in which he himself placed us."

Frank ceased to speak, but his eye still seemed to discourse, and only ceased its agonizing inquiries from observing how deeply his uncle was affected, and remembering how unequal he was to bearing any additional trial to his strength. Mr. Falkland, indeed, had observed enough in his daughter to satisfy him that she truly loved Frank, not less than he loved her; and yet he was not the less satisfied from what he had observed in both, that, notwithstanding the urgency of Frank's claims, neither of them would be happy in a marriage union without the sanction of those parties to whom they respectively stood engaged. He considered the case one which could not be settled by letter; and he became impatient to proceed to England, in order that he might become personally acquainted with Percy Luttrell, and judge for himself, both how far that young man held the contract binding, and how Olivia herself bore absence from Frank. Sincerely attached as he was to his nephew, and holding himself indebted to him beyond his power to repay, he yet thought it very possible that a temper so gentle, and a mind so self-controlled as Olivia's, might render her a happy wife to Luttrell, whose disposition resembled her own (so far as he could learn) much more than her present lover's, *provided* that lover was happy. He could not fail to see clearly that the same case of conscience might arise in England as in India, and the first wish of his heart, "to see her blessed, and die," be frustrated there, provided Frank continued unhappy, and held himself as one unjustly treated; but it was his opinion that, if he were weaned from the society of Olivia—if his mind were employed on any engrossing subject, and his abilities called into action for any important purpose, his passion would so far subside as to enable him to be just to others, even in that point where it is most difficult to yield, and that, perhaps, he might eventually return to his own allegiance to Adelaide, seeing there was so much in the connexion both to gratify ambition and charm imagination, provided she was still true to her wanderer, as Olivia insisted she would be.

It so happened that at this very time Mr. Falkland had been offered by persons of the highest consequence in India, an embassy of great importance for his nephew, whose knowledge of the Arab dialects, and the general style of eastern manners and customs, peculiarly fitted him for transacting business at the court of one of the native princes. He was by no means insensible of the honor of this selection, and in the conscious power he possessed, together with that patriotism which rendered him on all occasions desirous of serving his country, he naturally became as willing to engage in it, as a man (whose heart had another object continually in view, as to the great business and blessing of existence) could be. When Mr. Falkland pressed it on his ac-

ceptance, urged him to remember his duties as a man, and displayed his means of averting war and extending prosperity, he became at length obedient to his wishes : but on his mentioning an intention of proceeding to England with Olivia, he protested against *that* as an act of cruelty to which he could not submit, more especially as his mission was not likely to detain him long.

“ I am not cruel, Frank ; I have suffered too much from others to be myself an inflicter of evil ; my object is that of sparing both you and my poor girl a suspense injurious to you both, but which, in all of the many cases I have observed, falls most hardly on the female. Depend upon it that, in exerting your faculties, fulfilling the duties which involve so much for the benefit of others, you cannot fail to experience that abstraction from the ruling passion, and the painful occupation of your mind, which is necessary for your happiness, and I may say for your character, since every man at your age ought to exert himself. If you could not forbear to fight when Olivia required your protection, surely you will not refuse to negotiate now she no longer requires it ; and if in the mean time we learn those circumstances which may lead to the fulfillment of your wishes, or enable you the better to renounce them, we shall do well for all parties.”

Young Falkland could not reply ; his heart was wounded, his temper irritated, but he could not command a reasonable objection, since he had not entered upon any situation which compelled him to remain in India after the completion of his present business, and he well knew that his uncle's health imperiously demanded his return. He knew also, that Olivia was in a state of great suffering, though it was borne in silence, and therefore the more likely to be injurious. Still, he could not consent to such a parting as would throw half the world betwixt them ; and so severely did he suffer from the contemplation of such a removal, that Mr. Falkland declared nothing less than the positive orders of his physician should induce him to remove until his nephew's return to Bombay. As he had at this time the unspeakable satisfaction of receiving his old friend Mr. Orme, who was preparing to set out for England, it was finally agreed, that unto his hands the delicate task of inquiry should be committed, in case no early information was received respecting the possible engagements of the parties.

Frank was not a man likely to be outdone in generosity, and whilst he ardently hoped that intelligence might arrive which would release Olivia previously to his return, he yet saw that companionship with Mr. Orme, in so long a voyage, could hardly fail to add greatly to his uncle's comfort, and of course to that of the daughter who so tenderly watched over him. He therefore declared that, after all, the party must be governed by circumstances and symptoms, adding, with all his characteristic warmth, that he could never be happy again if his dear relative should stay a day too long on his account in a country where he had already suffered so much.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE arrival of Mr. Orme was in the first instance extremely valuable to our party, by compelling them to think on some other subject, and attend to other business than the all-engrossing one of their separation. In this respect, Falkland had of course that advantage which belongs to his sex in general, and which he was personally likely to enjoy; activity and zeal in every pursuit being a part of his very nature. Olivia, whilst he was engaged in preparations for his honorable mission, enjoyed, therefore, the pleasure of hearing him continually extolled, both for his abilities and his conduct; and although she well knew how great was the pleasure of living under the same roof and breathing the same air with him, she was yet sensible that, under the constraint in which they were now placed, his removal might be at least to himself a relief, therefore for herself she desired it. Still there was a daily dread of the hour when his departure should take place, a fear of learning that the preparations were completed, and a frequent recollection of the many sufferings which had followed to herself in consequence of their parting at Seringapatam.

All these pains of memory were borne by Olivia in silence, and were therefore unnoticed by her father and his friend. But as the time fixed upon for his journey drew nigh, it became evident to all that the struggles of Falkland were indeed severe; and there were times when his uncle repented having formed for him an engagement from which he could not honorably recede, although he still believed that the excitement of traveling, and the power of proving himself an able negotiator, could not fail to employ his mind beneficially, until they either heard from England, or should be themselves obliged to proceed thither.

The evening on which they were to part, Frank, who had been for many days silent, all at once addressed Olivia with a look of great anxiety, saying, in a rapid voice,

"When you and I, Olivia, had no other sources of occupation and consolation, we used to relate every circumstance to each other which we had known, heard, or read of; we became, indeed, regular *raconteurs*."

"Certainly we did; nay more, we told all we had said and thought. I believe my little experience of the world was soon exhausted; but you helped on the time much better."

"Nevertheless, Olivia, I did not tell you *all*, for I never demanded the tribute of your tears for one of the most affecting circumstances I ever witnessed, because I could not bear to give you a subject of sorrowful rumination at a time when we had both so much to think of that was painful. I don't know why; but I now feel inclined to tell you what it was."

Mr. Falkland thought this extremely ill-judged in his nephew, but he could not throw any impediment in the way of one, whose true motive was, probably, a desire to forget the sorrows of his heart in those of his memory and he therefore disposed himself to listen, too well aware that the voice of Frank was always music in the ear of Olivia, who had evidently suffered from his late abstraction and most unnatural quietness.

The story was a history of a love disappointment to a girl of sixteen, whose tender parents had accorded full consent to the marriage of a man of ruined fortunes with their heiress, whom they afterwards discovered to be already married, and of course altogether worthless. In consequence of this discovery, the unfortunate victim of credulity sank into an early grave, despite of all the cares of her idolizing parents, the skill of her physicians, and an originally excellent constitution.

"It appears to me, dear Frank," said Mr. Falkland, "that you have told us this sorrowful story purely to prove the possibility of dying for grief, a matter that has been often capvassed?"

"I confess, sir, that I have; and I think that when the feelings and situation of some of us are taken into consideration, it ought to be recollected as a warning. Surely we have no right, as weak but accountable creatures, to try our powers of endurance too far? Though that poor girl continued to exist between three and four months, she as surely died of sorrow, as ever died a soldier of a bullet."

"I do not doubt it: she was very young indeed, precisely at the age when sensibility is strong and reason immature. She was also the indulged child of parents who thought no sacrifice too great to make to her wishes; and being accustomed to find every thing around her influenced by her will, and conducing to her happiness, when this great misfortune befel her, and overwhelmed her in affliction; she looked upon the grave as her only refuge from sorrow, and therefore indulged the sentiment which led to it. Had she been better informed on the principles of her duty to her parents, she would have endeavored to live for their sakes, and as the consoler of their share in her sufferings—and the effort would have been successful."

Frank replied only by an incredulous shake of the head; but Olivia, by a faint smile, seemed to acknowledge the truth of the assertion, and Mr. Falkland continued:

"I have never sought to awaken your feelings by reverting to the sad story of that disastrous day, which reduced me, by the sudden irruption of a ferocious band of soldiers, from the state of a peaceful traveler, a wealthy man of influence and consideration, a fond father and affectionate brother, looking to a speedy reunion with my dear relatives, to a wounded captive, whose faithful followers lay dead around him—a prisoner loaded with fetters—the inhabitant of a dungeon, unvisited by the light of heaven, and surrounded by the victims of a tyranny endured already so long as to preclude all hope for the future on any principle of reasonable expectation. Olivia, my love, do not look so pale; I am not about to reveal the 'secrets of my prison-house;' to speak of the frantic madness, the paralytic idiocy, the pining inanity of those around me, or to tell *one* of the many pitiable histories that met my ear in that den of misery; I mean only to say, that I firmly believe *disease*, not *sorrow*, killed those who died; indeed, I may add, no one perhaps experienced more grief than myself, since not one had been previously so happily situated; yet here I am, 'scotched, not killed.'"

"I do not say *men* die! no, they live and suffer; whereas woman, by nature more fragile, and with imaginations more vivid, at once heightens her suffering, and sinks beneath it. I have heard you say yourself, sir, that women suffered the most in some cases."

"So you have, Frank; and I said what I believed in consequence of observation; but they do not therefore *die*, neither do they become incapable of those passing pleasures, or calm happiness, which may await them in future life. If they have more acute perceptions of trouble, so have they a more ready use of that reason, and generally a speedier application of that religion they may possess; in this they have the advantage over the more refractory and turbulent passions which agitate *us*. Besides, we all know the whole sex, being born to suffer both physically and morally, become accustomed to it, and that for the most part they wear the poisoned mantle decently, and often gracefully. Cheer up then, my dear Frank; our beloved Olivia is too truly a woman (as well as a Christian) to die either of grief or of love. No, no, you will both be happy old people yet, and smile at the sorrows of your young days, although they are, I grant, very severe ones."

As Falkland looked on the venerable speaker, and listened to the cheerful tones of a voice which at the same time faltered with the tenderest emotions of pity, he felt ashamed of having given his own heart a species of ease at the expense of awakening afflictive recollections in one who had sustained so much, and who had certainly *almost* as great an interest in the object of his anxiety as himself. "After all I have gone through," said he, internally, "what am I, but a foolish, head-strong boy!"

To apologize was, however, impossible, without adding to the evil, and inducing farther exercise of the sensibility it was wise to repress. Taking, therefore, a hasty survey of his plan of travel, and his intended course of action on arriving at the court of the Rajah of —, which was addressed only to his uncle, he arose, and, offering a hand to each relative, by a hasty adieu made, as he believed, some amends for his past errors.

Whatever were his fears or his pains, they had a faithful echo in the breast of Olivia, in whose eyes he could do nothing wrong, though she continually doubted her own right to pursue that course which she yet held to be right. Her fervent prayers for his welfare, under any circumstances, were continually offered up, and notwithstanding her sole attention seemed to be given to her invalid father and his valued guest, on reviewing the transactions of each succeeding day she was compelled to acknowledge to herself, that neither the duties nor the pleasures of life had weaned her mind from the contemplation of him whose every word and look were traced on her heart in characters of adamant.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTERS from the far-distant government to which Falkland was sent, reached Olivia at a time when she would have been most thankful to have seen the writer; for her father was now in such a state that his medical

attendants insisted on his setting out immediately for England, and protested that to venture on delay to another season was nothing less than signing his death-warrant.

Mr. Orme was not less urgent that he should sail in the same vessel with himself; and since Olivia, after Frank's final permission, could offer no reason to the contrary, and was extremely anxious on account of her father, she lost not a moment in preparing for their departure, by writing at length to Frank, informing him of every circumstance which had conduced to their voyage, and promising him information through every medium they could procure. Nor did she fail to show him how much she suffered from parting with him for so long a time, though she earnestly urged him to persevere in the useful and honorable career on which she had entered. She reminded him that they were both young enough to hope for happiness, or to attain those virtues which might enable them to resign it; but she did not farther allude to their situation, or awaken the ferment of his spirit by mentioning the names of Percy or Adelaide—names, at the outset of her first voyage, perpetually on the lips of them both.

When they had been a few days out at sea, Mr. Falkland was evidently better; and in a fortnight he was able to leave his cabin, and join the captain's party, which was small, but very agreeable. His first friend was, however, by much the dearest companion; and, since he now found leisure to relate the circumstances of his captivity, and the long train of misery, by sickness, famine, and hope deferred connected with it, Olivia was drawn even from the contemplation of Falkland by these interesting communications. Never had her father been so very, *very* dear to her as he was now; but when he spoke of the man in the Arab's garments, who raised him from the ground, whispered in his own language words of comfort, bore him in his arms to the open air, and gladdened his weak sight with beholding the canopy of heaven, her heart clung to him with a yet fonder emotion, whilst its faint hopes, but eager wishes, arose to Heaven in prayer, "that the same hand might close those eyes in death with the same tenderness and care."

As Mr. Falkland proceeded to speak of his arrival, and to lament that absence of his friend which might have saved him from being deceived by his niece, he termed her conduct an "innocent deception." This Mr. Orme denied, and appealed to Olivia, who agreed with him in opinion, but made no farther comment.

She had frequently been surprised that, as her father entertained kindly feelings towards his niece, she had never visited them; but had found herself unequal to inquiry on the subject, seeing that they could hardly meet without giving pain to Frank, and without awakening towards Olivia those vindictive feelings in Lalee which she had for some time found it difficult to suppress, on behalf even of her venerated master.

Olivia now learned that she had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer to Serampore, whither they had removed, in consequence of a valuable appointment being given to the former, at the instance of Mr. Falkland; and that he had also provided for his niece, whose health had, since her removal, been extremely indifferent, and threatened to be worse.

"As she is so handsome, I wonder she is not married," said Mr. Orme; "a few weeks usually settles those affairs in India."

"She is very ambitious, poor girl, and very petulant," replied Mr. Falkland—"circumstances which even in India have a tendency to delay matrimony. Besides, I think she is fond of young Luttrell, and at one time probably had hopes that, by securing my fortune, she should be enabled to marry *him*, seeing that from the supposed death of my 'Livia, he was at liberty; as it is, she has only got a set of diamonds, which——"

"Which, surely, you did not suffer her to retain?"

"Yes, I did: she is my brother's child, you know—a brother who would, I am sure, have done any thing for me or mine."

"Yes, that he would," said Olivia, warmly; "and since I have got my father, she is heartily welcome to take any thing else."

"But you cannot forgive her, Olivia? you cannot possibly love her?"

"I cannot *love* her, Mr. Orme, for she never would allow me to do so; but I shall forgive her fully in time, because I have forgotten her fault, except when it is forced on my memory."

"Well, then, we will drop her for ever; for never ought she to harass a mind like yours: it is our consolation to know that the rest of the family are very, *very* different."

Olivia blushed deeply: she was conscious that on one alone of that family her thoughts were ruminating; and day by day, as distance increased, did her spirits sink, and she became more conscious that Falkland spoke truly when he asserted that "she would be not less, but perhaps more unhappy than himself." In proportion as her past suffering from the bitter disappointment she had experienced, faded from her mind, so the feelings to which it gave rise were rendered more obtuse, whilst the memory of her former voyages and their consequences were necessarily brought home to her by every surrounding circumstance; and having leisure for recollection, she might be said to live over again all that had been painful in her existence, that she might extract from it that which had been pleasurable. Never could she return from these meditations without evincing the melancholy which resulted from them: she became pale and thin, unequal to entering into conversation, and uninterested in that of others.

Such was her situation on their arrival at the Cape, which was not that of Good Hope to her: for she breathed many a sigh from thence towards the world she had quitted, and could not be sorry to learn that there was a necessity for them to remain two or three weeks. With the complaints of the other passengers on account of their delay, together with their lamentations against their vessel as a slow sailer, she had no sympathy; for she scarcely knew whether she had more sorrow in leaving India, than fear of arriving in England: a state of suspense, however painful, was to her mind a species of comfort, on which hope, though feeble, might subsist, and imagination expatiate. She shrank from all idea of meeting Percy Luttrell; yet she resolved, like Frank, to tell him her story, and confess to him the state of her affections, however anxiously she might find him awaiting her return, or sighing for her fate. She had now tried her own power to the utmost, and was certain that neither absence from the one nor esteem for the other could alter that strong and tender affection, that ardent and exclusive gratitude, which bound her to Falkland.

On this subject she could not speak to her father, because it was his earnest advice that she would endeavor to hold her mind as disengaged as it was

possible, or that, if she indulged in those contemplations which it was hardly possible to avoid, she would dwell on the duties she owed both to her friend and her lover.

In obedience to this mandate, she mentally tried to meet Adelaide, and impress on her the peculiarity of her past situation; but from this explanation her mind recoiled still more than from that she was now perpetually framing for Percy Luttrell. Whether it was their more recent parting, or her dread of incurring the contempt of a generous but indignant spirit, we know not; but there was in the expected flash of reproach from Adelaide's eye something more appalling than in the mournful shake of Percy's head. How intimate did she now seem with every word, look, and movement of two persons apparently lost to her for ever when in captivity.

The romantic in Olivia's voyages was confined to those she partook with Falkland; for, having left the Cape, they proceeded with an increase of passengers, but not therefore of society. They were for some time troubled with contrary winds, which was in a degree good for Olivia, since she was but little alarmed by them, and felt herself called upon for such a degree of cheerfulness as might prove her capability of bearing this trouble with firmness. As the cause of exertion ceased, again her spirits sank; and often did her father and his estimable friend exchange looks of pity and alarm on beholding the pallid cheek and the sickly smile with which she strove to disguise the wretchedness that lurked within.

Yet when they arrived at Madeira, where they were to remain ten days or a fortnight, the extraordinary beauty of the scenery revived in her breast that love of nature which she had always possessed in an eminent degree, and the salubrious airs and cooling fruits evidently refreshed her fevered frame. In a short time the effect not only ceased, but the very beauty of all around her pressed painfully upon her heart the want of one to share it with her, who could comprehend her perceptions, and might be said to see with her sight.

Few qualities bind human hearts so closely as similarity of taste. How often has the young and beautiful girl preferred the lover of ripe years, and perhaps faded person, who possessed a cultivated mind and her own predilection for poetry, painting, or music, to his young and handsome rival. In this particular, from her very infancy Olivia had preferred Frank, wild, noisy Frank, to his more gentle and far better informed friend, as a companion for country rambles. He knew not only where to find the first violets and listen for the first songsters of spring, but how to guide her steps through the wild glen and the thorny copse, to find whatever was new, magnificent, simple, and picturesque, and not a sunset or a cloud, a rainbow or a glittering shower, escaped his observation, or failed to interest his feelings.

During all their travels they had seen nothing half so beautiful, in Olivia's opinion, as the bold rocks, the striking buildings, the rushing streams, and the waving forests of Madeira; and painful indeed was the recollection that *he* was not here to see them who would have enjoyed them with so high a zest; still more, that he was banished by her who owed him so much, and loved him so entirely.

Stung with these reflections, she ceased to visit scenes productive of sensations which she felt unequal to bear, and for three days had never quitted

her father's side, often as he urged her, when Mr. Orme entering after the drive she had refused to share, observed, that "A most beautiful vessel was advancing in full sail from the east: he apprehended it was the *Thetis*, the swiftest sailer in the company's service, and he offered his arm to Olivia, as, by stepping out a very few yards from their hotel, she would see the ship enter the harbor."

Olivia accepted the offer rather from gratitude than curiosity, until the thought arose that the *Thetis* might bring tidings of Falkland, when her steps were quickened, and she soon beheld with much interest the light yet stately vessel shoot forward to her destined though temporary resting-place, with a majestic-velocity, that seemed to render her indeed the conqueror of the element that bore her on its glassy bosom.

"How fortunate the passengers were who came on board that excellent sailer!" cried Mr. Orme; "I have no doubt they are bringing home despatches, and will probably not remain here more than a couple of hours to take in water. I will step back with you, and then go and inquire the news, for I will be bound for it she left India two months after us."*

But Olivia's eye had caught an object that riveted her to the place where they were standing. A tall and graceful man had stepped into a boat, and, in throwing off the cloak in which he was enveloped, performed the action so like an Arab's management of his haick, and put her so much in mind altogether of Falkland, that she could not forbear to watch him. He soon landed, and advanced towards the place where they were standing.

"Surely," cried Mr. Orme, "this gentleman is very like Mr. Francis; my eyes deceive me strangely, if——But I must be wrong."

"No! sir, you are right; it is our own Frank indeed."

The tone of the words, the trembling of the form that now leaned entirely for support upon him, told the friend of her childhood how much this surprise agitated her; and he hastened back to the house, fearful that it might have also an injurious effect on his friend. Nor were his fears groundless; for, sincerely as Mr. Falkland loved his nephew, he could not desire to receive him so soon, conceiving that his present voyage had arisen from deficient resolution, causing him to abandon the business which he went from Bombay to perform, and follow them to Europe by the first conveyance; and this he mentioned with certain comments, indicating disappointment and discontent, to his daughter, during the absence of their friend, who was now gone out to meet the traveler, and, as he hoped, give him information that could not fail to delight him.

Olivia began eagerly to insist that, "whatever might be the cause of Frank's return, it would not be found to have arisen from irresolution, negligence, or self-indulgence." But before she had gone through half her reasons for justifying him whom she thought almost incapable of error, Mr. Orme returned with him, and he was able to speak for himself.

Falkland could not fail to be delighted indeed with a meeting at Madeira, which he had no reason to expect; but when his first expressions of joy and surprise were over, it was seen that the general state of his mind was that of melancholy, and Olivia internally observed that "her father's suspicions were

* At this period voyages were more than twice as long as they are now.

too true, he was evidently unhappy and dissatisfied with himself." They were indeed all struck with the manner into which he relapsed after the first greetings were over, sinking unconsciously into an abstracted and dejected state; and he was become not only thin, but so altered in the expression of his countenance, that Mr. Falkland observed,

"I perceive, my dear Frank, India does not suit your health; illness has, I fear, compelled you to resign your embassy?"

"I have not been ill, sir, in the common acceptation of the word; and I have been singularly fortunate in my negotiations, not only with the Rajah to whom I went in the first instance, but with two other personages of great importance. A swift vessel was provided for me to deliver credentials which are honorable to myself, in so far as they are highly desirable documents to the Company."

"Yet you have surely suffered in some way?" said Olivia, interrupting her father's warm congratulations.

"When we were children in Staffordshire, Olivia, we heard tales of murdered men whose spirits wandered and lamented their wrongs; my case was reversed, the body wandered and mourned over the *murdered* spirit."

Olivia did not answer, but she arose in perturbation and inquietude, and he then perceived how ill she was looking. Too well assured of her sympathy, and grieved that he should have uttered any thing like reproach, he interrupted the confession she was about to make of her own inadequacy to sustain the trial on which she had entered; to assure her that he felt himself wrong in adverting to their situation, and thus planting pain upon the transitory pleasure afforded by their unexpected meeting. "Soon, very soon," he added, "you will be enabled to judge for yourself, and I will not seek to influence you;—for me, my fate is decided, if, as I apprehend——"

Mr. Orme, who had been speaking with the newly arrived passengers, now entered, and hastily observed, "I find you must be on board again within two hours; do you think it would be possible for us to be accommodated with you? as I am impatient to reach England, and it is of consequence to your uncle no less. We will put up with any thing, leave servants, luggage, all behind, if we can share your vessel and your breeze?"

The gloom which had hitherto obscured poor Falkland's animated features, far more than the change in his complexion, instantly vanished, and he lost not a moment in seeing the captain, who willingly exerted himself to render them every possible accommodation; but he was unable to take any attendant on board save Lalee, who was indeed an absolute necessary to her master, not less than his daughter.

Olivia regretted exceedingly to leave the beautiful island without showing it to that dear fellow-traveler who would have admired it so much; but she consoled herself with remembering that she could describe it to him, and perhaps it might be in their power hereafter to visit it together.

There was a relief to her spirits, a lightness in her heart to which it had been long a stranger, and which could only have arisen from the simple circumstance of being near to him she loved; for, after the first glow of pleasure manifested by Falkland on their removal to his own vessel subsided, there was nothing in his manners or looks which implied reciprocal pleasure. In the crowded state of the ship, it would indeed have been impossible to converse

on any interesting subject ; but absence of mind, or the perpetual broodings of melancholy, aided, perhaps, by the difficulty he found in observing his promise to refrain from speaking on that which alone occupied his thoughts, altogether rendered him the most estranged and reserved of all companions, as well, perhaps, as the most unhappy of lovers. If he had not, in the first instance, spoken complainingly and reproachfully, and become afterwards momentarily elated with their removal to his ship, Olivia would unquestionably have recalled to mind the jealousy which affected her in the Desert, and believed that after all he was pining for another.

The elderly gentlemen alike sincerely regretted having made the removal, as they experienced much personal inconvenience, and saw but too clearly that the persons they had sought to benefit were not rendered happier, but rather the contrary, by the change. Mr. Falkland had, indeed, the satisfaction to find that his nephew, during his enforced absence, had become convinced that their voyage to England was the best step for all parties, by bringing their suspense sooner to an end, and giving them an opportunity of pleading their own cause personally, should it be found necessary. He also acknowledged that the business in which he had been recently engaged, had been of great use to his mind, so long as it continued to press upon it ; and Mr. Falkland was sure that he had now a higher sense of the duties he owed to himself, as a consistent and honorable man, and that, as such, he ought to see Miss Beaufort, (if she were still unmarried,) and explain his own wishes, as they now stood, together with the circumstances which had so naturally awakened them. He had now become aware that a man in all the more important concerns of life is called upon not only to be satisfied with himself, but to satisfy others : and that it more particularly became two persons who had endured singular misfortunes, and experienced remarkable deliverances, to prove that the trials of their youth had not been lost upon them—that they were incapable of being selfish and unjust on the one hand, deceitful or disingenuous on the other.

It had always been the opinion of Mr. Falkland, since this “ case of conscience ” was placed before him, that it could only be from personal interview that a fair judgment could be obtained ; and that, however painful to all parties such interview might be, it must still be borne. A wounded and indignant spirit might freely dictate the renunciation of all claims by letter, yet nourish not the less those feelings which might render the years of after-life a burthen ; whereas the expression of the countenance, the very tones of the voice, would speak those truths which the heart ought to acknowledge.

It was the decided opinion of both the elderly gentlemen, that neither Olivia nor Frank, whatever might be their present feelings, could resist the powerful appeal to all that was tender and generous in their nature, should they find Adelaide and Percy still faithful to their early vows ; nor did they doubt that, in such case, each party would eventually reward the constancy of their patient lovers, and be happy in the union. This, however, would not be the case if one party were found disengaged, and the other not. They dreaded to learn that Miss Beaufort was married, and Lutrell single, the mourner for his betrothed bride and early friend ; in that case, it appeared too probable that Frank would become an exile from his country, and an

irreparable loss to his family ; whilst Olivia, feeling deeply for both, would become the wife of neither.

On arriving at Falmouth, they alike determined to land and afterwards pursue their respective routes separately. That of young Falkland was necessarily to London, as the bearer of important despatches to the East India House, with which Mr. Orme also had much business ; it was therefore advisable that they should go together. The father and daughter purposed proceeding to Falkland Hall, in Staffordshire, more leisurely ; for the comfort of the former was to be considered, yet not therefore slowly, for the sake of the latter.

Such was the complete abstraction, the internal agitation of Falkland, that on reaching his native shores, (those dear shores he had so frequently despaired of ever beholding more,) he permitted the invalid and his friend not only to arrange every circumstance respecting their future movements, but to take all the trouble incident to their situation ; a proof, above all others in a man of his habits and dispositions, of the entire absorption of his soul on one subject. Even when the chaise and four was at the door, intended for his own conveyance, and that of Mr. Orme, his lingering steps showed how unequal he felt to bear a parting so momentous ; and he observed with a fretful and wounded air "that surely they might travel as far as Bath together ?"

Mr. Falkland's heart ached to its inmost core as he witnessed this prostration of spirit in one so buoyant by nature and so habituated to every species of exertion. He dreaded to think of that sentence about to be in some way passed, likely to doom irrevocably that once ardent and noble mind, to a state which it was too plain would not be borne with equanimity. He answered that he would gladly accompany them as far as he found himself able to bear their speed, after which they would proceed better without him, assured that they should soon meet again in a place so dear to all their hearts—"The place," he added, "where you and I, Frank, alike entered on a world of care, but that in which we alike enjoyed a boyhood of happiness. O that I may find my brother, your dear father, alive and well ?—Think of the felicity he will have in receiving a son so long lost—think what your mother will feel, in folding her first-born once more to her breast ?"

There was a slow change in the countenance of poor Falkland, as these words were spoken, which indicated that the sluices of his heart, so long frozen by despair, were reopened by the claims of natural affection ; for his eyes filled with tears, his lips were tremulous, as he expressed contrition towards his dear family, more especially his mother, saying that "for a long time he had thought much less of them than he ought to have done," emphatically adding, "I will see them all *once* again, come what will !" leaving his hearers to infer that he had lately entertained an idea of not doing so, which could not fail to grieve them exceedingly. Before either party had time for comments, he turned towards Olivia, and added, "But you, Olivia, I expect to see no more : it is the last kindness I desire to receive from your hands : you will (*I know* you will) speak of me to Percy as, I may say, I merit ; but I beseech you, do not expect from me that to which I am unequal—I cannot see you *together*—I cannot see you in the house which, despite of my love for it, will be to me a house of mourning."

He waited for no reply ; but, walking forward, and again evidently overpowered by his feelings, rushed out of the room, and sprang into the chaise, followed by Mr. Orme. The second chaise was at the door, into which both Olivia and her father hurried, shocked at such a parting from one so dear, and in whom they were so deeply interested. It was evident that he augured every thing ill as to his own and Olivia's future destiny ; and that the effect of suspense and grief had changed his very nature, rendering the most sanguine of all hoppers, and the most buoyant of all expectants, desponding and disconsolate, and one wont to impart every species of aid to others, negligent even to unkindness.

Such was the deep sorrow with which his grief and his threatened departure affected Olivia, that she would have sunk into the very extreme of dejection, if she had not felt called upon to offer every aid to her father, whose general weakness, she well knew, was increased by the emotions natural to his return to England, and the solicitude he felt respecting his brother. Distressed as she was by the present, and dreading the future, she yet experienced the relief peculiarly the boon of the generous and the unselfish heart ; by living in another's well-being she blunted the anguish that clung like a garment to herself. True, her every attempt at conversation failed, and the utmost she could do was to restrain her tears, to press her father's hand when he expressed his admiration of the country, and silently commend herself and her afflicted lover to Him who alone could enable them to sustain the trials they were about to meet.

The first and second stages they were nearly together, and exchanged words on their alighting, in which Frank seemed to have somewhat ameliorated what might be called the ferocity of his grief : nevertheless, he did not retract the wish he had expressed of beholding Olivia (under expected circumstances) no more : on the contrary, from the long, *long* look which he bent upon her from the carriage window, he appeared to confirm that intention ; and the postboys, as if to second his wishes, pushed their horses, and they soon lost sight of their companions.

"We shall see them no more!" said Mr. Falkland.

Olivia answered by a sigh so deep that it seemed as if she thought the words prophetic ; but in another instant cried out, "Yes, there they are ! on the hill before us ! the last beams of the setting sun shine upon them. It is a beautiful evening, and this is indeed a very fine country."

As Olivia spoke, she continued to gaze on the recovered object, with that kind of interest in the view, and that desire to nurse this trivial incident in her mind as a presentiment of good, by which the heart, in seasons of extreme solicitude, seeks to cheat itself into serenity. They overtook the travelers at the next stage, just as they were again setting out ; and Mr. [redacted] stepped from his chaise to advise them to remain all night, observing that the house, though small, appeared to him very likely to afford them good accommodations.

Frank had followed him ; and on hearing this said, "It will be better that you should stop, though I ordered horses to be prepared for a chaise that was coming ; the landlord will be glad to remand his cattle. Farewell ! you will prepare them to expect us at the hall, and you will soon learn—that is, I shall. Good night ! I hope—I trust—that——"

Olivia listened as if she were all ear, in hopes that he would add, "I shall see you again;" but a gentleman's carriage, with four smoking horses, came driving to the door of the inn, and the chaise of our first pair of travelers moved forward. It was now nearly dark, except for the rising moon, and Mr. Falkland proceeded into the little inn, considering himself as having bade adieu to the travelers, but not decided as to accepting the apparently-slender accommodations offered by the house. The servants of the newly-arrived vociferated in a commanding tone for two pair of horses that moment.

"We have only one pair in the 'varsal world," replied the ostler, "and they are going to be put in for an ould gentleman as is following his son, and who wants two pair as well as you."

"But I *must* have horses," said a lady, speaking from the carriage; "you know *me*?"

"Yeez, zure, my lady, I know 'ee; but I'll speak to mississ: we an't no more but one pair."

"That will do; I have now but a few miles to go. Tell your mistress my lord is very ill, and I am sure she will oblige *me*."

When Olivia first heard the strange lady speak, she started involuntarily as she followed her father; but when the sounds came a second time over her ear, the effect became magnetic: she stood still, and suffered herself to be half-overthrown by the bustling landlady, who came forward with, "Madam," and "my lady," and "I am zorry past every thing;" but her further apologies were lost, though, in reply, again the same sweet, distinct, and not unfamiliar voice was heard to say, "I will speak to the gentleman myself; I will tell him how I am situated."

"You know this lady at the door?" said Olivia to the waiter, (who was standing in the narrow passage, to conduct her to the parlor which Mr. Falkland had entered,) "who is she?"

"Ees, zure, ma'am, we all know her hereabouts: it is mistress Beaufort; we call her my lady, 'cause she is a lord's daughter."

"You say *mistress* Beaufort? She is then a married lady? You know she is married?"

"Ees, zure, she is married: you may see that, ma'am, for she is coming in; please to go into the parlor."

"But is her married name Beaufort?" cried Olivia, persisting in her questions.

"Ees, zure! great ladies like zhe doant change their neames, only Mr. Luttrell he puts hizn first, then she puts honorable afore her's, and he aint nothin' o' that sort, but only as good a gentleman as ever the sun shone on. Pray, ma'am, stand aside like, and let my lady pass."

Concentring every sense into sight, and yet in such a state of tremor as to be scarcely equal to any observation, Olivia mechanically obeyed the injunction. The stranger and the landlady passed her, and entered the parlor; and for a short time, breathless and speechless from joyful but excessive surprise, she stood still to regain the power of following. When she entered the room, it appeared that Mr. Falkland had heard the lady's request, and with his wonted urbanity ceded his prior right to the horses; but on perceiving his daughter enter, he addressed her in explanation by saying,

"Olivia, my dear, this lady has pressing occasion for continuing her journey, which you know, we have not; therefore——"

The stranger turned round to look at the person addressed as "Olivia," on whose face the light from a bright fire fell at that moment strongly, and whose person was so enveloped in shawls as to show her in the character of one newly arrived from India. She started with a look almost of fear, then looked inquiringly, earnestly, affectionately, and became fully sensible that the beautiful bewildered gaze of those once well-known eyes was fixed on her too with mingled looks of scrutiny and tenderness. The truth at once broke upon her, and she exclaimed, eagerly,

"It is!—it must be Olivia Falkland, my own, poor, long-lost friend, Olivia, who has returned with her father at last—How very wonderful!"

Olivia burst into passionate tears as she fell on the neck of her friend, uttering only the words, "Adelaide! dear, dear Adelaide!"

The scene before him partly explained itself to Mr. Falkland by the reiteration of this well-known name; and he advanced to the support of his agitated daughter, just as the new-found friend, in a voice of great trepidation, said—

"Are you not married, Olivia? Only answer me that one question."

"No! I am not married, Adelaide,—but—but——"

"My daughter is not married, madam," said Mr. Falkland, assisting his overpowered child, "but we apprehend you *are*, and we are deeply interested in the question."

"I have been married more than a year, sir, and with my husband and father reside near this place for the benefit of Lord Ennerdale's health."

"But you could not marry Percy Luttrell? yet the man called you Mrs. Beaufort Luttrell, and said——"

"He told you right, Olivia. I am indeed the wife of that Percy to whom you were betrothed, but I became such under the persuasion that you were no more, that—that—I have now no time for explanation. We were in Italy, and in distress and jeopardy from the irruption of the French armies, when we became acquainted with Luttrell, who was traveling for his health, which was injured by sorrowing for you. He placed us in safety, accompanied us to Sicily, and finally to England. Need I say to you, Olivia, that the virtues, the attainments, the many services of Luttrell, naturally influenced me? I loved him, and in short——"

"But your father would reject poor Percy, I fear?"

"He grumbled of course, but it was only for a short time, for he knew his value, and, I really believe, at this moment loves him better than he loves me. Poor man! he is now dying. I must hasten: alas! that we must part so soon. Olivia, say you forgive me; remember it was your description of Percy Luttrell—I may indeed say the very qualities for which you had praised him, that affected me in his favor. Indeed you were the medium of our acquaintance, the very cause of our attachment—we spoke of you until——"

"Until you thought only of each other. Dear Adelaide, believe me no one can more rejoice in your happiness than I do; pray commend me to my excellent friend, with a thousand grateful remembrances of his goodness."

Olivia was interrupted by the warm caress of her friend, as in a low and

rapid voice she inquired after "Mr. Francis Falkland," pausing between each syllable, as if expecting to hear that he was dead.

"Dear Frank has suffered much, and you would think him sadly altered, but I consider him exceedingly improved. I am perhaps partial, but he has been to me such a friend, as surely never woman had, and——"

"Please, my lady," said the waiter, "the horses are in your ladyship's carriage, and though there be but a pair, I be zure as how——"

The assurance was unheard, great as was Adelaide's real anxiety to arrive at home, and she hastily continued to question Olivia.

"But where is Frank now, Olivia? will he think I was justified in—in acting as I have done? Surely he never received my answer to his letter written from Grand Cairo, or he would not have proceeded at all?"

"He never did."

"So much the better: have you been all this time in the Desert, Olivia?"

"Oh, no, my dear, but not the less separated from the world: we have heard from no one, of no one, save that my cousin Olivia spoke of Percy's traveling in Italy."

"That strange unfortunate girl, it seems, is now dead, which probably you do not know, as I find she was at a great distance from Bombay. The news arrived only three weeks ago, being sent with a few hurried lines just as the ship was under weigh."

"Please, ma'am," said the landlady, curtsying, "your la'ship's carriage is quite ready."

"Oh! yes, yes, and I——"

Mr. Falkland took the hand of Mrs. Beaufort to lead her to her carriage, and after a warm embrace given and received on both sides with equal ardor, but under that embarrassment natural to two persons who had a thousand things to hear and to say, and who are not only without time to say them, but under a sense of self-reproach for even wishing to say them, the friends were parted.

In another minute Adelaide was on her way to the now dying Lord Ennerdale, whose travels had subjected him to so many fatigues and reiterated terrors as to lay the foundation of complicated diseases which had long been softened to him by the dutiful attention of his daughter, and of late by the efficacious cares of her estimable husband. The necessity of making a visit to her estates in Worcestershire had occasioned that journey of Mrs. Beaufort's, which in its results saved some days of additional suspense to our long harassed heroine, and furnished much on which the happy pair in question would converse and think at a less awful period than the present was to them.

But what were the feelings of Olivia on this most important epoch of her short but eventful life! It is impossible to describe them. Though she endeavored, with streaming eyes and uplifted heart, to yield herself to gratitude alone, by thanking God for a change from pain to ease, from fear to hope, from sorrow to joy, from death to life, yet being sensible that all joy, all praise, was imperfect unless shared by Falkland, to fly to him by any medium, and at any hazard, was the great impulse of her heart, the great object of existence, and almost worth the purchase even by existence. Patience on this point seemed impossible; and yet "what could be done? he

was hastening from her, and there were no horses to be had, no men-servants to assist in procuring them help from any other quarter!"

Whilst Olivia was thus communing with herself, she was startled by the loud blowing of a horn. She now perceived that she was alone, and recollected that her father had gone out with Adelaide, but she knew not whether a minute or an hour had passed since then, so strangely bewildered was her mind, and so incapable did she feel of restoring it even to comparative equanimity. Again the same strange startling sound broke on her ear: she rushed out in almost terror, crying, "Where, where is my father?"

"I was just coming for you, my dear," said the poor old gentleman, walking as quickly as he was able, "for you will not on this occasion fear to proceed in a mail-coach, which is a new kind of conveyance, in which extraordinary speed is insured. Happily it has arrived quite empty, Lalee and your things are already in, and——"

"But you, dear father, cannot travel thus; no, you must go no farther tonight. For myself, I most willingly confess that I could go in any way."

Mr. Falkland was helped in, the landlady, already paid for the supper she did not need to provide, gave her best assistance to Olivia, and they drove forward with a celerity far beyond that hitherto obtained. The sense of pursuing exhilarated the spirits of all, but Olivia really feared for her father, and so expressed her fears that he promised that, on their arrival at the next stage, he would stop if he found it necessary, but that it was his desire to proceed in the present conveyance to Oakhampton, in the hope of finding Frank at that place, being pretty certain that Mr. Orme would find, not less than himself, the rest of a few hours indispensable. "Besides," he added, "since I am at least ten years younger in the last hour, I flatter myself this liberty may be taken with impunity. I may now tell you, my beloved girl, that Frank is scarcely less dear to me than yourself, though his depression of spirits lately has diminished the attraction of his manners even so far as to veil his virtues. This change, however, only proves the depth of his attachment, and the truth of his assertion when he declared he could not live without you."

"Poor Frank!" was all Olivia could answer.

"He is very dear to you, I doubt not; yet you were originally very different in disposition, but circumstances have formed and moulded both in such a way as to render you fitted for each other. • You have indeed been singularly situated, my love?"

"We have wept together and prayed together," said Olivia to herself, but no sound was audible, and her father, anxious to reassure her as to his health, not less than excited by circumstances, continued speaking.

"You will *now* rejoice when I tell you, that last week (at the time when my nephew was so gloomy and unamiable) I finished making my will, in which I gave him one-half of my fortune. But I hope, Olivia, you would not have blamed me had things turned out differently. In that case money would have afforded him, I am certain, no consolation; but it was not the less my duty to offer it, and, as the wife of Luttrell, you would have had more than sufficient: in how many cases does it happen, that a woman buys herself a tyrant?"

"Dear father," cried Olivia, as she lifted the hand she held to her lips,

"I am rejoiced more than I can express at this instance of your goodness. Under any circumstances I should have rejoiced in it; but certainly not as Percy Luttrell's wife, for such I never could have become, since I could not, as a consistent Christian, have promised to one man the love and obedience I could only render to another: the first was become out of my power; the second, so divided, would have been a mockery to a generous heart like his. Surely we are at an end of the stage."

This was not the case, nor, though frequently imagined, was the end so near; nevertheless their movements appeared to two of the party sufficiently rapid. Scarcely, however, did they proceed with the quickness of Olivia's thoughts, and if it can be said with truth, "that the number of our ideas constitutes the length of our lives," many years did she live that night in passing from the little inn at Lytton, to the small but ancient town of Oakhampton. All her "travel's eventful history," all the perceptions, sympathies, affections, jealousies, expectations, agonies, and admiration of her heart, which were thus called into action, passed in rapid but powerful succession before her mind, and were now dwelt upon with as much pleasure as formerly they had been the cause of confusion, sorrow, and fear. She had now nothing to conceal, nothing to disavow; her very weakness had claims to affection and tenderness, not less than her strength, when exerted, might demand esteem, and ensure confidence.

Twice when the mail received fresh horses had Mr. Falkland essayed to learn whether a post-chaise and four had passed long before them; but the chillness of a northern midnight, though cheered by a beautiful moon, had either rendered his voice inaudible, or he had too suddenly drawn up the window and lost the answer. The third stage would conduct them to that resting-place which neither the warmth of his affections, nor the excitement of the hour, could render him any longer indifferent to obtaining; the body compels her more divine companion to attend to her wants, and, although he used every endeavor to soothe the awakened apprehensions of his daughter, who was herself completely exhausted, he could not forbear looking out often for "the haven where he would be."

Drawing near to Oakhampton, they met an immense drove of cattle on their way to Plymouth, the victualing of whose fleets demanded great supplies, and their progress was in a slight degree impeded, to the alarm of Lalee, who looked out with the sharpness terror inspired, declaring that "she saw another carriage, quite surrounded, and unable to move." But the horn blew, the whip cracked, the oxen fell to either side, and, after a short but vigorous pull, they drew up to the door of the inn, having distanced the carriage seen by Lalee, which had really been placed, for a considerable time, in a very awkward situation.

It came up, however, before Falkland could, with the assistance of Lalee and the waiter, reach "the Star," and a voice was heard giving orders "for a bed for the gentleman he assisted out, and fresh horses for himself immediately."

"No, no," cried Mr. Falkland, "not so soon," in a feeble but impressive voice. In another moment, Frank was by his side, expressing astonishment to find him there before them.

"We traveled in the mail coach, and passed you. But spare your surprise

at so strange an exploit in an East Indian nabob, (as I heard the guard entitle me;) give me your hand, my dear Frank. Now step after Olivia, who has got a joyful surprise for you; joyful it must have been, to draw *me* after you thus far; but the exertion was due—due to him who bore me in his arms from the dungeon of—— But go, go!—*fly*, I tell you.”

Frank did go, but not with the motion thus urged upon him. He felt really alarmed for the health, and touched by the agitation of his uncle; and since he held it to be impossible that any information from home could have reached them during the time in which they were parted, his only conception of the momentous matter about to be offered to him by Olivia, must be some relenting of her own heart, which perhaps he ought not to receive. Under these rapidly passing thoughts, he walked into the room she had entered, and saw her standing near the door, apparently listening. In another moment she closed it, and flung herself upon his breast.

“Olivia! dear Olivia! do not, for my sake, yield to any sudden suggestion—be calm!”

“Nay, Frank, I will not be repulsed, I will not be calm! I will thank God, and I will love you—yes, *fondly* love you—it is *permitted* me.”

“Permitted! how? my uncle has—”

“No, no, no! we have seen Adelaide, dear, generous, noble-minded Adelaide; she was in the very carriage that drove up at Lytton—She is married—happily married!”

“Thank God! *thank God!*”

“But only think to whom? She is the wife of our excellent friend, Percy Luttrell! Yes! they are married to each other, *blessed* in each other, and we,—*we*, dear Frank, have injured neither. Oh! how much cause have we to rejoice! how much to be thankful for! and what a happiness to overtake you—to relieve *you*, dear Frank!”

As Olivia spoke, Frank laid his hand on his forehead, and retreating a few steps, sank down upon a sofa near him; his lips were colorless, his face of deadly paleness. Olivia, in agony, ran to the door, and screamed aloud for help, in words rendered inarticulate from terror.

The landlady rushed into the room, and perceiving, as she supposed, the gentleman who had arrived in the chaise fainting from fatigue, she instantly took off his cravat, called aloud for salts and brandy, and by the united wisdom of her proceedings, and bustle of her manners, recalled him to the necessity of self-exertion in the most eventful crisis of his existence. By degrees he revived; his eyes opened on the lovely but pallid face of the companion of his past wanderings, and, if he now dreamt, not of his future life. Her smile, though yet mingled with alarm, recalled his memory, and confirmed his hopes; tears gathered in his eyes, sobs, almost convulsive sobs, swelled in his laboring bosom.

Lalee, whom the voice of her idolized lady in distress had summoned with the first, now in broken English, but with emphatic action, cleared the apartment of all assistants, declaring that Miss Falkland would now manage the invalid better than any one: and as every person had by this time understood that the whole party were a family of Falklands, they concluded this would be the best course, and after placing all possible refreshments and restoratives within reach, they vanished.

Olivia was at this moment so ill, so overpowered by the alternations of joy and sorrow, that she was unable to speak ; and as she watched the big tears roll slowly down the face of Frank, and saw with how severe a shock this too sudden joy had affected him, she dreaded its being exchanged for the misery her own illness would inflict. A deep sigh broke from her lips, her head sank back upon the chair, and she would have fallen in another moment if Frank had not suddenly become aware of her situation. Springing up with recovered energies, he instantly offered her wine, and by a gentle force prevailed upon her to swallow it ; he assured her "that he should soon be well ; that he was *now* well ;" conjured her to "sustain the joy her compassion for his sufferings had occasioned, as she had once sustained grief from the same cause," and might have added more, if Olivia, forcing herself to reply, had not said,

"It is not *compassion*, Frank, which moves me ; I tell you with simplicity and sincerity, it is *affection*. As there was a time, a *long* time of mutual suffering, in which it was my duty neither to hear nor to speak of such a feeling ; so now it is my delight, my *pride*, to own how entirely it has possessed me—how fruitless have been my struggles to subdue it, and how decidedly it will combine with gratitude and esteem, in future life, to render me your attached, your devoted—But you know what I would say."

Undoubtedly heart can read heart, without the intervention of words, for Falkland said little in reply ; but a long sweet silence followed, in which, as hand clasped hand, the memories of each were tracing past feelings, still more than past events, and from time to time, the hearts of each were springing from this endearing employ towards Heaven, and glorifying Him who, from "clouds and thick darkness," had brought them to the sunshine of present, and the promise of future, happiness.

From this delicious repose of soul, this halcyon season of serenity, they were disturbed by a messenger to say, "the horses were in the chaise." It was now first recollected that the world still demanded one wanderer : that his duties were imperative ; and that, however foolish it was in a man to travel night and day on land, to effect an object the water might have hindered for many more unblamed, yet that it must be done, since custom on such occasions demanded it. Falkland felt that he of all men, at such a juncture, *ought* to comply with every claim of duty : he "loved much, for much had been given" by the great Author of good ; and with one gentle embrace, one whisper of assurance that "they should soon meet," he sprang away, and Olivia was again alone.

But how different was this parting from the last, or the one preceding it ! Still, it *was* a parting ; and the pensive hue it threw over the brilliance of her present prospects, had, perhaps, no unfriendly effect on the feelings of a bosom, exhilarated beyond the power of a frame so debilitated by previous anxiety to bear.

It is the custom for writers of narratives like this, to quit suddenly the objects of their interest through many a weary page, when they had arrived at the climax of that joy or sorrow, to which, by the course of the narrative, they had conducted them ; and authors of great power perhaps do well thus to abandon their readers. In *them* it may be right to leave much to imagina-

tion, and a little to discontent, since they alike indicate power in the writer, and by no means preclude gratitude in the reader. A more humble historian of life, and the various feelings and sentiments which arise in it, and which, in their delineation, are her only claim to attention and sympathy, may request attention a little longer. She presumes to hope they will have pleasure in seeing her travelers safely at home after their long absence, trusting that they have been found worthy of their love, although there is nothing superhuman in their virtues, nor beyond the actual occurrence of circumstances in their "travel's history."

CHAPTER XXX.

YOUNG Falkland pursued his journey to London alone, for Mr. Orme had discovered, the preceding evening, that rest was not less necessary for himself than for his friend. The following day, therefore, he took the route of Olivia and her father, determining to announce their arrival at Falkland Hall, where it was certainly desirable that the inhabitants should be prepared to bear the surprise of receiving a son and brother, sent as from the grave.

It was the afternoon of the third day after Frank left them, when Mr. Francis Falkland senior drew near his native place, and stopping at the public house, now transformed, by a new front and sashed windows, into a second rate inn, began to recall those memorials of bygone times which he had little expected ever to behold again. The village had become a small and smart town, in consequence of the commerce introduced in the neighborhood during his long absence, and the narrow lanes passing through it were converted into handsome roads; but the church continued the same, and from a window in the gable end of "the Arms inn," he perceived that the avenue of lime-trees, which formerly led to the Hall, remained uninjured by modern improvements. The heart of the long absent exile rejoiced as he beheld them now clothed in the tender green of an early spring. They offered an assurance that the heart of the owner was also unchanged, and like his own, still capable of renewing the affections and experiencing the sensibilities of early life. Allowing his truly sympathetic friend little time for refreshment, he pressed his departure on the interesting errand in which he was so eager to engage; and in a very short time the feet of him "who brought glad tidings," were slowly traversing the avenue in question.

At this time Mr. and Mrs. Falkland were examining a casket of jewels, which lay on a table before them, in silence, and with that air of pensive dejection which belongs rather to recollected grief than its present pressure.

As Mr. Falkland placed the treasure in the hands of his wife in order to

be locked in the bureau, he observed that "from the few hurried lines which accompanied it, he was induced to say 'Nothing became his daughter in life so well as her leaving it,' since they were written evidently in a penitent spirit; but what she could mean by speaking as she did, poor thing! of Frank and Olivia, he could not imagine."

"I firmly believe," said Mrs. Falkland, "that the poor girl had heard of their arrival somewhere in India."

"Impossible, my dear! why will you persist in thus deceiving yourself? My poor brother never arose from the dead in answer to your prophecies; and as for the dear children, notwithstanding their term of absence has been so much shorter, there is just as little hope. Doubtless (as Percy always said) they perished in the Desert, that dangerous untried path which I always objected to."

The servant announced "Mr. Orme from the East Indies."

"Mr. Orme!" exclaimed Mrs. Falkland, and sank pale and trembling into the nearest seat, sensible that her season of doubt was now over, and dreading the announcement of some fatal truth.

But the countenance of their worthy guest reassured them instantly, though time and climate had written defeatures there; such, indeed, was its happy expression, that Mr. Falkland forgot the weakness left by the gout, and, rising hastily from his cushioned chair, welcomed him with warmth as "his dear old friend, the one good thing which the East had restored to his wishes."

"Yet I am but the herald of many, my good sir; you would have heard much to rejoice you long since but for the loss of the Phœbe."

"But my son, sir, my poor son?" cried Mrs. Falkland.

"Your son is now in London; business of the utmost importance compelled him to make his first appearance at the East India House: his uncle will apologize."

"You cannot mean to say, Mr. Orme, that my brother is still in life,—my own beloved Francis?"

"Yes, sir, I *do* say so, and am in fact come in person to break, in the best manner, news so surprising; but I fear I have not understood my mission."

"Oh, yes! you are very kind, I see it all! may He who gives all make me thankful! But speak again, I beseech you: why was my brother so long silent?—where was he lost?"

"Your brother, along with many other Europeans, lay upwards of seven years in a dungeon at Seringapatam; he was carried out of his prison by your own son, Frank."

"I never saw the name of Falkland among the brave men who accomplished that victory?"

"He was not a soldier; he joined the army which forced the lines, as a volunteer, in the dress of an Arab, and of course the uncle and nephew were utter strangers to each other; but his story (which includes many misfortunes) he must tell himself, and will probably do so tomorrow."

"I dread your next answer: Where did he lose the poor child?—Did our little Livia die in the Desert? I fear that dreadful place found one victim."

"Not in her; she is with her father, to whom I need not say she is

invaluable. I trust you will receive them both in five minutes, provided you can do so with tolerable calmness ; but I must premise that all the party are weak, though, I trust, not actually ill. You must particularly expect your son's appearance greatly altered from what it must have been when he left this house."

No reply followed this information beyond the iteration of "five minutes!" "five minutes!" and before that time was trebled, a carriage was seen slowly entering the avenue as if to inquire "whether it were safe to proceed."

The assurance was given by the effort made by Mrs. Falkland to run towards it. Lalee beheld her, and gave a scream of delight ; the horses quickened their pace as if in accordance with the tumultuous throbbings of the hearts they bore, and in a few moments Olivia, the long-lost, the deeply-regretted wanderer, was clasped in the arms, and bedewed with the tears, of one whom she had long held dear as a mother, and hoped soon to hail as one.

To an observer of human nature, fraught with that benevolent spirit which can "rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep," the silent but deeply impressive meeting of the two brothers after their long and hopeless parting would have afforded the highest feast of feeling. Neither of these amiable, but different men, had reached that period of life when the torpors of age chill the heart of man, nor had passed through its pleasures and pains with that selfishness which renders many callous ; yet were they too advanced to yield to strong emotion, especially when they alike felt called upon for self-control. As the eyes of each surveyed the other, they became full of tears, which soon flowed down the cheek of the elder, in seeing how wan and aged, how lean and shrunk was that beloved one, when compared with his own smooth brow and portly figure. The different manner in which their years had passed pressed the claims of sympathy heavily on his bosom. He sighed deeply, and inwardly abjured the East with all its wealth and all its glory ; and wondered, for the thousandth time, how he could have sent out the heir of his house, and the child of this dear suffering brother, to meet the dangers and endure the sorrows they had doubtless experienced.

But these painful thoughts were interrupted, for her he still called "little 'Livia'" had her arms around his neck ; and though she too was pale and thin, her eyes were as bright, her smile as playful, as they were wont in long-past days. There was a promise of happiness and splendor to his evening life beyond the brightness of its meridian, his sorrows were passed, and his cares, which had of late been heavy, were likely to pass also : "If Frank were at home, every thing would prosper ; and since his leaving home, not one thing had gone well."

It grew late in the evening (according to the general estimation of that word at Falkland Hall,) yet no one knew it, so happily were all engaged, when the quick ear of the mother heard a carriage again enter the avenue, and justly augured that it was her son, since she had already learned the possibility of such a circumstance. Of this meeting we cannot speak ; every mother knows that minutes were years of ecstasy compressed, of gratitude speechless and profound ; but the rights of the mother were disputed by the proud fond father of a peerless son, by two blooming sisters in early womanhood, and two hardy boys who remembered brother Frank as their first friend, and were precisely at the age when a more efficient one was wanted.

And to all these claimants on his affectionate attention, did our equally affectionate traveler "seriously incline," before he acknowledged the presence of Olivia, save by one glance of happy recognition, one whispered inquiry after her health. She well knew his heart, and was delighted to see him thus surrounded by those it was not less his duty than his privilege to love, and who seemed, in their alternate surprise, pity, and admiration, as if they never could gaze upon him enough. His mother at once praised and lamented his looks whilst she rejoiced in his presence, questioned him respecting complaints which no longer existed, and prescribed for those he had never known, until Olivia desired that Emily would order supper to reappear, or "Frank would be ill from hunger as well as fatigue."

"And must I sit down alone?" said the traveler.

"No," said Olivia, blushing as she spoke, "I will sit down, and at least take bread and salt* with you. I dare pledge myself for your safety in this house of refuge for strangers."

"You must do more, Olivia: the prison must be remembered in preference to the desert; for, though you gave me life in one, you gave more than life in the other."

As he spoke, Frank helped himself to what was placed before him, and then offered her a portion, and also a little wine, poured from his own glass into her's, as he whispered,

"You are willing to share food with me from choice, not necessity—to spread the table, Olivia, yet accept it from my hand."

"I *am* willing," she replied, smiling, yet solemnly, "so to divide what God may send us, to the *last* moment of my existence."

"Truly did Percy Luttrell, in this very room, some fifteen years ago, call you a kind girl. After such an assurance, I may tell you the result of my visit to the high and mighty—the honorable company."

"If you have heard any thing bad, name it not, I beseech you, on this hallowed night: for myself, I can eat rice and wear calico *with you*, and be thankful."

"My news is any thing but bad. I have been praised very much above my deserts, and have received the offer of a princely income, if I will return and——"

"But you did not promise?"

"No: I declined, but with due thanks, the proffered boon. I remembered those dear grey heads, to whom we are alike bound so tenderly, and knew you had no ambition beyond being the wife of a country gentleman; and I thought also that, though young, I am yet old enough in enterprise and suffering, to justify me in taking the rest and comfort offered in my situation."

"How well and wisely have you judged! how completely fulfilled the wishes of myself! Depend upon it, you will find sufficient excitement for all your energies in the various and manifold claims of the dear family by whom we are surrounded, and that you shall never find me teasing or exacting. I know that men must live with men; and since I have been compelled to part with you in circumstances of pain and peril for a long period, surely I can do it for a short time, when demanded by your duty or your pleasure."

* The Arab takes bread and salt with the guest, for whose safety he thus engages

"Dear 'Livia, spare your promises, they are what no other woman of half your beauty and abilities would think of making, yet only what every woman should at least make to herself, when she marries. You and I are bound to each other by cords of love so numerous, and recollections so affecting, that a word or look could not fail to recall me in a moment of folly, not only to the tenderness I owe you, but gratitude to that God from whom I have received you. At this moment how sincerely do I thank you for persevering in that fidelity to our engagements, from which the older and wiser parties have swerved."

"They had not our reasons for such observance; they believed, very naturally, that we were both dead; and their very sorrow for our loss helped to unite their hearts in sympathy."

"True, very true; I spoke rashly and unkindly. After all, I am still impetuous and untamed, but I will sincerely promise you, my dear Olivia—"

"Promise me nothing, Frank, save to continue what I have found you nitherto. On the raging seas, in the crowded city, the burning desert, the desolate prison, I have found you the considerate friend, the honorable guardian, the generous lover, and, better than all, the sincere Christian! Whatever may be our mutual errors or our mutual sorrows, depend upon it, there is happiness in store for the once hapless 'Captives in India!'"

6

THE END.

212

